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ART. I.—*Dissertation on the subject of a Congress of Nations, for an adjustment of international disputes without recourse to arms.* By a Friend of Peace. "Force to brutes—to men reason." New York: 1837. 12mo. pp. 156.

All rational, religious people now look upon war and duelling as cruel, barbarous, and unnecessary. They consider them both in the same light—the one but a battle wherein two are engaged, the other as a battle between great numbers. Both the warrior and the duellist march to the ground to destroy their adversary; and where, therefore, is the difference in the crime?

We send our soldiers to make war on others for the purpose of avenging ourselves for injuries done to our own national honour, or to an ally.

A duel is fought to avenge an attack on the honour of one of the parties, or it may be to resent an injury done to a friend.

In war, the battle ends in the murder of thousands of innocent men; and it is not until their blood is shed that terms can be made.

In a duel a man can oblige his antagonist to retract his calumnies, or run the risk of losing his life.

The warrior who has killed the greatest number in battle obtains enviable distinction, and is crowned with honour.

But here the parallel ceases, for if one duellist kill another, he must suffer death on the gallows as a murderer!

In the eye of reason and religion the practice of fighting with murderous weapons, between man and man, *singly*, or between men and men, in *battalions*, is strictly analogous. How is it that we grow accustomed to the death of thousands who are

murdered on the field of battle, and shudder with horror when one of the victors—flushed with success, and whom we have covered with glory for assisting in the carnage—kills one more man in single combat !

Most horrible and repugnant to a mild and Christian nature are both these crimes, alike in all their consequences, with only a less degree of cruelty and barbarity in duels than in war. But although the punishments which the law inflicts on duellists fall on all alike, yet he who suffers the anguish of bullet wounds is carefully attended, and his death-bed watched by the tender eye of friends. He is lifted from the bloody field and carried home, where his mother, his wife, or his sister, can close his dying eyes and give him the decent rites of burial. We stop not to speak of broken hearts, nor of the misery thus brought on whole families, nor of the soul which goes to eternity unprepared—this is not the present object of discussion, much as it might enforce the argument—we speak only of the death by single combat.

In war, how different ! The many millions of poor soldiers and sailors who are butchered and fall on the battle ground, die like dogs and are buried like carrion ! War, therefore, is the more brutal practice of the two ; although both are execrable and abhorrent to our nature, and utterly at variance with the merciful principles of our blessed religion.

The *law of nations* and *municipal law* operate very differently on the same individual—and why should this be ? A man's honour is nearest and dearest to him, and the value he attaches to it can only be appreciated by himself ; we know that it is of vital importance to him by the willingness with which he lays down his life for it. It is the business of the municipal law to assist him in preserving this *honour* inviolate, more particularly as he always holds himself in readiness to resent an affront offered to his country. A man is as fully bound to guard his own honour as he is that of his country ; and he must guard it in such a way, too, as to be satisfactory to others as well as to himself.

But does the civil or municipal law give him the power of protecting his honour ? No, it does not—when he is driven to the wall it leaves him to his own resources. The civil law neither gives him ample redress, nor does it prevent him from sacrificing his own life, or from destroying that of a fellow-creature. Much as we desire the extinction of the horrible crime of *duelling*, we see no law that can reach it—there is no law sufficiently strong either to prevent or punish—not even the threat of an ignominious death can reach the evil. The laws *profess* to condemn a man to the gallows for murdering another in single combat, but they cannot prevent him from

incurring the punishment—a punishment which he never would have braved if the laws respected his rights. Let us place the subject in a new light.

If one of our ministers or officers abroad were to be publicly insulted, we should require an apology or redress from the foreign court; and an apology of such a nature as should not only satisfy the injured person himself, but his country likewise. If this were not done he would soon be sufficiently avenged. The *law of nations* would warrant us in declaring war for such an indignity, and this war would end in the slaughter of thousands of innocent men, who were in no way interested in the quarrel. The common soldiers and sailors, who fight by rule and are killed by rule, have no distinct notions of national honour. They fight to get bread for the support of themselves and their families; and many—very many of them do not even know the cause or origin of the war.

It is wonderful—most wonderful—that with all our persevering and strenuous efforts to shake off the coarseness, the grossness, the inconveniences, as well as the brutalities of savage life, we should not only retain and cherish the very worst portion of it—bloody, murderous war—but actually incorporate it into a system—reducing it to a science—and teaching it in our national schools! Do we call this a Christian land—dare we pretend to the name of Christian—when we violate the most sacred—the strongest of all the injunctions of Christianity? It is a mockery to attach ourselves to a sect which owns Christ for its head, and indulge ourselves in the savage, heathenish practice of murdering one another under the flimsy pretext of national or personal honour. Do we think that the Almighty—He who thought fit to make us after his own image—will pardon those who so wantonly and inconsiderately destroy his work? We were placed here to work out a great purpose, and shall we dare frustrate it? We hold that man to be no true Christian, who, in these enlightened times, advocates the necessity of shedding human blood—either in wars or duels.

That we may readily obtain redress, we are compelled to maintain schools for the purpose of teaching the art of fighting—the art of killing each other scientifically. The whole nation is laid under contribution to support these establishments, not even sparing the tender conscience and the religious scruples of a large and valuable portion of the community—a class that detests war and bloodshed. The innocent, misguided youth of this Christian country are instructed in all those matters which may make them expert in their trade. We raise them step by step according to their aptitude to learn, and to their prowess when called to the field of battle and carnage. We teach them the savage art of murdering their fellow creatures,

that they may resent a slight or an affront to a public officer abroad, or an insult to the country. If this savage spirit, fostered by military and naval discipline, had for its object the defence of our homes and our altars—if it were solely to repel invasion—some apology might be offered to posterity for this wholesale destruction of human life. But when they learn that the slightest pretext induced a government to send a large army to an enemy's country, merely to appease the ardent longings of those who had been in training, they will give us but little credit for our professions of the Christian faith. Another century must elapse before the truth will burst upon our senses, that the shedding of human blood is not essential to the preservation of our character, either as a nation or as an individual. We shall discover that there is no excuse—no necessity for war, either for offence or defence.

As society is now constituted, a young man who is educated to fight for *national honour*, considers himself as belonging to a government that is to protect him both abroad and at home—alas! how little is he aware of the mistake into which he has fallen. Let him yield a moment's attention, and he will see how cruelly he has been deceived.

It has been shown that if a public minister, or even a private citizen, were insulted abroad, he would be amply revenged—that the whole nation would assume his quarrel. But if, while at home, he should receive a personal insult, either from a blow or by having his honour called in question, what then would be his situation—from which quarter would redress come? The law of nations, which justified his country in so ably defending him when abroad, can do nothing for him now. He has to look for sympathy and assistance elsewhere—must he go to the *civil* law in the hope that it will protect him?—does the municipal law sympathize with him and wipe out the stain that is cast on his honour and integrity? It does not.

It is an incontrovertible fact, that if a man is insulted on shore, his enemy can triumph over him; for what does a low-minded, vindictive miscreant care for the slight punishment which the civil law inflicts on him? Are we aware of the inadequacy of the punishment to the offence? The aggressor, through envy, malice, or jealousy, has slandered the fair name—he has perhaps grossly insulted the person—of one who hitherto has been caressed and esteemed; he has taken away his character and destroyed his peace of mind!

The commonwealth, to be sure, institutes a suit against the assailant for a personal assault, but the extent of punishment which the laws inflict, is a short imprisonment and a small fine—an imprisonment with the liberty of partaking of every luxury and indulgence which his associates can procure him.

The smallness of the fine arises from the fact that such disturbers of the peace are in general very poor, and unable to pay a fine, it being a very rare thing to find a man of character and property guilty of an outrage of this kind. Meantime the innocent person goes unavenged, for this trivial punishment has not wiped away the stain and disgrace of the blow.

The law, so equitable when property is concerned, offers no relief to a man thus publicly assaulted and defamed—at least the law as it is now administered. The most flagrant case on record has never cost the aggressor more than a few hundred dollars and a month's imprisonment in a pleasant room, with every comfort around him. No one will pretend to say that this sort of punishment ever degraded a man in his own eyes, still less in those of the community. If one of our personal friends were thus assaulted and defamed, his person polluted by a blow, and his reputation injured by the foulest slanders, should we be satisfied with such penalties as the law exacts?—No, we should not—and yet, as Christian people, holding bloodshed in abhorrence, what are we to do?

The law is defeated on this important point—the punishment should be imprisonment at hard labour during the term of confinement—imprisonment with the shaved head and the coloured dress of the criminal. This, for a longer or shorter period, should be the desert of a man guilty of such enormities, and severe as this might seem, it would not meet the offence fully, for still it would fall short of the injury done to the innocent.

That the parties might be placed on equal terms, the miscreant who laid violent hands on a defenceless man should receive, publicly, as many lashes as he inflicted blows on his victim. This would be strict justice. But far be it from us to encourage such a brutal practice as that of *public whipping*, except in the single case where one man has struck another. If a man strike another, being aware of the penalty, he courts the punishment, and should suffer; blow for blow is strict justice, and in our opinion it is the only method that can reach the offence.

We repeat again, never may the brutal practice of public whipping be resorted to, excepting when the culprit has struck a defenceless man. Never may we see the flesh of a fellow being scourged in this way for any other offence. Never again may we hear of so terrible, so horrible—may we say—so hellish a punishment as that of inflicting three hundred lashes on the bare skin of a poor young creature, for the slight offence—while under the influence of rum—of merely *attempting* to strike an officer!

Such a shock has this dreadful case of military flogging given to all Christendom, that the name of the officer who inflicted it

will ever be associated with the cruelty; and future ages will only remember him as the perpetrator of one of the most brutal acts of barbarity on record.

We refer to this atrocious outrage to show one of the bad effects of war; to show the fiendish severity of the discipline and the brutality which it engenders. Nature revolts at such deeds; humanity is outraged by them. We on this side of the water most deeply sympathized with the poor sufferer. Curses loud and deep might well follow the monster who in cold blood stood by and directed the strength and the number of the lashes.

The worst of human passions are fostered by the rigid discipline kept up in the army and navy. The most trifling disobedience of orders, the slightest inattention to forms and ceremonies, are ignominiously punished; and *desertion*,—that fault which can only attach itself to physical weakness, and for which great lenity should be shown—that fault which, in the eye of the civil law would be so justly and leniently considered,—is punished by death!

It is not for us at this present moment to bring to view all the mean, dastardly practices which are engendered by this passion for *war*; those of enlistment and impressment, are too prominent to escape notice. But this question urges itself on our notice peremptorily, and must be answered. Is it for purposes like these that we are educating our sons? Ye rich and powerful! are the hearts of your children to be thus hardened and perverted; are they to be trained to regard the common soldier as a beast of the field? Ye poor and powerless! is this to be the hard fate of your offspring?

But to return to our enquiry into the nature and similarity of war and duelling. It is our intention to prove that both are unchristian and unnecessary. Equally criminal as they are in the eye of the Almighty, yet to the amazement of posterity it will be found that the advocates and encouragers of war—of this murdering by the wholesale—are infinitely more numerous than the advocates and instigators of duels. Therefore, as there is a greater abhorrence of the latter crime—and most unaccountable is it that this should be the case—let us bend all our efforts towards abolishing, first, this practice; let us unite in getting rid of the lesser evil, and then attack the greater—war.

If there were a law such as we have suggested, which should condemn a man to hard labour among criminals, or send him to the whipping post, when he committed an outrage on a defenceless person, we should furnish a strong corrective to a fruitful source of duels. As the law now stands, if a cowardly fellow strike a man of less personal strength than himself—and he that descends to this savage mode of revenge always takes

care that he is an overmatch for his victim—what is the injured party to do? He is probably a stranger and unconnected, he depends on his character for his daily bread, his disgrace has gone forth, and his reputation is blighted. No man, however innocent he may be, can ever have his tranquillity, his peace of mind restored, or resume his station in society with the same lofty feelings that he formerly possessed. He knows that the small penalty which falls on the ruffian does not wipe out the stain on his honour—he knows too well that the penalty is exacted *as a debt due to the commonwealth for an infringement of the laws. The fine and imprisonment are to satisfy the insulted laws, and not to soothe the feelings or restore the character of the injured man.*

When to an assault is added defamation, the defamer, even when found guilty, is not compelled, *as he should be*, to make a public acknowledgment of his guilt. The only mode by which the injured party could be restored to his former standing and healthful feelings, would be the public confession of the aggressor and slanderer acknowledging that he had basely calumniated the complainant. This would prevent many a coward from wreaking his malice on the unwary, for however superior he might be in personal strength, he would hesitate in his villany when the punishment was so nearly equal to the offence. At present it is a mere mockery to prosecute a man of this kind; he laughs at the penalty.

The municipal law, therefore, does not furnish sufficient protection; for the punishment inflicted does not meet a case of gross outrage. The consequence is that men have made laws of their own, by which they endeavour to redress their own grievances. This law is called the *code of honour*, respected by all men of nice, quick feelings; respected even by legislators themselves.

When one man commits an act of violence against another, the feelings of a whole community are outraged by it, but still the merits of the case are not strictly enquired into, nor is judgment consulted. Instead of forcing the *disgrace* of the blow to rest on him who strikes, this very community, who feel so indignant and scandalised, take great pains to inform the sufferer that they consider him as having lost caste by the touch of a ruffian. It is they—this very community—that oblige the injured party to resort to this chivalrous law, this code of honour, that he may wipe out the stain which they say he has received.

It is one of the many anomalies and paradoxes of civilisation, that there is no disgrace in being struck by one very far inferior. In the army and navy, if a subaltern strike a superior officer, the former is immediately punished, and no stain rests on the other. Nor in private life does a man consider

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himself as contaminated when struck by one very far inferior. A gentleman of high standing in society can bear, without vexation, a blow from a servant. Among citizens, therefore, the superior escapes unmolested, because no stain results from the outrage. The case is very different, however, if a man, moving in the same society with a hot-headed brute, receive a blow from him.

One, therefore, has not only to endure the indignity of the blow—rendered disgraceful to him only by the perverted judgments of those who hold the reins of fashion—but he has also to violate the laws of God and man by putting his own life in jeopardy. He is compelled to jeopard his own life in two ways; he must either be killed on the ground by the bullet of his adversary, or if that adversary is killed by *his* bullet he must be hung as a murderer—for to kill a man in single combat is considered as murder in the first degree, and punishable by an ignominious death!

In our apprehension it is the community that should be charged with the mischief and misery that result from duels. In the eye of sober reason the disgrace of a blow should rest on the assailant. The man who strikes another in a cowardly way should be immediately disgraced, and be considered as for ever unworthy of coming within the pale of civilisation. If we would but view the subject in this light—and we pray that the time may soon come when it shall be so considered—no man, when thus cowardly assaulted, would think of risking his precious life in a bloody contest with one whose ungentlemanly and malignant act had placed him so very far beneath the consideration of a man of honour. How shocking will it appear to future ages that the foolish rules of society were so binding, that an honourable man, and a professor of Christianity, too, was forced to consider himself on an equality with a ruffian and a coward!

But the mischief and misery do not end with the fatal termination of a duel. One would naturally conclude that the community—they who first compelled the injured party to resort to this barbarous mode of avenging himself—would stand by him and protect him in case he destroyed his enemy; but this is not the case. The very men who exacted this of him, turn their backs the moment he has gratified their bloodthirstiness. They not only desert him, but, as if for the first moment seeing the enormity of the crime, they raise a hue and cry and force the slumbering authorities to active and unrelenting persecution. No sooner is a complaint preferred than the officers of justice—who, by the way, look on with indifference at all sorts of crime until an *informer* rouses them—leave no means unessayed to bring the poor goaded creature to punishment.

Should he be taken and handed over to the law, the community looks on his ignominious death without horror. This is a true outline of a duel and its consequences. Is it not expected that a duel is to end in the death of one or both of the parties—is it not known that pistol bullets will destroy life, and that the gallows will destroy life too? How unjust and perverse, therefore, are the rules of society, that first compel a man to make use of a pistol and then bring him to punishment for the effect which it produces.

And here let us stop to enquire how it is that a great defect in the laws is so entirely overlooked. Here are acts of daily occurrence which inevitably lead to disorder and bloodshed; the officers, who are the guardians of the law, are surely competent to arrest crime in its incipient state. Must they, for instance, wait until an informer tells them that a *challenge* has been given when they know it of their own knowledge? Must they be *told* that a man has been selling liquor without license, or that he deals in unlawful commodities, or that he keeps a disorderly house—must they wait until all this is told to them before they can put out their hand and arrest the evils in their very commencement? Surely no odium can attach itself to an officer in doing that which he is by his oath compelled to do. Many a father, many a brother, and *many a wife*, have it in their power to prevent a duel by giving information to the civil authorities, and would do it if the slow finger of scorn did not at the moment press more heavily on their breast than the apprehension of the swift bullet, or the trial and condemnation in prospect.

Why, let us ask again, must there be an informer when the affair is public? and, to return to the minor case, why should an officer remain inert until a third party complains? Do we not know that nothing renders a gentleman so odious as to turn informer, glaring and pernicious as the vice of which he complains may be. Very few care to run the risk, and so the vice spreads. This subject should be carefully examined, as the reasons now given for the necessity of an informer are not worth considering. The officers themselves, as in duty bound, should enquire into the facts and arrest the evil at once. A gentleman is very willing to answer questions when put to him legally; but he dreads the consequences of having *volunteered* to break up illegal haunts. Many an injured man who has been compelled by the foolish rules of society to send a challenge, would gladly enter into bonds to keep the peace—if legally required to do so—if it could be done without his being privy or accessory to it.

But let us return to the main question. What would have

been the result had not this persecuted man challenged his assailant? He would be driven from the ranks of *fashion* as a polluted man and a coward! Men and women—aye, we say it with the deepest regret—women, too, look coldly and with averted eyes on the man who refuses to fight. Nay, let us go further and assert that it is mainly attributable to women that the odious and unlawful practice of duelling is allowed to exist. Their influence is great—what will not a woman's influence accomplish?—and if they would but pledge themselves—if they would but enter into a compact never to admit into their society any one who should henceforth be guilty of striking a blow, we should soon hear of the extinction of that offence; and consequently one great source of duels would be destroyed. May we not, therefore, appeal to women for their assistance in eradicating the evil. Surely they who suffer so keenly when a husband, or brother, or son falls a victim to this barbarous practice, should be the first to rise up and discountenance it—for it is woman's influence which in so many cases gives impulse to public opinion.

A stop should at once be put to duelling; it is more within the control of the laws than war—it comes home immediately to our bosoms, and it is enacted before our eyes. But while we so strongly urge this point, let us for a moment turn our attention to those with whom duelling is most prevalent—let us take a view of those duels which are so common in the army, and particularly in the navy. Much as we execrate the practice, yet in extenuation we should remember, that the education we give to the young men of these professions, particularly fits them for belligerent acts. The crime, therefore, should not be punished with the greatest severity in the persons of the very young men of the army and navy. We must recollect, too, that it is our policy to train them to think lightly of life, for he that is the most fearless, the most careless of his own life, and the most prodigal in the waste of blood on the field of battle, is sure of being advanced in rank and crowned with honours.

The education that they receive blunts their sensibilities, and they become regardless of this unnatural expenditure of life. All their tender feelings are paralysed, and their notions of right and wrong perverted. Their religion tells them that blood must not be shed, and their education tells them that human laws permit it. In the progress of this paradox a new passion is generated; a morbid excitement has grown out of this contrary doctrine. This new principle is a fiery irritability—a nervous sensibility to whatever touches the honour and safety of their country, their personal friends, or themselves. They enter into a compact—and what a compact it is, cemented by such trainings, by such excitements—to stand or fall

together ! Their daily instructions breathe of vengeance and conquest, and their best acquisition is an insensibility to the value of life.

What a determined, united corps are the young men who are educated under military and naval discipline. The least affront offered to their country or personal friends is sufficient ground of quarrel, and each individual of this strongly cemented body feels himself called upon to resent the affront. If we educate and pay young men for the purpose of defending us from the insults of *our* enemies, we should not be surprised if they sometimes—without pay—combat with the enemies of their private friends, or sometimes endeavour to redress their own wrongs.

Duelling will never be viewed with abhorrence by the young, nor will it ever cease, so long as the youth of the country are instructed in the art of war—so long as women receive the duellist with flattering distinction ; and so long as the civil law holds out such light penalties to those who injure the person and character of an innocent man.

It is abominable that if we wish to stand well in civilised society we must take our chance of life, either from the bullet of our enemy or from the gallows—that we must either submit to this, or endure the contempt and neglect of the community ! Many a sensitive person prefers to take the chance of being shot, hung, or banished, than lose caste and be branded for ever as a coward. Let women look to this. Again we say, that if they would but exclude from their notice such persons as shall in future strike another, and look with indifference on a challenger, duels would be more rare. They are fond of associating themselves together for different benevolent and praiseworthy schemes, let them unite in this one, and receive the thanks of the whole Christian world.

Again—it is weak and inhuman, nay monstrous, to say, as we have sometimes heard it said, “if officers will quarrel among themselves let them fight it out if they choose, but let them not be allowed to challenge a citizen.” As if the life of an army or a navy officer were not as precious in the eye of the law as that of a citizen. If it be a crime to send a challenge, then it is as criminal in the one case as in the other. Are we to look upon military and naval men as blood-hounds kept only for the purpose of fighting when it suits our pleasure ?

The practice of duelling has always prevailed in our navy to great extent, and with very little reproof or punishment—if any—from the civil authorities. This neglect arises from two causes : one is that many of the duels take place in the Mediterranean, or far in the interior of the country—and the other cause is that it is not thought politic to reprimand or

punish the young and thoughtless, when the crime is constantly committed by older men.

Although we earnestly desire the extinction of duelling, and hope ere long to see public attention directed to the subject, yet we do not think it wise or humane to endeavour at reform by making examples of the very young in offence—those who have hitherto never been taught to consider duelling as an infringement of the laws. That which is most binding on their young minds is the law called the code of honour, and it is that which regulates their conduct. All those who enter the army and navy know full well, that if they receive a kick or a blow, or have their word called in question, they must resent it by a challenge. If they do not this, they are stigmatized as cowards. If a young officer is insulted he must fight or quit the service, otherwise he will be held in utter contempt by his brother officers.

It is therefore folly to begin the reformation with those who cannot be made to consider duelling as a crime, for their education and the example of their elders teach them contrary doctrines. The reform should be attempted when there is no excitement of the kind; and it should begin with the female sex. Women should avow it to be their determination not to receive into their society—and our remarks only apply to the future, let by-gones be by-gones—any one who cowardly strikes the first blow, or who has been proved guilty of defamation. Young men would think twice before they offended in this way; and if dismissal from female society were to be the consequence of folly or malice, every one would be upon his guard.

But if it be deemed necessary to be still more rigorous, and in our earnest zeal we should wish to make an example of the very first that transgressed, let us hope that the offender may be one of mature years and high standing, for such too frequently are culpable in this way. Do not let us pass over his delinquencies and single out a very young man, when an older one has passed without punishment. By what right can the laws touch more recent cases, when those of long standing have not been disturbed? We consider that the older a man is the more heinous is the offence, and the prompter should be his punishment.

All Christians must ardently wish for the extinction of duelling—this twin brother of war—yet there is not one that would not consider it as cowardly and cruel, if, under existing circumstances, the youngest culprit should be selected, when one of mature years had committed the offence at the same time. A sensible man, if called upon to decide in a case of this kind, would take into consideration that the young offender could

only be accused of doing what men of the highest military and naval standing had frequently done with impunity.

What father would punish his youngest son with dire severity for an offence which his eldest brother had often committed without a reprimand—and whose example had been the cause of the younger one's errors: nay, when he, the father, in open day, and with the knowledge of his children and friends, had been guilty of the same crimes and misdemeanours! Would it not be monstrous? It is like the old *lettres de cachet* of France, where a father, or any head of a family, could confine a son or relative at pleasure, he, the father or relative, at the same time being both licentious and profligate.

We therefore stipulate, if no other plan present itself for the suppression of duelling than that of death on the gallows, as for murder in the first degree, not to select the young and friendless for examples. We can have better hope of the efficacy of punishment if we seize on those who are of high standing as to age and character. Surely crime is greater as the rank and power of the culprit are greater; and age, instead of extenuating an unlawful act, does but render it the more conspicuous and inexcusable.

It is a good feature in our law that a criminal can be brought to justice whenever the community demands it. The crime is not washed away because our sensibilities have become blunted, or our friendships have screened the offender. A man is therefore always liable to be brought up for punishment, let the crime be of what date it may. The commonwealth does not suffer a criminal to escape because partialities or party spirit have stepped in between him and the laws, or because he is at the head of some institution and cannot be spared. It is only when we hold up men of age and responsibilities as examples that we can hope to make a salutary impression on the young.

What has hitherto been the state of the case with regard to those duels which have occurred in the navy? If a young officer were either wounded or had wounded his antagonist, we never heard of his being dismissed the service. Many of them were never known to receive a reprimand. On the contrary, the young duellist was called a fine spirited fellow by his brother officers; and on shore he was received with increased respect, and with very flattering attention. Yet the intent to kill was the same as if the pistol shot had proved fatal; the laws, therefore, ought to have punished him, provided those who set him the example had been punished also.

But as society has arranged matters, the laws had to wink at the crime in the younger officer, because, with a servile spirit, they had failed to call the older to account for the same

crime. Many a young man risks his own life, and likewise that of his adversary, through the mere force of pernicious example in his elders. He perceives, that so far from duelling being a preventive to his rise in the service, or even in civil affairs, that the eye of the nation is upon him, and the bravery of the act will be an additional motive for his advancement in rank. Almost every man, particularly those of mature age and character, feels his consequence increased on giving or accepting a challenge. So long as young officers see this, they can have no scruples about duelling. They certainly could never apprehend expulsion from the service, when so many older officers had slain men in duels and had never been brought to justice.

He who has it in his power to deal the first blow, or, rather, who has the power to punish, should himself be immaculate—he should recollect whether the young and inexperienced had not been led to the offence by his own disregard of the laws. He should have led a life innocent of the crime for which the young man before him stands arraigned. Those who are unacquainted with naval and military rules and discipline, and of the education which those who enter these services receive, will scarcely understand how degrading, how blasting in its effects, is a dismissal from the profession. The young man who has been suddenly disgraced for duelling, becomes amenable to the civil laws, and to elude those laws he has to skulk about the world an uncared-for vagabond. Even if he escape from justice he must perish, for it is very difficult to turn his attention to any other mode of getting bread. All these difficulties he would deserve to encounter, were the punishment to fall on those who are of high rank and had committed similar crimes; as this is not the case, the young cannot, with any degree of justice, be punished.

Happy would it be if a young man, when thus degraded from his profession, had energy and self-respect enough to sustain him. With but feeble notions of the rights of the civil community, and of his own relation to these rights, how can he hope to escape utter destruction? As to the supposition that he perfectly understands the equity of his punishment—as to making him believe that he has acted criminally in fighting a duel—killed or wounded one man—how can he comprehend it, when he sees an old man standing high in office who has committed a similar offence—how can he think it a crime to kill *one* man in defence of his friend's honour, when he has already killed a dozen men on the quarter deck, or on the field of battle, in defence of his country's honour! Did he not receive a sword and the thanks of his country for his bravery, as it is termed, on the bloody plain, where he had with his own hand slain a number

of poor innocent creatures, and can he view it in the light of a crime when he kills but an additional one in single combat !

In placing the subject so minutely before us, with unavoidable repetitions, we must not fail to renew our expression of unqualified aversion for the practice of duelling. Whether the crime be attached to old or young, we consider it in the same light as we do bloodshed in war—both—both are ungodly and barbarous. Most earnestly do we wish that war and duelling should cease, for they are abominations in the sight of the great Founder of our religion. Our principal aim throughout these remarks has been this—if we must make a distinction between the man who kills many men on the field of battle, under the sanction of fighting for national rights, and him who kills one man in a duel, under the provocation of a personal insult—if we must punish the duellist, and reward murderers by wholsale—let us punish the delinquents with some show of justice.

If individuals cannot retain their position in society under the brand of cowardice, as the refusal to accept the challenge is called ; let not the civil authorities seize on the young and inexperienced for examples—let them bring to the bar those who are high in trust and character. This impartiality will terrify the young, and deter them from the like offences.

The shock to a community is great, when one with whom they had so recently been familiar falls in a duel ; yet owing to prejudice how different is the sensation when the soldier falls on the field of battle—gloriously, as the term is—as if the dead man cared a rush for the glory. No—the glory alights on his friends, for so it is decreed by civilisation ; and it is with a sort of exultation that we hear of the *brave* man's death ; and if we can but sing a requiem over his grave—such as was sung over the grave of Sir John Moore—we are quite content to “leave him alone in his glory.” But he that kills another in a duel, if the community can be worked up to the point of arresting the criminal, can have no lenity shown him ; his crime is punished with death on the gallows.

Men are very much perplexed with all this, for the truth is for ever intruding, that death by the pistol ball, when both parties are on an equality, and death by a cannon ball, in war, are precisely the same—no sophistry can prove a difference, and no one, in the eye of equity and common sense, can be called a murderer, in the legal sense of the term, for having killed a man in a duel, when he that kills a dozen on the field of battle is applauded and rewarded for his bravery. It comes to this—it is *murder* when a man fights and kills another in defence of

his own or his friend's honour, but it is *bravery* when he fights and slays many men in defence of the honour of his countrymen! Because the law chooses to call one act murder and the other act bravery, is that satisfactory to a reasonable creature? It is not.

But if we *must* consider it a crime—as undoubtedly we must—to destroy life in a duel, then the crime ought to stand against a man until he has been arraigned and tried for his life, when, if acquitted, he may be supposed innocent. If he gives himself up to the laws, then we must imagine him to be absolved of the crime; but until he does give himself up to justice, he is certainly a proscribed man, and liable, at any moment, to be arrested. Can a criminal of this kind be capable of holding trust or office whilst he is thus subject to be brought before the bar as a murderer!

Where is the difference in the crime itself, whether the criminal, by connivance of friends or by neglect of the authorities, can elude justice, or be condemned and hung? The crime in both events stands against him, and whether it were committed fifty years ago, or but yesterday, the law can take cognizance of it. If duelling must be thought a crime, then it matters not with the law whether he who committed it escape or not. The law can put its iron finger on him at any interval of time. If he live unmolested and has most sincerely repented, that does not weaken the claims of the law against his particular case. If he ought to be hung for the murder at the moment, he is just as liable to be punished with the gallows fifty years after the act. His *penitence* is between himself and his God—his crime is between the laws and the commonwealth; and distance of time is no mitigation of the crime or the punishment. If those whose feelings were outraged by the crime were all swept from the face of the earth, the *crime* would remain and always be subject to the laws.

To show still further the absurdity of making a distinction between war and duelling—making one a crime punishable by death on the gallows, and the other a meritorious act—let us put the question in a new shape. Suppose that in a moment of political excitement, a duellist should be elected to a high office, must we suffer *him*—one who may have fought duels and killed his man—to retain his high station? Must he have the power of punishing other men—particularly young men—for the crime of which he is still liable to be punished himself? Why should we wink at this man's offences, and allow him to pursue others with all the rigour of the law? If we wish to show our horror of the crime, why not prosecute *him*? When the berries on a tree are of a poisonous nature, what do we gain by lopping off

a few of the young branches? We should cut down the tree at once.

But if we could not bring one high in office to justice, without the fear of producing civil war—for the life and honour of such a man are considered by his partisans as of more consequence than if he were a private citizen or a cadet—at least, he should not be allowed to make a mockery of the laws by inflicting punishment on those over whom he has control. It should be considered that the younger culprits but endeavoured to obtain distinction as he had done.

If the commander in chief of an army or navy had killed a fellow-creature in a duel, he would feel great reluctance when called upon to punish a young man for the same offence. He would in this case be obliged to consider it a crime of a black dye, or why punish it so rigorously? He would be reminded by the still, small voice of conscience, that justice had but slumbered in his case, and that if she were to awaken he would be the first to be dismissed from his office, if not dealt with more severely. He would therefore be very lenient, and duels go free of punishment.

It may be said that in a case of this kind, by his oath of office a man is compelled to punish a duellist whether he have been one himself or not. Certainly a man should not shrink from his duty, be it what it may, but we do say that if he is thus obliged by his oath to dismiss and punish any one for a crime of which he knew he had himself been guilty, and that the knowledge of it might have caused the young culprit to follow his example—then the honour and dignity—the moral and religious feelings of this superior officer should at once oblige him to resign his commission. If there were none to condemn him, his own voice should do it.

What a mockery of justice it would be to put a drunkard at the head of a temperance society, a thief on the bench, or an atheist in a Christian pulpit; and yet, with our confused notions of duelling and war, of crime and no crime, we are constantly liable to the disgrace of having a duellist—for whom we have such horror, and who is subject to death on the gallows—made not only commander in chief over all our armies and navies, but president of the United States!

Let us suppose a case—an extreme case it should be considered—let us suppose for a moment that General Jackson had once or twice in his life killed a man in a duel, after some trumpery dispute about honour or fame. Being commander in chief of the army and navy, he had the right of dismissing an officer from the service at pleasure. Would he have dared to do a thing of this kind? No—to be consistent he would have said—"I do not consider the crime as heinous, either

before God or man, and for two reasons—the first is, that though I call myself a moral and religious man, yet I have shed blood in a duel and I do not find myself the less entitled on that account to hold the high rank I now do, or to go to the altar and partake of that sacrament which says, *thou shalt not kill*.

“The second reason is, that the majority of this moral and religious nation do not consider the crime as a heinous one, certainly not as deserving of dismissal from office or of reprehension, either in young or old, or they would not have chosen me to preside over the whole of these United States. They knew I had killed a man in a duel because the fact was notoriously public. Does it not become me, therefore, if I am called upon to dismiss a young man from the service for duelling, to withdraw from my high station? I must not only dismiss myself from the presidency, and from being the commander in chief, but from the holy communion also. As a man of honour and uprightness, as well as religion, could I cashier another, when, by so doing, I acknowledge the enormity of the crime and point out what should be its punishment—dismissal!

“I cannot lay the flattering unction to my soul and say that committing the sin twenty years ago has made a difference in its nature. To be sure I have had sufficient time to make my peace with an offended Majesty, but the crime itself remains to be punished on earth. I am not sure, however, that I have repented, for what sin is there in killing one man, when I have been instrumental in slaying hundreds?

“But there are still other motives for showing clemency—this is the first time that I am thus publicly called upon to inflict summary punishment, and I ought not to execute it with all the rigour of my prerogative, because the act would serve as a precedent. To be consistent I must pursue the same course with all in the same predicament in future. I must view it likewise in another light. Suppose that when strongly importuned to dismiss a young naval officer for killing his antagonist in a duel—the very crime I had been guilty of myself, and which was still ‘unwhipped of justice’—suppose I had yielded to the voice of the people, and set the young man adrift without the means of gaining a livelihood, what would be the consequence? Why, that the very community which three or four years before had been so clamorous in demanding justice, would be the first to plead for pardon and reinstatement! Time would have brought them to their senses, and their reason convinced them that the severity had not only failed in checking the evil, but that it was absurd to punish some for duelling and reward others who had slain men in war.

“But it may be that my secretary, through whom the appeal for pardon must come, will throw obstacles in the way of a

reinstatement, notwithstanding the respectability of the petition—signed by the very men who entreated me to dismiss the young officer. What is to be done in a case of this kind. Trembling for my popularity—for I am constantly in dread that my own duels will be remembered against me—I must try and soften down the doubts of my obdurate secretary,—I must suggest a reinstatement, provided the young man does not claim his back pay.

“To be sure this is rather scandalous, and most unbecoming such a government as ours, for the fact will come before an astonished world that we have been bribed to a reinstatement by the arrearages of this poor young man. If we saw fit to restore him to his former rank, why withhold his paltry wages? Ah! little does the peaceful, unambitious citizen know to what meannesses and injustice we are driven to keep this system of war and duelling so adroitly balanced that they may not tear us to pieces. Look at this monstrous absurdity—here am I, as the commander in chief of all the army and navy, compelled in one instance to dismiss a young officer for a crime for which I am myself liable to be punished; shortly after I am compelled to reinstate him; then I am told that I must not restore the youth to his rank unless he give up his back pay. I advise him to agree to give up the pay, and privately tell him to appeal to congress for the money—they will at once see the justice of the appeal. This is one of the blessed effects of the crooked policy of war; the shedding of blood is not the only thing which renders it hateful, but it begets meanness, injustice, and absurdities.”

We perceive, therefore, in this *supposititious* case, that we may have a duellist at the head of our government, and, this being granted, what a farce it would be to see him strike a young officer's name from the roll for a misdemeanour or crime of which he had been guilty himself? Let us, therefore, strive, by every means in our power, to root out the unsound principles which the vile passions of ages have planted so deeply in our breasts—the *righteousness of war*. Let us view it as we do duelling, and enlist all our humane and Christian feelings in its extirpation. If the *law of nations*, as it now stands, cannot point out a mode by which our differences with foreign nations may be settled, then let a new congress of nations meet, and suggest a more efficient code, for, as civilization and Christianity advance, new points of difference will arise, and there must be new laws to regulate them. Surely something could be suggested by which the spilling of human blood might be avoided. If wars were to cease, we should hear no more of duelling, for the latter ever waits upon the former. It is worse than foolish to hope for reform by now and then dismissing a

young man from the service, or by withholding his paltry wages—paltry when the detention is considered, but of great moment to the officer himself. The punishment of dismissal is one of the severest that can be inflicted, and yet it has failed to arrest the crime.

We are of opinion with that wise and eloquent statesman Edmund Burke, that “unless the crime is of the deepest dye (and how can duelling be such a crime when war is not), we should not punish severely, for people at last get tired of such extremes of justice. It has frequently happened, in cases of this nature, that the fate of the offenders has depended more upon the accidental circumstance of their being brought earlier or later to trial, than to any steady principle of equity applied to their several cases. Without great care and sobriety, *criminal justice generally begins in anger and ends in negligence*. The first that are brought forward suffer the extremity of the law, even with circumstances of mitigation in their case, and, after a time, the most atrocious delinquents escape merely by the satiety of punishment.”

The truth of these sagacious remarks was exemplified a few years ago, when a number of very young naval officers were suddenly driven from the service, principals and seconds, for being engaged in a duel that terminated fatally. Since that period many duels have occurred in the navy, nay an officer of the highest rank was a principal in a duel, and yet not the slightest notice was taken of it! We perceive, therefore, that men get tired of punishing, or, rather, feel unwilling to punish when it does not appear to them that the act can be considered as a crime. They reason in this way:—“Because the people of a whole nation agree to consider the shedding of blood in war as a *meritorious* act, and the shedding of blood in duels as a *punishable* act, are we to give our assent to it? If the shedding of blood be a crime at all, it is more particularly so when men are butchered by wholesale: we are not to be mystified into the belief that excess of slaughter lessens the enormity. A whole nation will often submit to very unwise, unsafe laws, merely through the force of habit, and the fear of change. We are very willing to put down duels, but we must put down war likewise.”

Let us, therefore, rouse ourselves from this torpor, and view this horrible thirst for blood in its true light; let us not affect to shudder at duelling, and clap our hands when we hear that thousands have fallen in the field of battle. It proves how much we are the creatures of habit, and how long the evil passions of the ignorant savage will cling to the bosoms of their civilized descendants. Had war never been known—had a man never been slain in single combat, and, at the same time, had

the world gone on, as at present, in improvements and knowledge—we should raise up our hands, we should look upon the man who proposed that we should kill one another, as men now kill one another in battle—we should look on him, we say, as one who was possessed and cursed with an evil demon !

May the time come when all bloodshed shall be considered as murder, whether in war or duels. “ War,” said the good Bishop Porteus, “ is a game which, were their subjects wise, kings would never play at”—and further he says, “ that, owing to the folly of mankind, though one murder makes a villain, yet he that murders a million is called a hero.”

Franklin, one of the wisest of men, hated war. At the close of the American revolution, one week after the treaty of peace was signed, he wrote thus—“ May we never see another war, for, in my opinion, there never was a good war, nor a bad peace.”

The Lord Chancellor Brougham thus strongly expresses his abhorrence of war—“ But my principles—they may be derided, they may be unfashionable, but I hope they are spreading far and wide—my principles are summed up in one word—peace—peace. I abominate war as unchristian—I hold it the greatest of human crimes. I deem it to include all others, *violence, blood, rapine, fraud*, every thing which can deform the character, alter the nature, and debase the name of man.”

ART. II.—*Society in America*. By HARRIET MARTINEAU.
2 vols. New York: 1837.

We have here another work on America, and, we must say, an unexpected one, for we were told that Miss Martineau declared, in the most unequivocal terms, that she did not intend to write ; that her sole object was to recruit herself after her *severe* labours of story writing ; and that the mere hinting at such a design would be injurious to her sojourn amongst us : for, if such an opinion went abroad, the facilities and hospitalities of the country would be withheld from her. It was well enough for a cunning bookmaker to impress this upon us in the beginning of her espionage ; but why she should persist in the declaration to the very last moment of her visit is incomprehensible, particularly as part of the book was actually ready for the publisher before she left the country.

But the book is published, and we must put up with the many libels it contains, "drunken ladies" and all. It is far inferior to the production of Mrs. Trollope, having less of originality and humour. If Mrs. Trollope could have had access to the same sources of information so liberally accorded to Miss Martineau, her book would have been an invaluable present to the American people. For although Mrs. Trollope gave evidence of a bilious temperament, yet she flung her squibs so playfully, and her castigations came so naturally and so *apparently* from a desire to "do the state some service," that we were fain to overlook her impertinences and exaggerations for the sake of the benefits conferred.

When Miss Martineau reached our shores she found herself already amongst warm admirers, for she was known as a writer of interesting tales, which were in the hands of our best readers. Her books were not popular on account of the Malthusian doctrines which they embraced, for luckily that unnatural creed was no favourite with the American people; but we admired them for their romance and thrilling incidents. As a writer, therefore, of interesting *story books*—for such they would have been called in the days of our childhood—she was entitled to our admiration. The respect which was paid, and the hospitalities that were extended to her throughout the whole range of country she perambulated, fully balanced the account between us. This must have been her own opinion likewise, for, if she had not considered her lucubrations as a full equivalent for all the kindness and all the facilities that were accorded her, she never could have sat down so coolly to the task of ripping up our little faults—faults only to a jaundiced and an agrarian mind.

No stranger since the days of Lafayette was more cordially entertained—the more fools we for our easiness of access—and Miss Martineau adds another to the list of her spiteful predecessors. This work of hers makes us *quits*, as the children say, and we shall, therefore, imitate her freedom of remark. The book has a ready sale, and in these dull times—duller, perhaps, to booksellers than to any other class—they, at least, should thank her for this little diversion in their favour. She will hear from us more than once, for she cuts right and left, sparing none but the abolitionists and negroes.

This lady came amongst us, as she says, and as we all know, deprived of the use of her ears—a very serious loss, one would suppose, to a traveller intending to pick up crumbs of knowledge by the wayside. This loss she endeavoured to supply, first, by substituting the ears of a young woman, who came with her, as hearer-in-general; and second, by a little trumpet which acted the part of hearer-in-particular. Now it unfortunately happened that the *hearer-in-general* was an absolute stranger

to Miss Martineau, she having known her only a few days before embarking for America. Of course there was no similarity of ideas and sentiments; they had neither the sympathies nor the local knowledge of those who are brought up and educated in the same district of country. Even the ordinary topics of interest, some of which agitated the new world, were differently discussed and construed by the *home* friends of each. There were, therefore, remarkable and frequently ludicrous discrepancies in the answers given by them separately.

If Miss Martineau were questioned as to the opinion held by European philosophers concerning that anomalous case of Caspar Hauser, she would tell you that they considered it "as a psychological experiment;" if the little hearer-in-general were applied to, she not having been privy to Miss Martineau's answer, would tell you they thought it "a hoax."

We have no doubt that, if the lady's hearing were as much at her service as her sight, she would have made a far different book—that is, there would be less of humbuggery in it; though, on the point of temper and prejudices, she must always have been the same woman—a temper, arbitrary, exacting, and aristocratic; and *prejudices* which compelled her to adopt the agrarian system in spite of her temper. As to the economy of our arrangements, political, moral, and religious, she knows nothing of it; she could have given a clearer view of what we are doing, had she shut herself in her closet at home, and drawn on her imagination for the materials and the morale. Her deafness was an insuperable bar to correct oral information, for she never heard general conversation, and as to what was dealt out to her through the trumpet, that was always prepared for the occasion—some of it to suit the particular views of the speaker, some to quiz her, and the most part that the speakers might show themselves off to the bystanders.

It was by this mode that these two worthies *heard* their way through such portions of the United States as they thought would yield them sufficient interest to fill a book. The English, according to their own account—for they sometimes make free disclosures—are a wonder-loving, sight-seeing people, and have been running over to us after cataracts, prairies, savannahs, caves, Indians, cheap living, and negroes, ever since they murdered Mary, queen of Scots, and "Baby Charles." It was from those two memorable events, as well as from those he cites, that our friend Samivel Vellers, of Pickwick celebrity, became possessed of that admirable proverb which he so happily illustrated—"business first and pleasure afterwards." Be this as it may, ever since that illustrious period of *smothering* baby Charles (when one of the regicides, Goffe, fled to this country for safety), his countrymen have paid us flying visits. If all

the books that were written by these itinerants could be stripped of incorrect statistics and grumblings, and the *realities* only were brought together at one view, there would not be so much left of us as there was of the Kilkenny cats.

The English are great walkers, and huge feeders, and this they also say of *themselves*, for *we* have no opportunity of judging but from a few specimens of lords, and knights, and bookmaking gentry, and they have borne us out in the remark. Even Basil Hall, who was so shocked at the plenty and variety of our breakfasts, and who began by showing his disgust and gentility the moment he landed, soon considered it as a base imposition if he were taken at his word, and only supplied with bread, butter, and tea. In less than one week he called out manfully—and *authoritatively* when he dared—for ham and sausages, and wondered “why an *Englishman* could not have a pitcher of cream and an omelet at his breakfast, as well as that tall Kentuckian at the head of the table?” We “rather guess” the tall Kentuck did not hear him, or he might have had the *whole* pitcher of cream, and the omelet to boot. Miss Martineau can scarcely keep from sneering at the immense variety on the southern tables, and begins with saying, “generally *sour* bread.”

Ah, if all she says of herself be true—if her poverty were *real*, and no “hoax,” in order to excite our compassion that she might get the run of the country free of expense—all this display of abundance and luxury, of which she so largely partook, would have excited other feelings than those she pours forth to her countrymen. But whilst thus feasting—and in cities and villages it was to her *one feast*—“Jerusha waxed fat and kicked.” This is the only way of accounting for the change from Miss Martineau feeding on these American delicacies, and Miss Martineau on her stale bread and butter, her chalky milk, and her slop tea, in London. “Thank God,” said one of Mrs. Trollope’s heroines, who had just returned from America, “thank God I am once more in a London drawing-room.” We hardly think that Miss Martineau would return thanks for having gone back to her cheerless breakfasts, her scanty dinners, and her no suppers, when we find, by her own confessions, what distress of mind it was if she were debarred from a full allowance of fresh milk and eggs. If we may credit the *oral* statement of all the itinerant bookmakers who honour us with their visits, pure, unadulterated milk, and fresh eggs, are the greatest of luxuries; and certainly Miss Martineau so considered them, for she not only makes honourable mention of them on all occasions, but gratified her appetite by procuring them at odd times, and in the oddest way—carrying them in her hand from stage to stage! We have not the least doubt that if the

thing had been within the compass of her *means*, she would have carried a fresh milch cow and a few laying hens with her wherever she went. If it were possible to make her tell the truth, we should find that, in her secret soul, she grumbled that her abolition friends, knowing the sacrifices she was making for their benefit, did not, from point to point, by a general circular given into her hand, supply her with jugs of milk, and baskets of eggs, if the cows and the hens were impracticable.

We should not notice such small matters, did not the lady herself invite us to the subject by her frequent mention of these delicate eatables and drinkables. But we must not fail to observe that her readers will make a sad mistake if they suppose she would be content with milk and eggs alone, if coarser food were near—"butcher's meat." As to her never seeing *butcher's meat*, as she elegantly terms it, at the tables of her acquaintances in Boston, and which she mourned over as a particular privation, it could only have arisen from a desire to gratify her palate in a superior way. Every one in England, as well as America, knows that *birds*, as she calls them, such as quails, pheasants, canvass-back ducks, &c., are expensive articles of food, and are placed on the table to do honour to a guest. Turkeys and geese, as well as "the everlasting boiled fowls," as the Count de Melfort has it, are, to be sure, every day fare, even with the poorest mechanic—at least *they were* as common as our daily bread, until President Jackson's agrarian dynasty.

If it were true, as she states, but which we doubt to the extent mentioned, the unwelcome procedure would have been corrected, and she would have had butcher's meat enough had it not been for the premature exposure of her abolition and amalgamation principles. Prior to that she was introduced to a *few* of the *elite* and respectable families of Boston, such as live in the environs of villages, or at their country seats. Her first visit was at a time when very few of the gentry were in town, and her second visit, having been made so notoriously conspicuous by that unwomanly act of hers—the delivery of a speech at an abolition meeting—prevented many of the best people of Boston from showing her civility.

It is this which has induced her to put gall into her ink; it is this which has raised that unjust, imbecile, and *untrue* statement when speaking of Mr. Everett's oration to the "handful," or small flock in the field. As she could not by any possibility *hear* what he said, she must have been indebted to her hearer general, or to some of Mr. Everett's malignant political opponents for the subject matter of the discourse. The *hearer general*, possibly, told her it was all a *hoax* on the people; and the *hearer particular* insinuated that "Mr. Everett was an anti-abolitionist, an anti-amalgamationist, an anti-Malthusian,

and an anti-half-and-half-woman-man. It was to *this* that Mr. Everett owes the honourable notice which this Malthusian lady took of him. The abuse has certainly rendered him more conspicuous—but in a way in which Miss Martineau never conjectured nor intended; she would have consigned him to silence and oblivion, rather than have added to his popularity. We have not many to *look up to* in cases of extremity, but when we find such a man as Everett expressing his opinions honestly, even to the discomfiture of a woman—a circumstance which is more distasteful to an American gentleman than any thing which could occur—we know to whom we can resort if the evil theme of sudden emancipation should ever be gravely discussed.

But to return once more to the subject of eating, a theme on which all English book makers love to dwell and grumble, let us beg her countrymen, and countrywomen too, not to place implicit belief in her account of our sumptuous breakfasts and dinners. We assure them that we have no such feasting on ordinary occasions. She has exaggerated out of sheer malice and Malthusianism, in the hope that hundreds of scores of surplus population will be induced to come over voluntarily, and that scores of thousands will be sent here by the parish officers, each one with his finger pointing to a southern breakfast and a Boston dinner. We say *Boston* dinner, because it is to be presumed that paupers who never eat *butcher's* meat at home, would as readily eat pheasants, quails, ducks, and turkeys in America.

When a friend, or, unluckily for us, an English book maker comes amongst us, we put our best foot foremost through the same vanity, but more good nature, with which an Englishman shows us the lions of his country. We therefore hope that the overseers of the poor will not infuse such notions of our superabundance into the heads of the wretched paupers that are yearly billeted upon us. They will find, as poor Miss Martineau did on several occasions, that many a tempting dish is nothing more than "pork in disguise."

These foolish English travellers are very short-sighted and selfish. They either do not foresee, or care very little for the mischief they make in thus ridiculing the people whose bread they have eaten and whose *substantial keepsakes* they carry out of the country with them—for there is scarcely a man, and never a woman, who has not been lavishly presented with the different products of the country, and the tender gifts of those who trusted in the integrity of the receiver. The very moment they cross the water all is forgotten, and they turn round and make faces at us and relieve themselves of some long pent up venom, the retention of which has given them pain.

The Americans will get tired of this, good-natured and good-tempered as Miss Martineau says they are; and the consequence will be that the really meritorious of other nations will at length come to be coldly received by us. There is Mrs. Jameson, for example, a very lovely and intelligent woman, full of genius, talent, and enthusiasm, and with a mind stored with all feminine accomplishments and truly philanthropic views. What a pleasure would it be to every individual in the United States to bring her home to our fire-sides, and let her see the tenderness of our nature. We should not let her pass through the country like a Hessian trumpeter scouring for forage, but she should be escorted by the fairest, the bravest, and the best in the land, because we feel conscious of her integrity and right mindedness. But we advise her to *hold back* for a time till the remembrance of Miss Martineau's sour bread, drunken ladies, insipid women, unprincipled authors, and infidel, profligate, vulgar Bostonians, have faded from our remembrance.

But how much worse than folly it is to *race* through a country, particularly one so diversified as ours, where each state is almost a distinct nation, and then, scarcely taking a long breath, sit down and pretend to tell the world what kind of people we are. Let any one cast his eye over the hasty sketch which Miss Martineau, in the first volume, has given of her journey through the United States, and he will be amazed that so much ground was trodden in the short space of two years. If a *race* through the country were sufficient for the purpose that Miss Martineau had in view, we know of no person who was so fit for the undertaking, for a Moss trooper could not boast of tougher muscles or a more wiry frame. Nothing daunted her; she could rise up in the midst of a public meeting and give her assent to doctrines, which, if she had a grain of common sense in her composition, she must know would dismember the Union if carried into effect. She could wade through a slough, or a stream, up to her waist, and sit in her wet clothes without fear of disastrous consequences—she could outwalk all her companions, and out-talk them too—and she overcame difficulties which the stoutest male traveller considered almost insurmountable.

We have no objection to Miss Martineau's robust health or tough nerves; we wish that every woman on the face of the earth could boast of such hardiness. But we do object, heart and soul, to such scamperings over strange lands for the purpose of procuring materials for a book which is to vilify the very people who give her the freedom of the country. A woman, Heaven knows, wants a tough frame and robust health. She wants it for her household cares—for her children—for her dependents—for her charities—for the wear and tear of hospitalities—to soothe and assist, and, worst of all, it often happens

that she wants it to contend with our exacting, capricious, and unreasonable tempers; for it must be conceded that it requires greater nerve and strength, health and spirits to bear up against the unmanly tempers and habits of a hard husband, than to encounter all that we have enumerated.

It is in vain for women to make such exhibitions; they are neither safe nor acceptable guides to the sex. We have an extensive acquaintance amongst all the different kinds of women that Miss Martineau brings into notice for praise or blame; and we do not know *one*, aye not one, who would at this moment—we are speaking of American women—get up at a public meeting and make an abolition, an amalgamation, or a Malthusian speech; and we devoutly thank Heaven for it.

There are certainly wrongs to be redressed, but they are of such a nature and tendency as not to infringe on our prerogative; and before the weak are caught in Martineau traps, it were better to examine the question and see of what these wrongs consist, and what can be done to redress them; let us enquire whether they are not in the way of being redressed.

Every man and woman, of late years, is turned into a political economist; each one has a particular creed, and this creed is defended with strong arguments and much passion. If a person could be found, who stood on neutral ground, without any creed of his own or any bias towards that of another, he might sift the matter and get at the bottom of what yet remains of the complaint. And now having suggested the thing, we may be able, at some future time, to sift the matter ourselves and endeavour to come at the root of the evil.

The greatest difficulty with the English economists is to know what to do with the vicious and immoral part of the community, and how to prevent pauperism—how to coax the rich into making sacrifices for the poor—and how to make the poor content with the little that the rich can bear to part with.

In America—setting aside the evil of slavery, entailed on us by the English, and for which a suitable remedy has not yet been suggested—until this late disastrous year, one of our perplexities was to know how to dispose of our surplus revenue. Having now no longer a surplus of funds, and the whole country, owing to our late agrarian president, being insolvent, this perplexity has ceased to trouble us, but we still have a “small amount” of vice and immorality, and still some unredressed wrongs of women to disturb us; and as in our apprehension this vice and immorality are intimately blended with the wrongs in question, if we can redress the latter the former will cure themselves.

Now by the phrase “*wrong*s of women,” we do not insinuate

that there is a desire on their part to supplant us in any of those pursuits strictly belonging to our sex, for, as we before stated, excepting it be Fanny Wright or Harriet Martineau, there is not a sane woman in the world, much less in the United States, who has a desire to enlarge her sphere of action beyond the limits of her domestic home. But what we take to be the complaint is, that in this *domestic circle* her rights are invaded or withheld. That there *are* wrongs, therefore, we are willing to allow, but that Miss Harriet or Miss Fanny, or any other Miss that finds her way to this country, has exactly defined what those wrongs are, we positively deny.

Miss Harriet makes her man of straw to say, that "society at the south is always advancing towards orientalism." "There are but two ways," says Mr. Jack Straw, "in which woman can be exercised to the extent of her powers; by genius and by calamity, either of which may strengthen her to burst her conventional restraints. The first is too rare a circumstance to afford any basis for speculation; and may Heaven avert the last!"

In reply to this inflated speech about "bursting her conventional restraints," the lady says—"Oh, may Heaven hasten it! would be the cry of many hearts, [and Miss Harriet would assist at the top of her lungs, provided she herself were not included in the calamity,] if these be indeed the conditions of woman's fulfilling the purposes of her being. There are, I believe, [she is not quite sure then,] some who would scarcely tremble to *see* their houses in flames, to *hear* the coming tornado, to *feel* the threatening earthquake, if these be indeed the messengers who must open their prison doors and give their heaven-born spirits the range of the universe." [!! Where is the author of the *Bœviad* and the *Mœviad*?]

Now if this does not proceed from too full a cup—if this be not maudlin—there is no truth in wine. In the name of that Heaven which she invokes, what does the woman want—what more *range* does she require for her sex than the privileges which she herself enjoyed of travelling unmolested—even in the *Lynching districts*—without any demands on her purse for either a dinner of *birds*, or a dessert of strawberries and cream—of having the privilege of taking a run over the whole of the United States without being roughly handled, as she would be if she "ran a muck" in her own country. Was there any law, or any conventional rule, that hindered *her* from prying into every hole and corner, whether public or private? Could any woman, having the inordinate love of sight-seeing so strongly developed as Miss Harriet, desire to "shake a looser foot" than she did? Every woman in the country can do the same, if she desire it, without being tarred and feathered. Her "heaven-born spirit"

has range enough, if this be the *summum bonum* of felicity. If such an uneasy demon as that which possesses Miss Martineau should enter the brain of an American woman, we would not think of "caging" her, but let her run her course until she drew up of her own accord. She would soon find that she was fighting with shadows.

But, according to Miss Harriet, "God has given the universe to *women* as well as to men, and man has *caged* them in one corner of it, and dreads their escape from their cage, while man does that which he would not have woman hear of."

Maudlin again; but if not maudlin what does she mean? Does she wish us to understand that she thinks it desirable for women to have the same liberty of "doing that which they would not have a *man* hear of"—for it seems that all this *caging* of woman in a corner, is for the sole purpose of doing something naughty, which, if known to them—the women—would bring us into trouble; perhaps give us *always*, instead of "generally," sour bread for our breakfast. But if the women are really caged, as Miss Harriet says, it shows at least that we *fear* them, and that is one point of gain to them—for the moment that men, women, or animals, perceive that we stand in fear of them, that moment our power is gone.

What further liberty does an American woman want, when the very children and domestics are allowed to exercise their reasoning powers, a fact which is acknowledged by more enlightened persons than Miss Martineau. Even she speaks of it as a remarkable and admirable feature in our policy, and contrasts it with that of her own country. She gives us an anecdote of a Boston seamstress who was anxious that her employer should request her to write something about Mount Auburn (the Boston cemetery): "Upon being questioned as to what kind of composition she had in her fancy, she said she would have Mount Auburn considered under three points of view;—as it was on the day of creation—as it is now—and as it will be on the day of resurrection. I liked the idea of it so well that I got *her* to write it for me, instead of *my* doing it for her."

And yet this Miss Martineau speaks very disrespectfully of the talent of the Boston women—how she sneers at their metaphysics. We ourselves have heard of this speech of the Boston seamstress; it was made by her long before Miss Martineau went to that hospitable city to villify and ridicule its kind inhabitants. It is possible—*barely possible*—that Miss Martineau was applied to for the purpose of working out such a sublime thought—for sublime it is; but if the *seamstress* did, at Miss Martineau's bidding, cast this thought into a poem, where is it?—why are we not told that it was well or ill done? We suspect the truth of the story to be, that *no one* but

Mr. Jack Straw applied to Miss Martineau to write a poem on the subject—nay, we doubt whether the *employer* of the seamstress told her the anecdote.

She says that “a great unknown pleasure remains to be experienced by the Americans in the well-modulated, gentle, *healthy*, cheerful voices of women. It is incredible that there should not, in all time to come, be any other alternative than that which now exists between a *whine* and a *twang*. When the *health* of the American women improves, their *voices* will improve.” Was Miss Martineau ever in Manchester, in Birmingham, in Liverpool, or in any of the shires of her own country? Ah, there is worse than a twang or a whine there, even among the best educated people. But here again she shows her malignant feelings—this very *whine* and *twang* of which she speaks, are only *peculiar to a very small district, and she happened to be on the most cordial and intimate footing with some of its inhabitants!*

Friend or foe, it matters not, on she pushes, nor cares (now that her book is full of scandal to gratify her own countrymen) how she wounds the feelings of those who treated her with such marked respect and kindness. How any but a heartless and cold-blooded being could finish off her anecdote concerning the *fear of public opinion*, cannot be imagined. Long may those kind friends remember her, and long may they shut their doors against these agrarian Malthusians. Speaking of a young man of nineteen, whose father and uncle decided that he should accept a challenge, and whose antagonist was wounded in the hand, she observes:—“But the matter has not ended yet, nor will end, *for the young man has had a lesson of low selfishness, of moral cowardice impressed upon him by the guardians of his youth, with a force which he is not likely to surmount*; and the society in which he lives has seen the strongest testimony of false principles borne by *two* of its most respected members.”

Against the hateful practice of duelling we have already entered our protest. It is not to extenuate that offence that we condemn this woman. It is to show how she vents her malignant and bitter feelings towards all who have shown her courtesies and hospitalities. How could any one, pretending to feel grateful for such kindness as she received in Philadelphia, point to the very person, to the very father and uncle, to the very mother, and to the very young man himself, and wind up the offensive account with so heart-chilling a remark? She well knew that all the eminent families of any one state are known to the whole Union, and that any event, particularly of the kind she mentions, is immediately notorious. Every person in the United States who reads her book will know to whom

she alludes; and to have an affair, now consigned to oblivion, ripped up by a harsh hand for no earthly purpose but to inflict a sting on the hearts of the parents, is so great an insult to civilized feelings that all who read will shrink from the hand that penned it. She might deem herself called upon to reprobate duelling, and describe its horrible consequences; but to point to the parties, almost by name, and to give such an offensive, personal turn to her remarks, deserves the severest reproof.

She was told a great deal about the "first people of Boston;" but she adds, "it is, *perhaps*, as aristocratic, vain, and *vulgar* a city—'described by its own first people'—as *any in the world*. I am far from thinking it, *as they do*, the most religious, the most enlightened, and the most virtuous city in the world. There are other cities in the United States which, on the whole, I think more virtuous and more enlightened; but I certainly am not aware [how guarded she is] of so large a number of peculiarly interesting and valuable persons living in near neighbourhood any where else but in London."

Correcting her praise, meagre as it is, she proceeds:—"But it happens that these persons belong chiefly to the natural and not to the conventional aristocracy. They have little perceptible influence. Society does not seem the better for them. They save their own souls; but, as it regards society, the salt appears to have lost its savour. It is so sprinkled as not to salt the body. With men and women enough on the spot to redeem society from false morals and empty religious professions, Boston is the head-quarters of *cant*. Notwithstanding its superior intelligence, its large provision of benevolent institutions, and its liberal hospitality, there is an extraordinary and most pernicious union, *in more than a few scattered instances*, of *profligacy* and the worst kind of *infidelity*, with a strict religious profession, and an outward demeanour of remarkable propriety."

Why, what a sad set the Bostonians are; we are certainly much obliged to this English lady for making us acquainted with their true character. Only think of her sagacity in discovering this in one short visit! She was there five days at the first, and ten days at the last visit. Some persons might venture to pronounce judgment after an intimate acquaintance of seven years, but Miss Martineau heard it all through her two pair of ears in two weeks! Where was "her friend" all this time? *He* surely could have disabused her of these mean and scandalous assertions. Where was this greatest man in America—he who ate of the bread of these people for seven years, and was treated by them with the greatest kindness and respect, giving him one of their fair daughters to wife—where was he all this time, that such foul slanders should have been sucked in through that elastic tube! Could not her high admiration of him

extend to the women of his household? Might not the whine and the twang, which struck her as among the unpleasant things she heard—a whine and a twang “especially among the New England ladies”—might not this expression of disgust have been omitted, since it had nothing to do with their manners or morals?

But she has some hopes of Boston yet, notwithstanding that the “ladies” (as she calls them *herself*, though she says it is disgusting to English ears when the Americans use the phrase), have a whine and a twang, and that it is the head quarters of *cant*. “The churches in Boston,” she says, “and even the other public buildings, being guarded by the dragon of bigotry, so that even faith, hope and charity are turned back from their doors, a large building is about to be erected for the use of all—deists not excepted—who may desire to meet for free discussion. *This is at least an advance.*”

Why, the poor foolish woman! to tell this to the English at home as a piece of news! There may not have been a *large* building for such purposes, but places of free discussion for deists, atheists, and all malcontents, have been as plenty as blackberries ever since Tom Paine’s “Age of Reason,” both in Boston and elsewhere. Bad, however, as the Bostonians are—and a worse character no man or woman of the worst of the Fiddlers, the Halls, and the Trollopes, has ever given of them—they are worshipful worthies compared to the *women* of the United States. We *must* give a long extract to inform these American women of their own miserable condition, for unless they hear it from this English Miss they will be forever in ignorance of it.

“If a test of civilization be sought, none can be so sure as the condition of that half of society over which the other half has power—from the exercise of the right of the strongest. Tried by this test, the American civilization appears to be of a lower order than might have been expected from some other symptoms of its social state—[whenever she *generalizes* under a show of candour, she degrades the American people almost to Hottentots, and then, under a show of tenderness to personal friends, she eulogizes in a fulsome manner, yet giving a little side stab whenever the opportunity occurs.] The Americans have, in the treatment of women, fallen below, not only their own democratic principles, but the practice of some parts of the old world.

“The unconsciousness of both parties [we are glad that our *men* are as innocent and ignorant of this tyranny towards the women as the women themselves—who then is to blame?] as to the injuries suffered by women at the hands of those who hold the power, is a sufficient proof of the low degree of civilization

in this important particular, at which they rest. While woman's intellect is confined, her morals crushed, her health ruined, her weaknesses encouraged, and her strength punished, she is told that her lot is cast in the paradise of women; and there is no country in the world where there is so much boasting of the 'chivalrous' treatment she enjoys. That is to say, she has the best place in stage coaches; when there are not chairs enough for every body, the gentlemen stand [and we add, that in steam-boats no man—Miss Martineau *will* say *gentlemen* and *ladies*, although the terms are so disgusting to her—no man is allowed to go to the dinner or breakfast table until every woman, *poor* as well as *rich*, is comfortably seated]. She hears oratorical flourishes on public occasions about wives, and home, and apostrophes to women; her husband's hair stands on end at the idea of her working, and he toils to indulge her with money; she has liberty to get her brain turned by religious excitements, *that her attention may be diverted* from morals, politics, and philosophy; and especially *her morals are guarded by the strictest observance of propriety in her presence.*"

Without the least intention of pronouncing an eulogium on the justice and manly tenderness shown towards women, she has made out the case as clear as possible. Whatever there may have been formerly, there is *now* nothing to prevent a woman enjoying all the happiness which Heaven has prepared for her in this life—nothing to prevent her from exercising her talent or indulging her genius, and, at this moment, no where in the world is a woman of talent and genius admired, respected, and assisted, as in the United States. There were evils, and there still are evils—we have mentioned it before—but some have disappeared, and others are now under treatment, with the certainty of a rapid cure. Our own authors have effected this, and none has been so zealous as the author she quotes at the end of the second volume, from whose work she has made a copious extract. That author has silently and unostentatiously pointed out the only evils of which women had a right to complain; and with an equality of property the lot of American women will be as good as they can desire. As to the great evils which still beset the poorer of their sex, that is a concern of the upper classes of women as well as of ourselves, and they are assisting in the endeavour to find out the root of the evil.

It is an injustice, certainly, that, at the death of the husband, a woman is cut off from the greater part of the comforts she enjoyed during his life; and there are many thinking men who begin to understand the iniquity of the case—we are coming at the truth of this without being indebted to any pert foreigner for the information—there is a strong feeling of this kind

throughout the whole country. But the injustice, as we observed, is in money matters, and not of the nature that the Woolstoncrafts, the Wrights, and the Martineaus, make such a pother about. These wrongs relate solely to a division of property, and to an inattention to the meanest comforts of the women of the *very* poor. Here, at this point, it is that the political economist should begin; it is here that he should commence his system of reform.

Every conceited English bookmaker that comes over, fancies himself capable of mending our laws, and improving our manners. Amongst other great designs with which the brain of Miss Martineau teemed, was that of teaching us the true system of banking. General Jackson having found out the secret before she came, rendered that part of her plan useless. She then beat up the quarters of the abolitionists and the disaffected, and her whole book shows how hard she laboured in sowing the seeds of dissension and disorganization.

Does a woman of circumscribed education and recluse habits feel herself competent to teach a whole nation—a nation that did not think the wisest and greatest in her land capable of giving them sound instruction? Did we not separate ourselves from them because we felt in advance of them? Did we not show ourselves superior in physical strength, and in moral strength? And, up to this moment, have we not outstripped them in wholesome laws, and in many of the arts? Until their demoralizing Malthusian and agrarian principles infected our land, introduced here by these itinerant lepers, were we not prosperous beyond example? Does this poor flimsy tool of a nest of poisonous radicals suppose we are to look upon the impertinences of her pen as a standard by which we are to regulate ourselves?

The insolence of these people is unparalleled. We have no desire to see them here; we do not invite them; their coming is purely to benefit themselves, and yet, as if they were injured by us, they go grumbling through the country, and blight every thing they touch. If they did no further mischief than to excite a spirit of resentment against them for their sneers and their ridicule of our peculiar manners, they might come out every year, and write Hall and Trollope books by the hundred. But when their object is to disseminate their hideous and loathsome doctrines—agrarianism and amalgamation—every man and woman in the country should raise their voices against them.

At any other time we should not trouble ourselves to mention her book, but these incendiaries have worked us so much mischief, and have still so much in reserve for future occasions, that they should be exposed. The whole American nation—with the exception of a few foreigners who have domes-

ticated themselves with us, and a few weak, wrong-headed people—is alive to the importance of the abolition question. Do the disaffected of the English at home think that we are unapprised of the evils of slavery, and that we would not wipe out the stain which their forefathers entailed upon us, if we could do it without bloodshed, civil war, and annihilation?

It is a very easy thing for the abolitionists of England to cry out for immediate emancipation; they can raise their wand and direct the storm, but they are indifferent to the result—nay, not indifferent, for it is our firm belief that this sudden affection which they profess for our negroes, is part of a deep policy—a policy that they have kept sacred from their vulgar tools—viz. the compassing of the dismemberment of the Union.

This is no idle surmise; it is not half so improbable as that the ripening of the seeds of agrarianism should produce a bankruptcy of the government. The agrarian doctrines of England have effected this destruction of our national credit, and the abolition project—much easier to be accomplished—will destroy the national compact. We say it without fear of contradiction, that it is entirely owing to this levelling, agrarian spirit—emanating from the deep ones of England—that the whole commercial interest of the country is laid prostrate.

In casting about for agents to effect the dismemberment of our Union—knowing the excitability of our people—they glanced at Harriet Martineau. She was prepared by study for all their purposes; she was imaginative, and they thought the best mode of spreading their quack code and Malthusian doctrines would be in the form of stories and petticoat perambulations, thus gilding the bitter pill, and making a woman the instrument of destruction. She made no scruple, when in this country, of saying that the whole plan of action—that is, of the Malthusian and agrarian doctrines to be disseminated in Great Britain—was previously arranged by the committee that employed her. But, fearing that this would detract from her own reputation as an original projector, she adds, “that, on comparing the points of discussion, all carefully committed to paper—and which was for her adoption—she discovered”—oh, *mirabile dictu*!—“that in no one tittle did they differ, excepting that she took a wider range!”

“Then up he sprang and showed a dagger
To liberate the Yankee nigger;
Up she sprung, and called him bragger,
Showing one a great deal bigger.”—*Quashee's Tragedy*.

These wily, radical English reformers, knowing our respect and reverence for women, fairly launched Miss Martineau loose, alone, on our devoted shores. They knew full well—and they

deserve credit for their penetration—that, had she been accompanied by a *male* conductor, she would be sent back with some such piteous tale as is told of the little woman who went to market to sell eggs; for our Yankee pedlars are famous for making *short* work. She was invited to many a tea party, but she never was at a *Boston* tea party.

Thank heaven, there are not many such women in England as Harriet Martineau. It was with the greatest difficulty that she could get any one to accompany her—not on account of her deafness, for that would have excited commiseration, but on account of the nature of the speculation in which they were to engage. It was not until a very late hour that a suitable person could be found who was willing to hire her ears to this Quixotic person, and we see how well suited she was to the undertaking.

Never, in the whole course of our reading—excepting it be of Cherubina—did we meet with a woman that was so totally deprived of that best of woman's grace—modesty. We do not say that Harriet Martineau made use of indecent language, or that she drank to excess, or that she was a libertine in a gross sense—so far as all this goes, we give her full credit. We say the same of Basil Hall and Doctor Fiddler; but where is the woman in America who could so unblushingly thrust herself into public and private offices—send for our public men that she might show off her knowledge, and pour out one strain of irony and deep sarcasm whenever the subject was one that did not accord with her views! Many a female servant and underling, in the employ of those who differed from her in sentiment, took their first lesson of rebellion to wholesome restraint from this bold woman's lips.

We have no objection to a woman's informing herself of what is passing in the outward world—books and conversation can instruct her in all things fitting; nor do we object to her travelling from end of the country to the other in proper company, and with the simple purpose of amusement and health. But there are subjects in which she *cannot* engage—her sex, her duties, entirely forbid it. Her province—and it is a noble one, admitting of a wide scope to her genius and talents—is to fill the world with men and women—to educate them—to instil virtuous and religious and chivalric principles—to encourage her own sex in all that is commendable and feminine—to assist her husband in all his schemes for the advancement of their mutual family—to mend his temper by her forbearance and gentleness, and to make her home his happiness—all this she is to do, and can do, without meddling with legislation and universal suffrage.

Her gentle, Christian spirit can be better exercised within her

domestic circle. One tender word from her loving mouth, one gentle look from her loving eye, will sink deeper in her husband's heart when she is pleading the cause of the oppressed, than if whole armies of Martineaus were to rise up in public assemblies and make a speech. It is not that we are fearful of their encroaching on our privileges, when we treat women with severity and ridicule. It is because we fear the utter extinction of all feminine grace and sensibilities—fear that if their gentle, yielding nature listen to the bold ravings of the hard-featured of their own sex, it will unsettle them for their true station and pursuits, and that they will throw the world back again into confusion—thus frustrating the designs of an all-wise Legislator, who so strongly drew the line between the pursuits and occupations of the two sexes.

To show the absurdity of this great clamour for more female liberty, see how tenaciously women guard their own rights and privileges. Will they allow a man to meddle with house government? Is he not assailed with scornful and ridiculous epithets, of which "hen hussy" and "cot betty" are but mild samples? In fact, a man becomes despicable when he interferes with the domestic arrangements of his wife, and it is right and fitting that it should be so; nature intended them for different pursuits.

Miss Martineau wishes to see the day when men and women shall "ride and tie" in out-door and in-door government—that when the woman is ill in bed with a young infant, the men shall make laws, send ambassadors, go to the polls, and provide for the wants of a whole people; and when she has recovered sufficiently to bear the exposure—for the generality of women are not "horse marines"—she is to assist the men in all these matters. We are not quite sure that Miss Martineau intends the men to nurse the babies, or to give physic to the maids, whilst the wife is haranguing at the polls, for she is not so clear on that point. She does, to be sure, give *one* instance of a young southern husband who assisted his wife in household work, but it seems that was for the purpose of teaching her humanity.

The robust health of this Malthusian makes her hard-hearted towards the whole sex. They have, one should think, as many duties as they can well perform, without assisting in *mannish* occupations. Why, a woman must have the gift of nine lives, and a Martineau constitution in the bargain, to go through the labours of both sexes. As to the "take turn about" system, that was happily illustrated by one of our early nursery poets, who makes the man sneer at his wife for the disproportion of her labours to his, and he undertakes to do all her work in a much less time than she accomplished it. How he fared, how the work

seemed to grow upon him, and how he failed, must be well known to our readers ; but in despair at the close of day—

“ He looked east, he looked west,
He looked up to the sun ;
He said it was the *longest* day—
His wife would never come home.”

We are not told how this wife performed *her* part of the engagement, but we suspect the sly gipsy hied off to the public house, or to the race ground, or to some agrarian Jack Cade meeting, and played the part of Martineauism admirably.

The book is full of contradictions ; at one time she praises, and at another condemns. At one time “the American manners please, on the whole, better than any she has seen ;” then, “the travelling manners of *ladies* are any thing but amiable. While on a journey, women who appear well enough at home present all the characteristics of spoiled children. Screaming and trembling at the apprehension of danger are not uncommon. [Are the English women exempt from fear ?] But there is something far worse in the *cool selfishness* with which they accept the best of every thing at any sacrifice to others, and usually, in the south and west, without a word or look of acknowledgment.” “I never saw any manners so unpleasant as that of *many* American *ladies* on board of steamboats. The suspicious side-glance, or the full stare ; the cold, immovable observation, the bristling self-defence the moment you come near ; the cool pushing to get the best places ; [ah, this touched Miss Martineau, for it was observed of her and the little hearer general that their anxiety to get the best places at table was very remarkable ;] every thing said or done without the least trust or cheerfulness,” &c.

What follows are hints which her own countrymen may profit by, as they have been sneered at by all travellers for the very faults which she so pathetically conjures the American women to get rid of.

“If these ladies would but enquire of themselves what it is that they are afraid of, and whether there is any reason why people should be less cheerful, less obliging, and less agreeable, when casually brought into the society of fifty people whose comfort depends mainly on their good offices, than among half a dozen neighbours at home, they might remove an unpleasant feature of their national *manners*,” &c.

Then comes another contradiction :—“This noble word—woman—spirit-stirring as it passes over English ears, is in America banished, and *ladies* and *females* substituted ; the one to English taste mawkish and vulgar ; the other, indistinctive and gross. So much for the difference of taste. The effect is odd.”

If we look at pages 208, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, we shall find that the word *lady* and *ladies*, which sound so mawkish and vulgar to English ears, occur fourteen times!! There is not a single instance above in which the word *woman* might not have been used with more propriety than *lady*, and yet this *consistent* reformer of abuses throws ridicule over a whole country for the very limited use that is made of the term by the worst specimens of our community!

Again:—"It seems to me that the Americans are generally unaware how *one bad habit of their own*, springing out of this very temper, [she has been eulogizing their cheerful and generous help of their neighbours in time of trouble,] goes to aggravate the evil offices of strangers. It is to me the most prominent of their bad habits."

This bad habit peculiar to the Americans is *flattery*. "The public orator flatters the people, the people flatter their orators; clergymen praise their flocks, and their flocks stand amazed at the excellence of their clergymen; Sunday school teachers admire their pupils, and the scholars magnify their teachers. As to guests, *especially from abroad*, hospitality requires that some dark corner should be provided in every room, where they may look when their praises are being told to their very faces."

We wonder in what dark corner Dr. F. is to hide his head, for such inordinate praises—such fulsome flattery were never before administered. He must be thoroughly ashamed and mortified at being thus singled out from eighteen or twenty millions of people, to be made a jest of. What—Dr. F. "the most remarkable and the greatest man she saw in the United States!" If this be not flattery of the grossest kind, we do not understand the term. We doubt whether he will thank her for an epithet which is to stick to him for life. He will scarcely relish to be called the "greatest man in America;" or, what is more likely, "Harriet Martineau's great man."

Does this lady, or woman, or perhaps she would rather be called Miss—does this Miss pretend to say that the practice is peculiar to the United States. Let her look at the gross flattery of all classes in England—the mean, servile, cringing flattery when an inferior speaks to one of those above him. It is on record in every page of their past and present history, and with no one is it more conspicuous and gross than with Miss Martineau. Every one recollects the anecdote that this woman related of that radical nobleman, Lord Durham; she eulogized him as one of the most enchanting and perfect of men—just as we hear she eulogized the Lord Chancellor Brougham before he drew away from her party, when they meditated an overthrow of the government. She speaks of our civility and forbearance; well may she do so, for if it were not true, we

should let her know that Lord Durham's character was well known to us, not on account of his deep, doubly dyed radicalism, but for his temper—his morose temper—not so morose, as exciting and uncomplying, nay, not so morose, exciting and uncomplying, as harsh and passionate.

We could multiply without end strong instances of this woman's inconsistencies, but we must pass to other portions of her precious patch-work—for patch-work it may be called—as every one will perceive, at once, that the arrangement of her work into chapters and sections is a mere sham. The theme she has chosen, to be sure, has a beginning, a middle, and an end; Aristotle himself could not have objected to it on this score. The beginning is agrarianism, abolition, amalgamation, Malthusianism, and radicalism, with a strong dash of egg and milk-ism—the middle, ditto, with a still stronger mixture of humbugism—and the end, ditto, with a compound of conceit and maudlinism, which surpasses all that has gone before it.

Every one that reads the book will agree with us in our estimate of her talents and her work, and we may add, also, without fear of contradiction, that she has rendered herself liable to a still stronger objection than any that we have urged against her—that of giving her best friends—friends for whom she expresses the warmest interest—a sly cut, whenever she can do it without detection. Even Dr. F., the “greatest man in America,” is made to appear craven, by implication, when journeying with him through mud and mire, corduroy roads, lake steamboats, and scantily supplied inns. In eulogizing Dr. Channing—a panegyric to which he is justly entitled, and which has never been withheld from him—her spiteful nature peeps out, and she concludes thus:—“Dr. Channing has an unfortunate habit of suiting his conversation to the supposed state of mind of the person he is conversing with, or to that person's supposed knowledge on a subject on which he wants information. The adaptation, not being natural, cannot be true, and something is thus given out which is the reflection of nobody's mind; and the conversation is fruitless or *worse*.”

After speaking of Miss Sedgwick in the most exalted terms, so as to gratify her friends—and who that knows her is not her friend?—this sly slanderer, after speaking thus warmly and justly, adds a stinger, and, by way of note too, in order to render it more pungent and conspicuous. What right had this person to relate an anecdote never intended for, and which never would have met, the public eye but for her base spirit—thus justifying one of her grudgingly yielded concessions, “that the Americans are a ready-witted people, and catch at the meaning instantly.” We see that Miss Sedgwick and Dr. Channing did not go with her in her programme of radicalism, Malthusianism, agra-

rianism, abolition, and amalgamation. It is this which has induced her to give both Dr. Channing and this highly esteemed lady an egg-shell full of flattery with one hand, and a strong corrective with the other. We have shown how nicely she disposes of Dr. Channing—a man who ranks far too high even to be flattered by such a person as Miss Martineau. Let us show the reader how she cancels all that she says of Miss Sedgwick.

“The author of Home arranged the Sunday, in her book, somewhat differently from the usual custom; describing the family, whose home she pictured, as spending the Sunday afternoon on the water after a laborious week, and an attendance on public worship in the morning. Religious conversation was described as going on through the day. So much offence was taken at the idea of a Sunday sail, that the editor of the book requested the author to alter the chapter; the first print being proposed to be cancelled. *I am sorry to say that she did alter it.* If she was converted to the popular superstitions (which could scarcely be conceived) no more is to be said. *If not, it was a matter of principle* which she ought not to have yielded. If books are to be altered, an author's convictions to be unrepresented, to avoid shocking religious *prejudices*, there is a surrender, not only of the author's noblest prerogative, but of his highest duty.”

Can there be a more insidious, yet malicious reproof than this!—of one of her best friends too?

That a shallow, insincere woman—a woman who at all times declared that she did not intend to write a work on America at the very moment she was making notes for the purpose—that *she* should rebuke the author of Home for having given up her principles, is too ridiculous. But we can tell this false friend, that instead of bringing down a host of angry fanatics to annihilate the author, which certainly was her intention, she has gained more friends by it.

It is the very perfection of a woman's character that she yields, in small matters, gracefully, to those whose interests are to be consulted. The author of Home knew that there was no point of vital importance involved in the “sail-boat.” She did not conceive that she was surrendering one of her noblest prerogatives—that she was “shrinking from her highest duty”—when she changed the sail-boat for the “conversation table.” If her publisher thought fit to make a representation of his fears, the author was bound to consider those fears and to allay them. He feared, and very justly, that, as the majority of readers were opposed to such a mode of spending half of the Sabbath, their displeasure would injure the sale of the book. It was the author's duty to listen to their fair representation, and her

having so altered the offensive part shows her good sense and her sweetness of temper.

But what right had Miss Martineau to place this fact—known only to very few—so conspicuously before the public eye? For what purpose did she tell the world that the author was friendly to bodily recreation on part of the Sabbath? We *know* her motive; *it was to make the author unpopular among the strict church people.* And she magnified the importance of it until she would make us believe that the author's honourable and upright principles were involved in this alteration of a common incident!

There is nothing too high or too low for Miss Martineau's criticism, and she despatches her subject with a celerity and self-complacency that are truly laughable. We should really like to know how it happened that Washington Irving chanced to affront the lady—it must amuse him to read her predictions—"His writings have had their meed. He has lived in the sunshine of fame for many years, and in the pleasant consciousness that he has been a benefactor to the present generation, by shedding some gentle, benign influence on many intervals of their rough, busy lives. More than this, he has probably not expected, and more than this he does not seem likely to achieve. *If any of his works live,* it will be his Columbus, and the latter of his productions will be the first forgotten."

Nothing suits her; she finds fault with Bryant because he has not done more. Has Wordsworth obtained his undying reputation by any elaborate epic? It is to his smaller, insulated pieces that he owes his celebrity, and we doubt whether the "Excursion" has greatly added to his fame. Bryant is a true poet; his mind, though delicately and healthfully organized, *as a whole*, is capable of perceiving *individual* beauties, and of painting them in parts, so as to form cabinet pictures. Lord Byron let his thoughts run into cantos and long poems, but he could not stop to breathe the healthy yet enchanting strains that Bryant pours forth at short intervals. If all the beautiful, new, expressive, and faithful touches of natural feelings and imagery were selected from Lord Byron's works and placed together at one view, we should find that, as a poet, he would not compete with Bryant.

It is an easy matter to tell a poet to "live for his gifts," and to say that "if his future years could be devoted to clear poetical activity," "looking up," like the true artist, "to his dignity and his calling, that dignity and that calling *may* prove [why does she not say *will* prove?] to be as lofty, as they no doubt appeared in the reveries of his boyhood; and he may be listened to as lovingly, over the expanse of future time, as he already is over that of the ocean."

Is this all that Bryant is to expect ! Devote his future years to clear poetical activity ! But it is all of a piece with this strange woman's consistency ; she forgets that poets are poor, and that, not being Malthusian, they have families to support. This *clear poetical activity* must be curbed for an activity that shall keep his family in the respectable sphere of life which he has earned for them by his genius. We should advise Mr. Bryant—only that he does not want any advice of this sort—to go on as he has done ; take care of his pecuniary fortunes in this life, and posterity will take care of his fame.

Every hackneyed writer dashes out with a regret that a poet does not “look up like the true artist to his dignity and his calling,” when at the very moment he is looking down, like a true husband and father, to a whole pair of shoes and wholesome bread and butter for his family—perhaps *butcher's meat*. Malthusians should not encourage a man to spend his whole life in writing poetry: he would be sadly out at elbows if this sect—treading so closely on the heels of agrarianism—should get the ascendancy. An agrarian could not afford to pay a man for speculations of genius, brilliant as they might be ; and if he *could* afford it he would not do it, for it is against his creed—*work, work, hardy work*, is the order of the day with them.

But every thing is discussed in this book in the most flippant or bombastic manner ; she finishes the most engrossing subjects with an old Joe Miller joke, which some one of our wags has palmed upon her as original—“Who killed Abel ?” “General Jackson.” Our early version was “Who killed Abel ?” and the answer, “Oliver Cromwell.” Then her conversations with different individuals are so evidently with the same gentleman and lady, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Straw, that we grow weary of their company. What fine speeches she makes, too, for the eldest son of this same Mr. Jack Straw. The young man utters the following sentiments when she asks him whether he knew what the law was, in the case of that “abolition apostle,” Garrison. We allude to his rough handling in Boston.

“He told me of the *sorrow of heart* with which he saw the law—the life of the republic—set at naught by those who should best understand its nature and value. He saw the time was come for the *true* men of the republic to oppose a *cold front to the insolence of the rich and powerful, who were bearing down the liberties of the people for a matter of opinion*. The young men, he saw, must brace themselves up against the *tyranny* of the *moneyed* mob, and defend the law, or the liberties of the country were gone.”

Only that the young gentleman who proposes to show a *cold front* to the insolent and powerful rich men of the country, is of

very doubtful identity, we should say he would be very much ashamed of such whining cant when he comes to have a few dollars in his pocket. Poor young men, with a slender stock of sense, are very apt to hate the rich; but if it so chance that they ever get rich themselves they are the first to assist in quieting such busy bodies as Thompson and Martineau. It was by a hard struggle—"pledging our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honour"—that we succeeded in binding the states to the close union which now exists, and the pledge remains in full force still. We are not about to sit down quietly and see a few turbulent, needy foreigners; bad subjects at home, and impertinent visitors abroad; and a few of the discontented, feeble-minded of our own country, sow the seeds of disunion, without giving them a rough shake or two to bring them to their senses.

But we never should have done if we were to touch at every point on which this Malthusian butterfly—no, dragon-fly—has alighted and deposited her spleen and ignorance. She will mystify many of the unwary by her tender cant of *sorrow* and *grief* for our misbehavings. The weak and thoughtless are very apt to suppose that a person who can write a book, is fully able to point out faults and dictate a remedy; but they should know that judgment and faculty to write are not always companions. These fault-finders and dictators are always foreigners, and their knowledge of vice and immorality, of awkward manners, of selfishness in steamboats and table d'hôtes, and other *venial* and trivial offences at watering places, is generally drawn from *home* sources.

Men and women are alike throughout the civilized world, with this single difference, that in America the women are more on an equality with the men, and have more deference paid to them. Miss Martineau, stung with the difference of treatment between the women here and in England, absolutely hates them for it, thinking it by far too good, and reviles them with great bitterness. What could be more touching and grateful to a mind not devoured with spleen and agrarianism, than the anecdote she relates of the kind-heartedness of five young Virginians, who gave up the whole inside of a coach to a young lady "slightly delicate, that she might have room to lay up her feet, and change her posture as she pleased." It is nothing rare in our country to see tenderness of feeling of this kind, but we should like to become acquainted with these five gentlemen, if they are not the sons of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Straw, that we may shake hands with them.

Miss Martineau says:—"I do not think it rational or fair, that every gentleman, whether old or young, sick or well, weary or untired, should, as a matter of course, yield up the best places in the stage to a lady passenger. I do not think it rational or

fair that five gentlemen should ride on the top of the coach, (where there is no accommodation for holding on, and no resting place for the feet,) for some hours of a July day in Virginia, that a young lady who was slightly delicate might have room to lay up her feet and change her posture as she pleased. It is obvious that if she was not strong enough to travel on common terms in the stage, her family should have travelled in an extra, or staid behind, or done any thing, rather than allow five persons to risk their health and sacrifice their comfort for the sake of one."

The above is one of the Martineau traps of conciliation. There are, no doubt, many selfish men among the Americans who would wish the "fair sex" an overturn in one of these stages, rather than give up a comfortable back seat. It is such churls who will applaud Miss Harriet and vote her a sensible woman; but we are happy to state that by far the greater part of our men would put themselves to still greater inconvenience, if by so doing they could add to the comfort of an invalid; we have seen repeated instances of this.

There is a tenderness in the American character rarely seen in that of other nations—a respect for the helpless and unfortunate; it is even extended to the inmates of prisons. Miss Martineau, every now and then, to induce us to forget the many libellous things she says of us, makes a slight report in our favour. She corroborates our statement by saying that "in the treatment of the guilty, America is beyond the rest of the world, exactly in proportion to the superiority of her political principles." If we look to other parts of her work we shall find that the Americans are far inferior, and as to our morals being particularly pure—alluding to New England—"I am grieved," she says, "to doubt the fact; but I do doubt it."

She says she was "*favoured* with the *confidence* of a great number of the prisoners in the Philadelphia penitentiary, where absolute seclusion is the principle of punishment. Every one of these prisoners told me he was under obligation to those who had the charge of him for treating him 'with respect.' The expression struck me as being universally used by them. Some explained the contrast between this method of punishment and imprisonment in the old prisons copied from those of Europe; where criminals are herded together, and treated like any thing but men and citizens!"

Now with the mode of treatment we have no objection; we, as well as our wise lady, think solitary imprisonment, *with labour*, the best mode of punishment yet advised. We have no objection, likewise, to the criminal being treated humanely—we say humanely, for if they could have expressed themselves properly, they would have made use of the word *humanity* for

respect. The criminals told her that they thought it the worst of punishments not to be treated with the *respect* due to men ! How those ruffians must have enjoyed their quizz of the deaf body ; they are sly fellows.

Let us but view the thing as it really happened, and then smile at this woman's conceit and impertinence. She is introduced to a man who has brought misery and disgrace on a whole family, by the foulest crime of which a man can be guilty. He is told that a kind English lady is come to ask him questions—the kind English lady shakes hands with him and speaks in a tender, piteous accent, to which he replies, having, as desired, raised the trumpet to his polluted mouth, and breathes into this woman's ear his hypocritical story. She tells him “that the reason of her visiting him was to satisfy herself about the *causes* of crime in a country where there is almost an absence of that *want* which occasions the greater proportion of *social* offences in England.” “Sooner or later,” she continues, “all the prisoners told me their stories *in full*, and I found that *in every* case some domestic misery had been the poison of their lives !! A harsh stepmother, an unfaithful wife, a jilting mistress, &c.—these were the miseries at home which sent them out to drink : drinking brought on murder, &c. &c.” If she had gone into the House of Refuge she would have found two or three hundred *young* thieves and reprobates who had neither faithless wives, nor jilting mistresses.

We have scarcely patience to proceed in this nauseous exposure ; but Miss Martineau, having run her head into such foul places out of sheer curiosity, and having, by printing her book, invited our notice to its contents, we are bound to proceed. It has been her chief delight to degrade the character of the American women ; she does it on all occasions, and most unfaithfully—see page 266, volume second—and taking care to compliment and flatter a few particular persons, by talent or some other cause well-known to the public, it gives her the appearance of sagacity and accuracy when speaking of the remainder. We have shown how reluctant she is even to let these favoured few go scot free ; but when she comes to the *mass* she is most grossly malignant. Even in these *sham* stories of the murderers, the defilers, the swindlers—she dares to tell us that the cause of all their crimes was a bad stepmother, an unfaithful wife, or a jilting mistress ! sometimes adding an intemperate son or father, for the purpose of not showing her base feelings towards her own sex too glaringly.

We do not believe that another woman could be found, who, out of mere curiosity—a curiosity which any *man* was as capable of exercising if she wanted the information—would choose to come in contact with such ruffians. If our prisons

were conducted as they used to be in the days of Howard, or Mrs. Fry, a woman *might* be found who would step out of the sphere of her sex and administer relief to that "great amount of suffering" which the economists always talk about. But that a woman, out of mere Malthusian curiosity, should pollute her person and her trumpet by the breathings of the depraved of humanity, and merely for the purpose of asking a foolish question—to which she might be sure of getting a lying answer—is one of the most outrageous insults her sex has ever received.

Is it for this purpose that a woman's "heaven-born spirit" is to range through the universe! Is this the kind of business that she thinks a woman is to long after? Because *she dared* do it, and found great satisfaction in coming in contact with the most foul and detestable of criminals, does she suppose that others of her sex are desirous of it? And then, her credulity in believing the *sad* stories that these criminals told her! But no, she did not believe them; her knowledge of human nature goes farther than this; she had not the least faith in their sincerity, but it was to work out a theory that she framed all these conversations. Shall she palm them upon us and not be exposed?

Did she suppose for a moment—does any sane person suppose—that a wretch who was imprisoned for murder or rape, would make a clean breast of it, and show the foul leprosy which instigated him to the crime? Would he tell Miss Martineau to go to his family and see the innocent beings who were crushed to the earth by his fiendish temper, by his cruelty, and by his ignominious punishment? Harsh stepmothers, unfaithful wives, jilting mistresses!!!! Indeed, this is carrying the joke too far; for *one solitary case wherein a stepmother, or a wife, or a jilt, has driven a man to commit murder, rape, or arson*, there are tens of thousands that have sprung from the depravity of his own nature.

But this is not all—these monsters in human shape, who have paid no respect to public opinion, to private friendships, to the claims of a deserving and helpless family, and who have disregarded all laws, human and divine, these monsters, grown gray in iniquity, and irrecoverably hardened in sin, are to be put upon the same footing with those who, through some false step—regretted and discontinued for ever—have been consigned to a few months' solitary imprisonment! Let us hear what this precious reformer says. If ever there was a work calculated to hasten Jack Cadeism and amalgamation, it is this book; and from a woman too!

"There is at present a deficiency in the religious ministrations of this prison—(the Philadelphia penitentiary). This is a fact which, I believe, has only to be made known to cease to be

true. Among the clergy of all denominations in Philadelphia, there must be many who would continue to afford their services in turn, if they were fully aware how much they are needed. I know of no direction that can be taken by charity with such certainty of success as visiting the solitary prisoner. I think it far from desirable that prisoners should be visited for the express purpose of giving them religion, and no other instruction and *sympathy*. [Sympathy! sympathy to a man that has beaten his wife to death in a manner too shocking to relate!] The great object is to occupy the prisoner's mind with things which interest him most; to keep up his sympathies, and nourish his human affections; *and especially to promote the activity and cheerfulness of his mind*. His situation is such—he is so driven back upon the realities of life in his own mind—that the danger is of his accepting religion as a temporary solace, of his separating it in idea from life, and craving for the most exciting kind of it; so as that when he returns to the world, he will discard it as something suited to his prison life, but no longer needed, no longer appropriate. If, in keeping this in view, a very few good men and *women* of Philadelphia would go sometimes to spend an hour with a prisoner, honourably observing the rules, telling no news, but cheerfully conversing on the prisoner's affairs—his work—his family—his prospects on coming out—the books he reads, &c.—*if they could carry good entertaining books*, and if religious ones, only those of a moderate and cheerful character—*such being, indeed, not easy to be found*,” &c. &c.

It is in vain that we check our indignation at the revelations of such a crude, mischievous mind—it is in vain to say that it is but some idle dreaming, and should pass unnoticed—we cannot do it, we must speak, and in the strongest terms that propriety will admit. We must warn our readers to consider this woman's advice as mischievous and pernicious in the highest degree. What! amuse and entertain a man who has snatched up his tender infant, scarcely a month old, and broken its little bones, one by one, until death relieved its agonies—and all this in the presence of his poor wife, who lay too ill to prevent it! Amuse this man! amuse and entertain a man who tied his wife's hair to a bed post, and lashed her to death with his whip! Is not this precious stuff! Give sympathy and amusement to such fiends; men who have set fire, out of mere professional taste, to a dozen houses, and by way of giving zest to the entertainment, taken the lives, not only of poor innocent creatures who lay unconsciously asleep, but of those brave, generous spirits who rushed through the flames to save them! Amuse and entertain such men!

The day may come when our author shall sit in sackcloth

and ashes for having held out such temptations to the utterly depraved. Is this punishment for the vilest of crimes—amusements and *entertaining* books and conversations? Is it *any* punishment to be confined in a comfortable room, with good clothing, in a warm room in winter, and a cool one in summer, with plenty of wholesome food, and the blessed privilege of working moderately at a trade already known, or, still better, to enjoy the excitement of learning a new one? Is it *any* punishment to have food and water, all brought in the most regular manner; clean clothes on Sunday, with religious worship; and at the end of the term—say ten years—to know that the constitution is strengthened and the pocket well lined, to begin a new career; must there be amusement and entertainment too!

All these comforts and privileges a criminal enjoys in the Philadelphia penitentiary, added to which, they are, according to their own showing, *treated with respect* by their keepers. We repeat the term "*respect*," because Miss Martineau uses it; but we believe that the true term is *humanity*. We are particular in thus clearing up this point, because—such is human nature—the superintendents of malefactors may feel it incumbent on them to observe or preserve this respectful carriage, and at length get to the height of pulling off their hat and scraping their leg to them. Shame on us, for jesting with a subject so serious.

There is much of *radical* and *political economy* slang in this woman's writings—such, for instance, as this—"An enormous *amount* of wrong must remain in a society where the *elaboration of a vast apparatus for the infliction of human misery*, like that required by the system of solitary imprisonment, is yet a work of mercy."

We can tell this weak, vain woman, with her inflated bombast, that a *more* enormous *amount of wrong* will be perceptible should her scheme of amusing criminals ever take place—should *good* women stand face to face with a parricide, and tell him pleasant stories. Heaven forbid that her predictions will ever be verified, that "*milder* and *juster* methods of treating moral infirmity will succeed, when men shall have learned to obviate the largest possible *amount of it*."

But, with her extreme tenderness for foul criminals, see how bitter she is against paupers! paupers who rarely, if ever, commit acts that entitle them to the penitentiary—mere idlers, whose indolence takes an annual sum in the form of a tax from the industrious. If the "*good woman*" would seek out these feeble-minded, broken down creatures, and encourage them to help themselves, some few might shun the almshouse; but Miss Martineau despises them too much to care for their preserva-

tion—they may die and rot, for nothing is to be apprehended by the increase of *their* numbers but the abstraction of a small annual sum from our pockets.

She says—"The amount of pauperism altogether is far from commensurate with the charity of the community; and it is to be hoped that the curse of *legal charity*, at least to the able-bodied, will be avoided in a country where it certainly cannot become necessary within any assignable time. I was *grieved* to see the magnificent pauper asylum near Philadelphia, made to accommodate luxuriously twelve hundred persons, and to have its arrangements pointed out to me as yielding far more comfort to the inmates than the labourer can secure at home by any degree of industry and prudence."

Miss Harriet is as foolish and short-sighted as she is mischievous. This Philadelphia pauper asylum—almost all almshouses require that the inmates shall labour according to their strength and capacity; there is little idleness amongst the sound in health and limb. But, if there are but few asylums necessary for *American* paupers, what is to be done with the English paupers who come over by hundreds—with the Irish paupers who come over by thousands—what is to be done with the vast hordes that are now starving about the streets—strong, able-bodied men, women, and children? The Philadelphia asylum will hold twelve hundred of them; let them fall on their knees, and return thanks to God for infusing a portion of his gracious, benevolent, and all-wise spirit into the hearts of that community which has saved them from the misery of dying of hunger in the streets!

How long is the American world to be tormented by the jealous spite of English bookmakers—insignificant and harmless in themselves, individually, but mischievous in the extreme when they give their spite utterance in print. A few right-minded, thinking, benevolent persons, such as Howard and Fry, exposed the defects and miseries of the prison and pauper institutions. The mass of mankind only wanted to be informed, that the errors might be corrected. Reform *has* been effected, not only by an attention to the health and morals of the prisoners and paupers, but also by an attention to the architecture of the buildings, thereby adding to the improvement of the cities and neighbourhood where these asylums are placed. An asylum need not look like a charnel house, or a bastille; and if any thing shows the improved morals and taste of the American community, it is the exterior adornment of their public buildings. Miss Martineau and her agrarian friends forget that a taste for the arts is a preventive to that *large amount* of vice, immorality, and pauperism that she so loudly anathematizes. Whoever it was that pointed out the "arrangements of the Philadelphia asylum

as superior to what the labourer can hope to attain at home by any degree of prudence and industry," must have had but crude notions of the adaptation and fitness of things—but we dare say the remark came from Mrs. Jack Straw.

But we must have done with following this foolish yet mischievous radical Malthusian any longer. As to the serious question of agrarianism, it has worked out its fate in a reasonably short time; the bubble burst while Miss Martineau was expecting her book money from America. The agrarian principle has levelled our banking system to cart loads of neat little promissory notes to the amount of a penny and upwards, with some stout, able-bodied Jack Cades and Jack Straws—her friends—as drawers and endorsers. She can have no objection to receive her compensation in funds of her own advising and creating.

With respect to the still more serious question of immediate emancipation, that may be fully discussed hereafter. So shall her slanderous attempts to injure the character of the southern planters, by stating, in the most indecent manner, *that they oblige their female slaves to become the mistresses of their sons, that they may profit by the sale of the illegitimate children!*

Upon the pestilent infidelity of her work, though abundantly inclined, we have not space to enlarge. We trust that the theme will not be omitted by the proper hands in the proper place. We would merely warn, seriously and solemnly, our readers against it. We feel confident, too, that there is good sense enough amongst them to prevent the inroad of the rankest deism over the sophistical and specious path of "the Christian religion; the root of all democracy—the highest fact in the rights of man."

We have done. As to her style and her descriptive powers, they fall short of what was expected from a knowledge of her English tales. We cannot descend to any criticism of these; we leave that for her admirers—of which, unfortunately, the Thompson school will furnish enough. Neither shall we stop to comment on the many *truths* which her volumes contain. These *truths* are as familiar to us as to a foreigner; they need not, therefore, be thus for ever thrust upon us gratuitously. Our own periodicals and daily gazettes—from which Miss Martineau abstracted much of her knowledge—abound with them, and a cure is now silently taking place.

In one way she *has* been of real service. So boldly, so unfeelingly, so *unwomanly* has she taken away all that was estimable in the character of our women—so falsely does she endeavour to fasten on them the beastly vice of *intemperance*, that, for the future, the mere bookmaker or tourist, male or

female, may have to depend, as Mrs. Trollope did, on innkeepers and servants for all the information they get of American society.

ART. III.—*Farewell Address of Andrew Jackson to the People of the United States.* March 4, 1837.

In times like the present, there is very naturally a disposition to see what our errors have been—to know by what mistakes and mismanagement we have been suddenly plunged from prosperity into ruin; and why a people, who undertake the control of their own affairs, have been so far lulled into an inauspicious repose, as to lose all sense of danger, and all conception of its possibility. It will present a singular portion of our history (and posterity will gather but perplexity from the task), the attempt to discover what influence it was that blinded the senses and benumbed the faculties of the men of this era; and how a nation, remarkable for its shrewdness and good sense, could have lost at once its wonted caution and watchfulness, and been thrown over the precipice without a thought of its proximity. It will not tell well for a popular government that this has happened, and the only plausible reply which can be offered in the shape of an excuse, is, that the people of the country are wanting in experience—that they are as yet only feeling their way; and that as their power enlarges, and affairs become more complicated, the difficulties which necessarily follow, come when least expected, and a crisis and convulsion like the present may ensue while men's hopes are at their height, and all their feelings under the spur and tumult of success. This want of experience is no doubt a fact—whether a sufficient apology for this rough check to our course, is a matter for debate. It will certainly not be satisfactory to the sufferers, and still less so to the friends of popular institutions; for there is no cause of pride in the obligation to acknowledge that our misfortunes arise, not from the chance medley of ordinary error or ill fortune, but from downright and gross ignorance. This would be placing our character and position in a little too strong relief. It would be hanging us in chains, as a warning for those who come after us. It would be opposed, too, to the usual practice—that of polishing our errors and smoothing down our sins, until they dazzle and glare in men's

eyes like beauties. Even if completely true, ought patriotism to confess instead of veiling it? And should not affection shroud all defects and deformities, and let the people run blind, until couched by the sharp edge of their own sorrow? This is the course with those who have an object in view, and prefer the continuance of the misrule of ignorance as a shelter behind which they may practise their arts, and play their game without the suspicion or risk of discovery.

It is, perhaps, one of the worst features of a popular government, that the people are exposed to danger by accepting as facts the flattery and falsehood of those who make use of them, and in whom they confide. Mere popularity, without suspicion or regard to the means by which it has been acquired, or without enquiring as to whether it is merited, carries away the great mass. It leads, indeed, a whole nation by the nose as triumphantly as if it possessed and embodied all the highest claims and attributes of real worth and great virtue; and, while in its zenith, bewilders or overbears even the most clear-sighted, the coldest, and the most cautious. There can then be no dispute as to its extreme danger, any more than there can be as to its power; that while it lasts it cannot be resisted—principle being no barrier, and, what is still more to be dreaded under our institutions, its accessions are likely to be frequent. It is a new but less exceptionable form than others of a despotism, equally arbitrary and equally irresponsible, but more attractive and flattering, as it professes to act upon principle, and through the will of the people. It may be also equally destructive, though not perhaps equally crushing to men's spirits; for it acts through men's passions and interests, and leaves all the desolation in its track that can follow from their violent excitement. From its transient nature, however, it does not entirely strike out hope from the sphere of thought, but leaves this as the last chance for encouragement.

Among the many sources of despair, a popular government presents, then, the singular anomaly of a perfect tyranny, above all check or control—producing disorder and disaster—fooling its friends, and striking to the earth its foes; and yet permitted and preferred by its victims; in other words, the people set over themselves a power which they have neither will nor desire to oppose, and look upon it with all the mental prostration and silly admiration with which men usually regard the idols of their own creation, and rejoice in all its acts, however absurd, with the same glee that the idiot rubs his hands and laughs with joy at the blaze of his own house which he has fired with his own hand. Though this appear a lack of wisdom, it is very natural, and very easily accounted for. Human nature in general, and democratic nature in particular, combine to make it perfectly

natural, for this popularity is made to do two important things—on the one hand, to represent the triumph of a principle or principles; on the other, the triumph of a faction. The individual is the personification of some whim or theory—popularity the lever by which he conquers and becomes absolute. Every act of a man holding this species of authority, is the act of his party, and of whatever nature it may be, it would be backed and lauded by his supporters with a zeal in proportion to the cries and warnings of his opponents.

Where this confidence in an individual is the homage paid to great virtue, to tried wisdom, or patriotism, it is a very noble and generous feeling. Nothing can be presented to human view more sublime than the universal and spontaneous surrendering up of the hearts and minds of a whole nation to the control of one man. But, where this is done by a mere majority of a people, who cast themselves before the temporary image of their worship, and become his willing bondsmen—who persecute and proscribe all opposition—who permit him to commit deeds inconsistent with the very elements of freedom—who still bow and concede without hesitation, and, in the heat of success, exalt and exaggerate inferior qualities into the most majestic attributes with which a human being can be endowed—it requires a great deal of faith in the general integrity of the people to suppose them free from corruption, or, what is as bad, incapable of being corrupted; and no small hope in our institutions that such conduct and such a condition will not beat them to the ground under the rule of a dictator. We need to go no farther than this one baneful and, we presume, inevitable influence in a popular form of government—the popularity of an individual—to account for our present distress, and to show our dangers in the future. It is the second time that we have suffered by the same means. In the case of Mr. Jefferson, indeed, the man was less to be dreaded than the late president, though he has left a longer track of misfortune for us to pass over in the contests against, and triumphs over, the sway of his pedlar principles. The popularity of Washington was the gratitude of a nation for his services—an undeniable debt that nothing can repay. But his character was too exalted to be a durable or a popular model in a democracy. It might be set apart for individual homage, but the mass of a nation could neither conceive nor appreciate it. It possessed a true greatness—it was a sort of splendid abstraction, a clustering of noble qualities, that, except vaguely and at a distance, could not reach the sympathies of ordinary and vulgar spirits. It was above even the admiration that was offered to it, and there was a sense of oppression in paying honour to that which did not reach the mind. His glory, his memory, deep respect for his virtue, will always exist; but the

authority of his political character has long since deserted the people ; there is something too aristocratic in its loftiness, and it has, therefore, given way to the meaner and more intelligible notions of a more cunning man—Thomas Jefferson. The first symptoms of the elevation of our feelings as a nation, will be a complete revolution in our regard for his opinions ; but until then, we shall only go on multiplying our dangers, and throwing obstacles in the way of our moral greatness. It was the predominance of his opinions that first turned us from a republic into a democracy, and has cast us upon the highway of nations, to wander like vagrants, and earn experience by our sufferings.

This great democrat was, in spite of his democracy, a slaveholder. All the most thorough democrats have been so, simply because they were removed from the results of democracy, and held its doctrines as philanthropic and sentimental fancies—not as parts of a practical system. The author of the declaration of independence began the document with a direct though dismal falsehood—“All men are created free and equal.” The denial of this assertion was at his elbow : the slave master overlooked it—so do all the men who bully and rant about liberty, and, at the same time, uphold slavery as necessary to man’s freedom, and as just before God. Still the visions of this man—in opposition to all experience, in opposition to the nature of man himself, and merely because they have an attractive popularity about them, and catch the superficial and ignorant, who are the ready instruments of the unprincipled and the ambitious—are made the basis of action with a large and, for the present, a preponderating party. All this is very natural, but it is unfortunate. A whole nation carried away by dreams, philosophical though not profound—an entire political fabric built on the airy structure of mental hyperbole, and visions of the imagination no age of the world has ever before witnessed. If it be asked why we cannot construct an edifice for ourselves, and upon our own ideas, as well as Greece or Rome ? the answer is ready. They had no models ; they were compelled to devise a system for themselves ; they were driven to illuminate their course by the torch of their own reason. No one lived before them by whose counsels they could be guided, by whose example they could be warned, by whose experience they could be made to consider and to act. They were mere empirics, and wandered over the surface of political science unsupported in their sphere by the weight of others’ wisdom. They became at last, though after making their way to glory, the victims of their ignorance. Must it be the same with us in spite of the difference of situation ; in spite of the lessons their fate teaches ; in spite of their existence and their ashes, and, what is more, in spite of all the reflected wisdom of time, and the warnings of ages ? Is the world to be ever

learning ; is it never to settle quietly with what it already knows ; is it to be ever scheming, hoping, changing, destroying ; is there to be a constant resolving into elements, a constant renewal, incessant perplexity, everlasting confusion, without duration in any thing, without fixing or confirming any thing ? Is there to be an eternal war of principles ; and are we to rush at length into heaven itself with the clash and din of arms ? Men are too much given to living upon hope ; they are always conceiving something better than what they have ; they cannot bear difficulties with patience ; they are ever struggling for realms of untried being, and though, just now, this is true of the world at large, yet it is such fancies and feelings which our institutions are especially calculated to produce ; and it is such fancies and feelings which it is the duty as well as object of all institutions to check. The chief sufferings of our country arise from the preponderancy of ignorance ; not that there are no luminaries of the present or the past which might lighten us on our way ; not that we are beneath other nations in those attainments that make a people respectable—but that we throw by too readily what others can teach us, and determine to go by the faint taper of our own reason. This prevents us from founding any thing ; makes our conduct and our policy vacillating and uncertain ; gives every thing the appearance of being mere experiment or expediency, and not principle, and shuts us out from the chance of ever acting upon the dictates of enlarged wisdom.

This may be the effect of a popular government. Is it not then worth the resisting ? or is the doing so hopeless ? We admit no such desperate condition ; or rather we try very hard to battle with the idea of its existence ; for the consciousness of its reality does sometimes come across us, and our thoughts sink into despair. The history of the United States Bank is a case in point. Its existence for forty years did not sanction its renewal ; the concessions of the people to its necessity did not make it of value ; the signatures of several presidents, the assent of the legislature of the Union, did not make it constitutional—and why ? Because the spirit of faction read our constitution ; because the popularity of an individual put the people of the United States at defiance, and made his will the arbiter of our constitutional privileges. We do not allude to this bank with any other intent than as a testimony to the fact *that nothing here can be considered durable*. Time has no advocates in a democracy. All its foundations are laid upon the shallow and shifting sand of caprice—the whims of the mass, led away by design, and perverted in their judgment by the confidence which they place in those who are working for themselves, and not for their country. We have conversed with some of the most

thorough of the old democratic party, and have always found them opposed to this overweening love of democracy; to this facility of making citizens, and thus overwhelming the nation with a tumultuous body of strangers; taking from those who inherited as a birthright an affection for their soil, and who, in their interests and affections, felt themselves as a part of it, almost the privileges which belonged to them by nature—certainly much of the power that made those privileges of value. It did not appear to enter into their conceptions that this land, which they had redeemed with their blood, and looked upon as the chosen seat and last resting place of freedom, was to be made the Botany Bay of the universe. They were conscious that a man's nature did not change by mere change of country; that one who had lived to mature years under a monarchy or a despotism, and filled with the feelings and prejudices necessarily imbibed from the circumstances, was not, as a matter of course, regenerated by breathing the air of a republic. They were conscious that it required something more than this to fit a man for his duties as a citizen of a free country; and they then asked the question, what is the meaning of love of country, of loyalty, and patriotism—terms of common use, and so vaunted, and moreover so hackneyed as now to have left the noiseless recesses of the bosom, and stand ready to drop unmeaningly, and upon every or any occasion, from the vacant and superficial language of the lips, and which from feelings have become mere words? What were they—of what force could they be—if an individual who changed his home, who deserted all his associations, and all the endearments of memory, and landed on a new and unknown world, could shake them off at once, easily and without hesitation, adapt himself to the novelty of his condition—to a new form of government—unite with a new people, put on all their sympathies and all their prejudices—and this with no other formality than an oath to support what, from the nature of the case, was indifferent to them?

We bear no ill will against these foreigners; we only wish them to be considered as such. They have sought an asylum in a strange land, and are welcome to share its advantages. They assist in bringing out its resources, and are entitled to some reward. But the privileges of citizenship—as they imply a knowledge of the duties of a citizen—should not be considered so trivial or so easy as to be thrown to all who ask them. They are rewarded by being free—by enjoying the profits of their industry in peace. This is enough, without putting it in their power to take from the native-born what is his by right, or making it difficult for him—and that not without a struggle—to forward the policy he prefers, unopposed by those whose claims are less, and whose interests are very inferior. We have

no party views, and cannot tell what side this language may be likely to vex ; but we say, with perfect freedom, that the party on whose side are arrayed the most foreigners, should be regarded with most suspicion. Not writing for any other purpose than a general one, we are indifferent as to the party barriers against which the waves of truth may break. This country is in the end to be destroyed by faction ; but, whether it be or not, the better for it if, at times, a voice, however feeble or distant, can make its way into the silent chambers of the reason, and appeal to it when it is not distorted by passion or self-interest.

But, to bring the matter nearer home, let the case be imagined of a stranger, we will suppose, of the humblest possible condition, as thousands are who arrive on our shores. He comes here in poverty and despair—spirit-broken and ignorant. The first emotion he feels, as the waters divide him from his native land, is hope. This increases the nearer he approaches to port, until it reaches intensity. He has figured to himself an imaginary state of things—that he was to acquire wealth without labour ; that he was to live at ease, and that the necessaries of life were to come to him without being sought or toiled for. Contrary to his expectations, he is thrown into the busy mass of a large city. He finds that he must labour as hard as ever ; that all his hopes were delusive ; that all he has gained (separated for ever from every tie of country and kindred) is a better subsistence ; that his animal wants are supplied, while his heart is vacant of friends, and he is greeted by no familiar voice. This is the moral condition of great numbers who come to this country. Their mental condition is still worse. They are without any education. They are even stolidly ignorant. What has been their political condition ? From whatever part of Europe they may come, they have been held in a complete state of subserviency. Though not slaves, they have never been allowed to feel that they were men. They have been born under the oppression of wealth, the habitual awe of station, and have never had even a distant apprehension of rights, or of duties, except those to prince, or baron, or lord, who owned the soil they tilled. With a moral condition where the strongest feeling is that of disappointment—a mental, whose basis is complete ignorance—a political, into which an idea of liberty and free institutions had never entered—in what way are they fitted for the duties of freemen, or the exercise of the privileges of citizenship ? Our example should be that of the Romans in this particular. They admitted, in the best days of the republic, neither strangers nor enfranchised slaves to the right of suffrage. They regarded the name of the Roman citizen as a name of honour—as a title of consideration, and did not conceive that

every adventurer who rushed to Rome was entitled to mingle in the elections, and, in this way, degrade the right of suffrage, both by its easy acquisition, and by the character of the electors. Why should not the name of American citizen be equally respected? Why should he be interfered with by foreigners? It is his government and his country he is supporting, and why should his difficulties be increased by a mass who do not appreciate the institutions—who have neither love nor admiration for the country or the government? These foreigners are people of two countries—the one of their adoption, where their fortunes are cast, and where their interests lie; the other, where their hearts are fixed—the land of their nativity—where the ashes of their fathers repose, and their memory and their affections linger. This creates a divided feeling. They love the place they have left; they have no regard in any way for that in which they live. They are indifferent to it altogether, except so far as it grants them facilities in the improvement of their condition—how then are they to be good citizens? for who that knows human nature can be so weak as to presume that the ties of country are easily and at will torn away; or if any one could do it, and had the baseness to acknowledge it, that such a man was for this reason a fit citizen of the republic? Would not this very facility of casting off his allegiance to the land of his birth, to the laws he was born under, and to the best feelings and sympathies of our nature, be the strongest reason for rejecting him?

We are aware that there is a kind of taking liberality in this universal admission of strangers to the rights of citizens; there is an appearance of enlarged generosity and enlightened benevolence in thus receiving to our bosom the refugees of other nations. There is a kind of off-hand good nature in thus opening to all comers our political lists; but is it wise, and was this country meant to be nothing more than the receptacle for the vicious, the outlaws and outcasts, and the poor and ignorant, of all the nations of the earth? Are we so in want of population as gladly to receive the decrepit gleanings of British poorhouses? and how are we to form a nation of such materials? We see no reason why our empire should be erected on the parts of their population which other nations reject. We have not the wants of Rome, and should not follow her policy. By the theory of our institutions, every man has certain inalienable rights; but does his total ignorance of those rights make him fit to use them? and because he is a man, has nature given him an instinctive power of understanding them? Is there no preparation necessary for their performance? Is no degree of intelligence required for their practical as well as theoretical appreciation? If there is not, how are they a privilege, or what are

these boasted rights of freemen worth? These questions will very naturally occur to one who, like ourselves, has been confronted at the polls by Dutch scavengers, who, begrimed with city filth, and not even speaking the language of the country on whose interests they were to decide, or rather had decided, walked to the lines of their so called fellow-citizens, deposited their brooms, reeking from the gutters, against the trees, and then were counted among the voters of the city. What feeling did this produce? That one was exercising a high privilege, was a citizen of a free community, and supporting, to the best of his ability, what he conceived to be the interests of his country, in an open, manly way? Far from it. The native voter felt that he was degraded; that his voting was a puerile piece of deception, by placing him on an equality with ignorant and half slavish foreigners, and making him feel that he, a native citizen, was no more than the commonest and humblest foreigner. Is this policy, or is it justice? It can be neither the one nor the other; it is the result of a levelling spirit—the romance of infatuated ignorance—founded on the vanity, so peculiar to this country, that an immediate elevation of feeling, a sudden revelation of the spirit of liberty, seizes the dull and tame mass so soon as they tread the shores of the republic. If this were true, it would certainly be a source of congratulation; but that fine result is not immediate. The nature of human beings does not change so rapidly. We allow, however, that some effect is produced on these persons—an important and beneficial one in the end, though not so at first and at once. They go through many changes before their complete transformation. They work off the old slough before the surface of their character assumes the fresh and improved aspect of difference of condition. They throw aside old habits, the garb of mendicancy, and feudal submission, and, after a time, become fitted for their situation and its duties. This does not come to them in an instant, but only after their faculties, that have lain buried and perishing, warm into life—as sleeping adders turn active under the summer’s sun—beneath the new influences to which they are exposed. The first discovery that their awakened intelligence brings to them, is, that they are free; that there is neither lord nor landlord standing over them; that they are not tasked to unwilling labour; that their will is their own; and that they are intrusted with perfect freedom of action, and the liberty and opportunity to work out their own fate. This brings a train of entirely new sensations, and, with this, new trains of thought, and increased mental activity, follow as necessary consequences. They are still, even with this great improvement, unfitted for the privileges of republican citizens. In finding themselves free, the first idea is, that they are to obey no law;

that they are totally unshackled, and beyond all submission and all control. They are undeceived as to this in the same way as they are undeceived as to the necessity of industry. At this stage commences the decided improvement that, in its progress, is to fit them for their civil duties.

The first effect of our institutions has been to relieve them from the self-contempt and self-abasement that grow naturally from extreme ignorance. They have been made to feel that they were men—that they possessed powers and rights, as such, that were respected, and for whose development and exercise every opportunity was offered, every inducement held out. But from this to the full appreciation of their privileges, and to the understanding that they are parts of the body politic and social, is a long range of comprehension. Time and farther reflection are necessary to reach it. It is just at this point that these new comers are dangerous. From the depths of ignorance they have risen to a little knowledge; from the habit of entire submission to superiors they have come to think that they have none. From being automata, they find they have a will; from mental degradation and servility of feeling, and the enchainment of every energy, they have attained a capacity for thought, and a boldness and freedom in every other particular. In this stirring of the elements of character, the passions strengthen, wants increase, and desires multiply; conceit becomes a strong stimulus, and the individual conceives he is all important. Being allowed to think and act for himself, he fancies that his conclusions, as they are the first results of the movements of his mind, are sound and irrefragable—that he needs no enlightenment—that he knows all a man can know, or need know—and, being able to rely on himself and the domestic produce of his own thoughts, that it is altogether useless for him to extend his enquiries, or suppose he may be mistaken, or that an appeal can lie to a higher wisdom than his. All this creates exceeding obstinacy and overweening presumption, and what is more, a decidedly bad if not dangerous class of men; and such is the class used by individuals for their purposes, for it is at this turning point, between knowing a little and knowing nothing, that they are beset by political desperadoes, and bewildered by noise and declamation and appeals to feeling, which they have no means of resisting. Thence come mobs, the taking fancies of agrarianism, the dark dreams of radicalism, the levelling spirit of democracy, and harangues about aristocracy—which is here but a fleeting and shadowy phantom.

The gist of these remarks is merely to show the absurdity of supposing that any and all men are capable of being citizens, without some preparation—moral as well as mental. We are actuated by no illiberal feelings towards any who come to us

from abroad, though we cannot hesitate to say, that it would have been as well, if not better, for us, if our country had not found such favour in the eyes of the poor and unfortunate. We wish, most profoundly, that our land and its institutions had been left to the management of the men and their descendants which the revolution left to us. The first had gone through an exhausting struggle for their liberties, and were well able to put in order all the arrangements that were to confirm them; the last would have inherited much, if not all of the spirit of their fathers, and preserved and cherished their name and honour, and continued in policy and conduct the true intent of their labours and their councils. We might have then gone through ages, buoyed up by the tradition of their glories, working out, and up to, their desires, fulfilling their hopes, executing their purposes, and thus framing and perpetuating a government, as if under their direction and as they would have done it themselves. But our land (whether unfortunately or not must be left to the decision of the future) has been regarded as the favoured spot, not only of liberty, but license. The character of its institutions was so different from any, either now existing or before known, that they were very imperfectly understood. They were thought so popular as to be beyond the law—that it might be defied and evaded, or overturned—that they gave entire freedom to the most lawless will—that all opinions, all fancies, all visionary theories, all which gave to the individual uncontrolled command over himself, and allowed him to regulate himself, by himself, and not in conformation and obedience to the society he had joined, were not only tolerated, but even supported. There was a plainness, a simplicity about us, that perplexed the members of the old communities of Europe. They were mistaken for a want of spirit and pride—as embodying all that was low and plebeian—as being a direct confession of something more than liberality—as conveying an invitation to the universe to come here and riot in the luxurious profusion of their own whims. There being no king, nor church, nor aristocracy—none of those checks and balances that had been long wrought into the empires of the old world, and considered as vital—it was presumed that our system was one of an opposite nature, and having made way with these, that we encouraged the existence and the expression of every feeling of the heart of man. It being understood that there was no distinction of classes, but an entire equality of condition, it could not be conceived how that there were rich and poor. In this chaos of confused apprehensions concerning us, vast numbers land upon our shores. The reckless and desperate in morals—the leveller and theorist in politics—the broken in fortune—the ruined in character—all

come to seek an asylum from misfortune, crime and infamy, and what they call persecution, in the bosom of this republic. They find in time that law does act here; that the people look with suspicion on, and shake their heads at, strange doctrines; that though it be easier to express all feeling and all thought here, than any where else, yet that opinions are more likely to be examined, and sifted and, scrutinised here, than elsewhere. Fewer obstacles are thrown in the way of uttering the coinage of one's brain and the malignity of one's heart here, than in other countries, but there is, notwithstanding, more difficulty in their diffusion. They must strike through the brain before they reach the passions. Every man's head is here the fortress of his principles. Feelings are not superficial, nor are they so irritable and inflammatory as to be at the mercy of every one who wishes to make use of them. They are guarded by intelligence and information, and can bear the shock of excitement urged by unprincipled ambition or party feeling. Even Tom Paine is obsolete; and other political Vulcans, who are ever forging new links in the chain of men's destinies, and devising new plans and systems of government, find little favour.

Still foreigners do undoubtedly regard us with a considerable degree of contempt. It is not a feeling, however, that is destined to last long. It will only continue to the time when we shall become the object of their fears. Admiration will follow in the track of our power, and the impression we make abroad will not be in proportion to any real claim we may have to respect, but to the number of cannon that bristle in foreign ports. At present, those who speak or write about us do it in a condescending way. They seem to instruct our ignorance, to look upon us as mere children and tyros in politics, and with a benevolent officiousness to desire to suggest a change here or there, a course of conduct on this or that point, some little deviation in policy; or with kind consideration point out radical defects and the errors that are to ruin us. Within a short time two foreign missions have been despatched to us. One from the kennel radicals of England to their anarchic brethren here—though whether accepted or acknowledged we do not know—the other from some anti-slavery association in Scotland to the abolitionists. This person we presume, was both accepted and acknowledged. There is an insolence and effrontery in this that are not easily endured—though it goes to prove our assertion, that we are regarded as such innocents that the world may empty its garbage into our laps without an expression of resentment on our part. We are considered by the aristocratic intolerants of Europe (to use the words of Chateaubriand) as a plebeian republic; and a more humiliating or contemptuous expression could not be employed. All, then, who are smitten with a

love for the people—all who have new theories of government, which they wish to put to the test of experiment—think this country the field for their enterprise, as they presume that where opinion is free, bad opinions may find advocates and an audience. We have never heard of an American giving a course of lectures on liberty to the autocrat of Russia, or his subjects—or that any one tried to rouse the people of Italy—or addressed a mob in England—on the absurdity of their monarchy, church and hereditary peerage. We have been accused of being lukewarm in the cause of freedom, because we did not interfere in the affairs of other people, and yet strangers have had the audacity to come and direct us, and meddle in our disputes, and by what right? Why is it that *we* are to receive the flood of melting tallow that pours from the intellectual chandlery of foreign outcasts? If their opinions are worth any thing, why not give them to the people of their own country? and why should we be made to hold the bowl for the ejected matter of their corrupt hearts and malignant passions? The answer is obvious, we have already hinted at it: it is because we are considered as utterly ignorant of government—because we are considered as of low origin—because we have no dignity of national character—because we are without power, in comparison with the empires of Europe—and because we are neither understood nor appreciated—or if we are, the opinions which strangers form of us differ so completely from those we form of ourselves, that we do not know ourselves and cannot endure the reflection. Who is right must be left to history; though it is possible, that, as individuals conceal from themselves their infirmities, we are misled by our vanity. If so, the mistake, as we grow older, will become at last fatal. Among the reasons why strangers—even those the most liberally disposed—have such feelings concerning us, is because their habits of thinking are aristocratic. Though radicals and levellers, under the shade of their monarchical institutions—where the character is new, and gives a kind of distinction to those who wish a rapid notoriety and have not sufficient ability to make fame by following the track of old principles—when brought to the test and put in contact with, and made to feel, practically, the doctrines they have admired in the distance, the real depth of their vaunted liberality is seen in the disgust with which they shrink from the contamination of the condition which bears in truth the full blown lustre of all their notions. An English radical turns here with contempt from the people—for those he has regarded as the people are the low and ignorant. He cannot here understand the word, for he finds that, except in large towns, there are none of the class which he supposes. The “*Plebs urbana*” are his synonyme for people;

but a large, intelligent community under that name, is to him a strange, perplexing anomaly. He has come from countries where oppression is exercised—where the whole powers of government are wielded by an aristocracy—and where the liberties of a nation are or were at the mercy of the few. The people are not there the entire nation, but the humble and the poor, and this is all the idea he has of that comprehensive, and, as we think it, exalted term. Such a man expects to find the same inflammable materials as at home, among whom he can toss the lighted torch of revolution, and let it be swung from hand to hand, till every one holds the implement of destruction. He is surprised to find that no government is safer or stronger, on the whole, than that which the entire body of the nation upholds. Law and order are both supported by public opinion; and the pillars of the state and its liberties have their base on the hearts and souls of every citizen. This, to one who has lived where there are classes and grades of rank, and who has been in the habit of considering some as his superiors, some as his inferiors, although filled with a strong levelling spirit, seems so strange that he fancies it, either false in fact, or, if true to any extent, to be so over utopian as to be far from likely to endure. His idea is, that what are radical doctrines in England come the nearest to republican doctrines, and are the peculiar sentiments of the people of America. But he finds, on his arrival, that any opinions which tend to revolution are not encouraged here, but, on the contrary, looked upon with contempt and suspicion. He is thus driven from his stronghold, and either retires from us with a parting curse upon our aristocracy, or, if he remain, is to be heard of in the taverns and gin-shops, where the lowest of his countrymen resort, who, drunk with the intoxicating fumes of his specious falsities, are turned from honest labour, made to desire change, and fitted for desperate conduct. They are told that the true democratic condition is that where there is no inequality of fortune, where there are no rich, nor poor; and, therefore, that all who are not very nearly in their own situation, are rapacious, grinding aristocrats, living on other men's toil, and fed with the poor man's blood.

It is very easy to fill men with these notions. They swallow them with a relish, because it is merely administering a stimulus to hope and the love of change; and there are in all communities what an old dramatist calls "a sort of discontented creatures that bear a stingless envy to great ones; and these will wrest the doings of any man to their base, malicious appliment." With such men, working on such materials as may be found in all large towns, no society is safe. We cannot say how far these feelings have extended, nor how it is that they have been excited. That they exist, to a considerable degree, is manifest.

The disposition to overawe the law, and to bring every grievance to the remedy of mob direction and physical force, has become almost a matter of course—it may soon become habitual. There can hardly be a doubt that it will increase with the growth of our cities, and there we shall have the end and aim of democracy—the rule of the worst; or, as a great lover of liberty calls it, the government of *an aristocracy of black-guards*.

A good deal of this corruption in the social body is a necessary evil—one of the penalties of liberty. No free country has escaped or can escape them. Much of it, however, is owing to the conduct of the last administration. It required popularity to bear on, and bear out its errors, and beat down to the ground the better reason of its opponents. Popular excitement was its principle of action—the bringing of the tide of anarchy to overwhelm the helplessness of order its consequence, if not its aim. It made divisions in society—the most dangerous and most unnatural—a division between the poor and the rich—or, as it should be called in this country, between those who enjoy the fruits of their industry and those who are labouring to attain them. It declared itself the friend of poverty and ignorance, and the foe of all property and intelligence. The first were the only elements of society *this* form of government was intended for. Under those qualities lay all virtue, all republican purity; the whole essence of a republic was to bring out and put forward those to whom fortune had given no privileges. Such were its doctrines, *and they answered its purpose*. They are fearfully ominous of the stability of our institutions and the happiness that may be enjoyed under them.

Now, what devil whispered into the ear of the executive that the *people* meant the *poor*. Was this Jeffersonian, or was it meant to be more than politic—a temporary wheedling of a majority, to bring about its objects—an appeal to the natural Jacobinism of the lower portions of society—the cant which the demagogue addresses to the ready ears of the depraved and ignorant? By “people” are meant here, if no where else, the entire nation. If the poor are put aside as the sole supporters of the government, and the only objects of its care, then our republic ends, for all other parts are proscribed. The more respectable are losing, or were losing, under late circumstances, a large share of their interest in general affairs. They were of no weight, and of course withdrew. This is the extremest evil a country can endure; for let power be placed where there is no moral sense, and so placed that it cannot be recalled, and the ruin of a country is accomplished without farther action or farther hope. We were to all appearances coming to this. The virtue of the nation was growing quiescent under the

incessant shock and excitement of party struggles—for its weapons were not so sharp-edged, nor of the same temper, as those of its adversaries. This state of things will grow worse and worse, the more the idea spreads that this country was meant to be a democracy and not a republic—that all power was intended to be exercised directly by the people, instead of through the check and balance of delegation. A representative republic is not a democracy; it was constructed to avoid its dangers, on which Greece and Rome went to pieces—by the preponderance of the democratic elements. Polybius foretold that the republic of Rome would be destroyed when the people knew their power. With the aid of their tribunes they soon discovered this, and, after gaining entire control, sank into a despotism. The happy invention of representation, instead of the direct exercise of popular influence, gave a chance of duration to the otherwise quickly exhausted and self-consuming energies of a democracy. A breach has been made in this sole hope and opportunity of continuance, by the right of instruction: a right, if we were meant to be a democracy, perfectly just; but if for a republic, then unsafe and at war with good government. The demagogue and democrat may talk as they please about the sovereignty of the people, but we can conceive of no form of government worth supporting, where the spirit of incessant change enters as a principle of action—of no institutions worthy of admiration that were not designed, from their very foundation, to be as lasting as God will allow any work of man to be. Now this instructing system forms the entering port of all the mischief it was hoped we might avoid—for it not only destroys the independence of the representative, which is bad enough, but it renders all legislation irregular and insecure. Law becomes the creature of popular feeling—is liable to all its excitements—and is no longer the stable guardian and instrument of public opinion. The law-maker himself is a mere tool—a miserable substitute for the wisdom of those who send him. He has no independent judgment—he can neither think nor act for himself—but on every occasion, when his voice is heard in the halls of legislation, or his vote is recorded, it is the mere distant echo of the desires of his constituents—a concession, even against his own opinions, to the accidental majority of his neighbourhood.

The absurdity of this right of instruction appears in this—that it implies a want of confidence in the representative, in the very man who has just been chosen for his qualities as worthy of all confidence. The presumption is, when a man is elected to the important office of a legislator, that he has something more than mere popularity to offer as a qualification; that he has capacity beyond the majority of those who prefer him; and

tried integrity. These are presumed to be essentials, or the system of representation becomes at once useless and ridiculous, though undoubtedly to those who have no very lofty idea of popularity or popular men, it may seem very possible for both fools and knaves to stand foremost in the affections of a body of electors. Still there is something extremely absurd in this immediate doubting of a man, apparently for no other reason than because he has power. It does not speak well for our institutions that their management is to be committed to those over whom it is necessary to hold the severe check of a suspicion as to motives. One of its results, and the most mischievous, will be that none will be elected who are not ready to submit to this suspicion, and may, therefore, be considered as acknowledging the right, with those who choose him, of doubting his integrity of purpose—to which no honourable man will submit. There are situations in which, perhaps, the right of instruction may be exercised with propriety, as in the minor affairs of local legislation, or it may be in those of a state. In neither of these positions is it presumed that there is any very considerable inequality as to qualification between the electors and the elected. But, for the legislature of the Union, the individual elected is supposed to be superior to those who send him; to be fitted to decide upon all the questions that concern the interests of the nation, and to have thrown his view over and studied all the various subjects which can come before him in that body. Is it not then a solecism to destroy the free will and cripple the judgment of such a man, and besides degrade him with the doubt of his honesty, that is involved in the very principle of instruction? But this doctrine is only the lengthening and carrying out the notions that are called democratic, which might be effected much more readily by destroying the congress, and doing every thing at home. For, if they become sources of action with the majority, then our courts of law—the judges on the bench—will be driven to decide by the dictation of this power. The body whose creation was for the express purpose of keeping down hasty legislation, and checking the sudden and crude demands of popular feeling, has been placed beneath it; and the multitude have in this way entered the walls of the senate, and directed and domineered over its duties and its rights. The next step will be towards the supreme court, and, when all this is completed, we shall have reached the millennium of knavery; for, by the terms of the proposition, no man, whose character is not doubtful, can hold an office. This will be a very peculiar position. The Roman tribunes sat at the doors of the senate, and cried out their veto; we place them within the walls, so that popular excitement, instead of bearing indirectly on those who were intended to be withdrawn from it,

strikes down at a blow every defence, and urges its will, and has its way, without a chance of moderation.

If it be said that the people know what they want, and what is most to their interest, and have a perfect right, in a government of their own forming, to control all its movements—it is the mere stating of a self-evident proposition. So put, no one can deny it. To the people all must surrender. But when we come to the details, and practical illustration, and exercise, of this overwhelming proposition, it may be denied altogether; for the people, from the broad and towering elevation that one sense of the word gives them, sink, in the present instance, into a majority—to a mere numerical superiority, and are then in no way entitled to substitute their strength for the reason of the rest, or play the tyrant because they hold the power. The right of a majority to act for others is not a natural, but a conceded right; and, in the act of concession, the minority yield no more and no farther than is necessary for tranquillity. Their rights remain the same as ever; they only submit, but in no way throw their liberties to be trampled on by a majority. A majority, in the theory of government, is a mental preponderance, not a physical; and, in practice, it is as well, although untrue, to assume that the greater mass of matter carries the larger amount of mind. No country has as yet shown it to be so; still the principle is the safest, if not the only, one on which the fabric of men's freedom can be erected. But when it is carried into the higher affairs of government, and the councils of the nation are disturbed with it, its falsity and its danger are manifested; for where intellect is concerned, and wisdom and experience, one man may possess more of each than all the majorities or multitudes that ever existed. If it were possible to procure a Bacon or a Newton, would not the efforts of their minds be worth more than the whole concentrated force of those of an entire nation? If men were convinced of this, or their vanity would acknowledge the fact, a majority would no longer be miscalled the people, and a minority might be considered as equally a part of the nation, though their welfare is committed to the integrity and wisdom of others. It is asked, in the usual wild way with which many important things are treated, whether the people should be checked in the management of their affairs; whether they should not dictate to those whom they employ? If, as we have said, by people is meant the nation, there can be no hesitation in answering the questions; but, if the word is used in its common meaning, then we reply that the people should be checked in the management of their affairs; and they should not dictate to those they employ. Not to do the one, is to destroy all government; to do the other, leads to the same consequence. For what were legislatures constructed, or courts of law, or any of

those formal fabrics that every nation has used to transact its business, but to stand between the people and all interference with affairs which they are not competent to perform ; to keep them from meddling with things which they could not conduct well for themselves ; to guide and guard their interests, and yet stand aloof from their immediate influence and direct interference ? If it be asked whether they should not be controlled by public opinion, the affirmative is ready. But public opinion is not popular opinion or popular feeling. Of the first, all institutions are the creatures ; of the last, they are the barriers, and set up as a defence against their violence. Public opinion is the moral sense of a people, or, to avoid a word whose use is perverted, the moral sense of the most enlightened. It can have no other meaning, and is, therefore, neither found in the acclamations of a majority, nor the cries of a mob. In a country where a people undertake, as in this, to govern themselves, these checks are not only of the highest importance, but should be most jealously guarded and preserved. They present the only mode of saving us from the anarchy of caprice and extremes, to which large bodies of men are liable. It is not possible, it is in truth a mere vision, to suppose that we can always act on the solid foundation of principle, or that, as Mr. Jefferson asserts, a revolution every twenty years is practicable or desirable—to return upon our steps, and amend all our errors, and bring experience to bear upon our future. A revolution is a convulsion—a stirring of all the social elements ; and not a mere change of policy, or calm retrospect of the past ; and no country could go through one without the utmost hazard. These institutions are founded on principles which have not varied, and cannot vary. They are the strong positions chosen for the defence of these principles, and, if respected, are able to do away with the necessity of revolution, though hardly to protect them when it commences. Our situation is very different from that of an old country, where nearly all is the creation of a distant past, and where modifications and concessions must be continually made to meet the more improved condition of the popular mind. Here, our whole structure is built upon a broad basis of liberty ; and no time will be able to make it more liberal. The only difficulty is to hold to the intentions of its framers, and fulfil their design, in preserving it free from the vices which, to all appearance, are ready to consume their vitals. This right of instruction is founded, moreover, on a false and dangerous assumption that the people are infallible. There is nothing to prove it—not a tittle of recorded evidence in its favour ; and the phantoms of Greece and Rome rise before us to deny it. No one man, even of the greatest powers, and who has passed a life in the study and pursuit of a subject, is allowed to be infallible,

and what gives to the genius of a multitude infallibility beyond that of an individual? There is no such thing this side of heaven; it is no more than the cant which is used by young and inexperienced aspirants to the affections of a party, to grace their eloquence. A king, by a fiction of law, is said not to be capable of doing wrong; but he has his ministers who are responsible for his conduct, and must, with their lives, answer for his errors. Who is responsible for the wrong committed by a large mass? Who can call them to account? Who took upon themselves the crimes, the blood-thirsty butcheries, of the French revolution? Was it all right? or was it not a miserable, revolting manifestation of the excesses to which passion may lead men? It was human nature, maddened and exasperated. Human nature requires to be controlled, then. No—neither man nor men are infallible; they are only irresponsible. Their crimes are only for the retributive justice of the Being who made them—on earth they have no judge.

But this sacred infallibility involves the mischievous absurdity that every fleeting and transient feeling is the studied judgment of men's minds. That the inconveniences which nations must at times suffer—the positions into which they are often thrown by their errors, or circumstances over which they have no control—instead of being endured with patience, and remedied by exertion, are occasions when every thing must give way to the momentary exasperation, and be surrendered to the appeals and cries of mobs or factions. This is a necessary part of the rule of infallibility, for who that grants it to the people, can take it from them upon occasion, or define where it ends? and what institutions can bear up against it—more especially those which are popular in their form, and are most liable to those excitements, and the least able to subdue them? The only form in which this doctrine is in the slightest degree true, is when an entire nation is convinced of the badness of its situation, and undertakes to correct it, as was the case when the convention met to consider the state of the country, and framed the present constitution of the United States. Here the "*vox populi*" and the "*vox dei*" were in harmony. The wisdom of a nation met in council. There was no hurried action from fear, as there was no spirit of dictation abroad—no popular fury, or factious desperation; but men's minds were allowed to act freely, and employ calmly all their strength and experience. It may be asked, when or how it can be decided what is the desire of a nation as distinguished from that of a majority? The question cannot well be replied to in words; it is answered, at the time when the issue occurs, by general feeling and consent. No one can mistake it, any more than a man can mistake the sensations produced by disease, from those of good health; although it

would defy him to draw the line between the two conditions. But such occasions, when the conviction is universal that the body politic is disordered, are extremely few in history. Men are seldom brought to that unanimity, for there must be an universal sense of danger to cause this feeling of the necessity of unanimous action. Without this pervading sentiment of danger to bring the minds of men to their real condition, and brace them to its duties, nothing could make them forego the perversity and pride of opinion, the wilfulness and waywardness of vice and passion, the fierce struggles for power among individuals and factions, and, what is equally baneful, the settled calm of indolence and indifference—all of which are at work in the bowels of every nation, wasting and undermining its energies and principles, and preparing them for destruction. It is probable that a national council like that of the convention of 1786, could only be brought together in the youth of a people. Defects are then more quickly felt, and the first obstacles in the movements of a new government may be more readily removed than after time has sanctioned and established them. They are not as yet the vices of a system; but only errors in conduct, and want of experience. Even now, though still young, it would be extremely difficult, if it were not impossible, for a national convention to meet and decide calmly and impartially upon the changes and alterations of the constitution. Party feelings would glow too generally in the bosoms of its members, and party objects would be too violently striven for, to allow the more generous impulses of patriotism a full and uninterrupted control. At bottom, there might be with the larger portion, or with every member, a sincere love of country; but they would be selected by parties, and, when met together for great objects, with the eyes of a nation and a world upon them, it is difficult to conceive any other idea than that they would follow out the views of those parties. The excitability of men's passions would be moved almost imperceptibly to themselves, perhaps against their wishes and intentions, at the array of opposition. The floor of national consultation would become the pit of controversy. Mutual dislike and suspicion—a doubt as to men's motives—the dread of losing the advantage, or the desire of securing it—and the whole force of the various base and conflicting emotions that govern men, would come out, even at the hazard of their country's honour. A body of that sort would unfortunately be framed by parties; its members would be party leaders; and, unless the nation bestirred itself, the amendments to the constitution would not be those of wisdom, but of faction. Another fifty years under the influences by which we are now governed, and a return to the noble simplicity with which we started, will be utterly hopeless. A change has gone over the

spirits of the people. The enjoyment of great prosperity—the increase of wealth—the immense numbers of foreigners who have made this country their home—have, to a very considerable degree, revolutionized the old republican disposition, and seem to be sweeping away its vestiges. The sternness, and pride, and manly self-devotion that either really were the attributes of the men of the revolution, or which we, in the strength of our affection and respect, love to consider as theirs, do not, to say the least, lie so open as to be readily perceived. We would not take upon ourselves to declare that they did not exist. This would be too severe and off-hand a denunciation of the nation. But we may say, that these beautiful points in national character, these assurances of a high destiny, are, to all appearance, buried under the prejudices and passions of party, and consuming all true dignity and worth in the violence and heat of its incessant action. A crisis might and probably would call up unexpected energies. Every hill and valley might be vocal with the voice of patriotism, and every rock throw back, and stream carry with it, the shouts of freemen. If this were so, then the parties which now divide and distract the country in their struggles for power, their leaders and their objects, would be cast into utter confusion, and the people would array themselves under men who are now obscure, whose lives are inglorious—though their hearts burn with a love for their country—whose aims are modest, whose desires are moderate, but who possess the concentrated fortitude that carries men through every trial and every hazard. There are such—we cannot resist the thought that there are such—who would support the republic in its vicissitudes, and come forth, when danger called them, to bear it on through all danger. But they do not lie upon the surface of society; nor are they represented in the demagogue or the partisan. They interest themselves in the welfare of their country, but do not press forward from the proud humility of their privacy or their poverty, to grasp at the profits or the spoils of office. They wish all happiness to their country, and labour to promote it; but they do not conceive that it is brought about by convulsing her with factious strife. They hold to principles, well aware that the voyage of nations is over the sea of difficulty, but that with these they may ride in triumph, and that, however severe present misfortune may be, the result will show their stability and excellence.

There is no doubt a substratum of virtue among every people. It is impossible to suppose a nation with which the prevailing feeling would not be a thorough and sincere love of country. This is a natural and irrepressible instinct. But its value would be dependent on the character of the people—and this again on many and various circumstances. The blind feeling

—so often unconnected with a single principle except personal interest, and leading to nothing—called patriotism, however intense, would still be useless, if it were not united with hardy and generous qualities, and in free countries with a love of liberty. Patriotism, severed from these, is a wild and absurd sentiment; and when put in motion, plays its exaggerated antics, and makes itself contemptible. A people may be patriotic, in the limited sense of the word, and yet corrupt to the heart. They may love their homes, the place of their birth—all their feelings may be bound by the ties of association—and they still may not possess a single quality that can resist the inroads of corruption, of profligacy, and depravity, and the silent tide of ruin which overwhelms every great virtue, and undermines the fabric which they construct. The first view of a country presents, almost always, its worst points. We see the strifes and struggles of parties—their conduct so completely reckless that it seems to dare the hazard of entire destruction rather than forego a single aim—their mischievous machinations—the corruption they spread through every class, by making their objects paramount; by causing men to lose sight of the interests of all, in those of a few; by making all character doubtful—all virtue a matter for ridicule—all motives and all action suspicious; by supporting the apostate; by rewarding the useful tool, without regarding his honesty; by employing any means, however base, for their end; by placing success before all else, and foreclosing the spirit of all honour; by giving it no more weight than to qualities directly the opposite; and lowering it by a contaminating juxtaposition with what is only fitted to produce strong contrast. The most idle eye can detect these evils and their consequences—for they are the most natural and obvious in free countries. But it is not easy to discover, through the obscurity thrown over national character by the foul and dense vapours of this immoral state, how much real virtue there is in the hearts of the people. This only appears in all its beauty and all its force on extraordinary and trying occasions; for, like the undertow that flows silently but strongly back towards the deep centre of the sea, it is not affected by the shallow currents that glide upon the surface, nor by the blasts and storms that raise the billows and the foam there. Although this be true, yet it is also true that this very power, without which nations are nothing, comes too late into action, or cannot make head against the weight and odds of its enemies. Nations appear, like individuals, to waste away by a kind of consumption. Their form remains, their external appearance changes but slightly, and all preserves the aspect of vigour, until the warning comes too late, and nothing can retrieve the neglect through which all principle has been gradually undermined. It was

so with Rome. The people gained the supremacy—they broke down the senate, and then the laws, and having reached this point, where a return to the control or the impulse of virtue or good government is impossible, or nearly so, they quietly sank and died in the arms of despotism. It will not be asserted that there was no love of country in Rome—or that a large body of the best and purest men could not be found; and yet the majority were so corrupt as to be beyond all preservation. So that nations can lose their moral sense as well as individuals; and all will agree with Cicero, in his quotation of a line from a poet—"Moribus antiquis res stat Romana virisque;" and that when a people desert the elements on which they have founded their constitution, their ruin is inevitable.

Our situation differs, however, from that of Rome in this. We have principles to guide and correct us, and to which we can return in times of danger. Rome had none. There was no constitutional code of rights to which they could appeal. They were only able to conjecture as to what was best—to throw the lead along the shore of wisdom, and sound its depths as they went along—without a chart or a pilot, or any thing but the unsteady gleams of their own reason, by which to make their course; and with them the only safety consisted in keeping always in view the stern pride and haughty dignity—the severe and chastened love of liberty which belonged to the founders of the republic. They had every reason to look back, and endeavour, by present conduct, to preserve the glory of their past—to be ever polishing the old armour of thought, and keeping it bright with the lustre of new fame, and saving it from the rust and tarnish of time and neglect, and their innovations and corruptions. Our safety turns upon the same point. It rests on our maintenance of the principles with which we started; and our observing, with scorn and horror, all these mushroom doctrines that come up, like the haggard forms of air that startled Macbeth, and lead nations to their ruin, by offering the stimulus of novelty and change, by breaking up the dominion of established modes of thought and action, and troubling men's minds with new hopes; by producing that unsettled condition of suspense and doubt, that makes men timid and desperate, and haunts them with the notion that all heretofore is folly, all hereafter will be wisdom.

ART. IV.—1. *Executive Messages, Reports from the Department of War, and Reports of the Committees of the House of Representatives since 1790, relative to the Academy.* Congressional Documents.

2. *Reports of the last fifteen Boards of Visitors of the Academy.* Ibid.

3. *Letter to the Hon. Mr. —, M. C., in Reply to his Strictures on the Graduates of the Military Academy.* By a GRADUATE, late an officer in the United States Army. New York: 1836.

4. *Report of the Select Committee (Hon. F. O. J. Smith, of Maine, chairman) of the House of Representatives, to which the subject of the Military Academy at West Point had been referred; March 1, 1837.* Congres. Doc. 24th Cong. 2d session.

5. *Remarks on the Report to the House of Representatives of the Select Committee of Nine, appointed to investigate the condition of the United States Military Academy at West Point.* Pamph. June, 1837.

Most of the nations of modern times, advanced in the arts which grow out of a high state of civilization, have found it necessary to cultivate the science of war. Warlike communities have sometimes fostered the diffusion of military knowledge among their members, with the ultimate end in view of conquest and territorial aggrandisement, but these instances are as rare on the historic page, as the objects sought to be attained were unworthy. For the most part, self-preservation has been the principle which has governed them in the cultivation of this species of knowledge. This principle seems to be as just, when applied to a nation, as it is in the case of an individual who prepares himself by study and reflection, not only to know, but to maintain his civil rights, in the mode recognised by the laws of his country. It is too late in the day to deny that war, in the abstract, is a scourge; but it is equally well settled by the common sense of mankind, that it is the only resource for the prevention of greater evils to the human family. Pacific, then, as the policy of a nation may be, its best interests, even its very existence, require that it should be enabled, on the most unexpected emergency, to assume a formidable hostile attitude. We are aware that we are now giving utterance to what many would call truisms, but in these days of disputation and political conflict, no one can hope to be fairly interpreted, or free from the risk of cavil at the threshold, unless his discussion upon any given topic is *ab ovo usque ad mala*. It is the peculiar characteristic of the American people, especially upon all subjects of

national concern, in which the question is whether this or that thing shall or shall not be, to require a recurrence to elementary principles. Does any one on the floor of congress assert a fact, deduced from the history of the past or the present, or from general experience? Fortunate indeed is the utterer, if forthwith he meet not with a flat denial. He cannot hope to be listened to with patience, much less that conviction in others will be the fruit of his labours, unless he array both history and experience in support of his assertions. Perhaps this trait is not censurable, but, on the contrary, is useful, especially in its practical effects. Where each citizen reasons for himself, in a country in whose government he is a participator as well as its subject, and where, of necessity, the source of individual information is as various as its many possessors, he cannot be satisfied until the whole truth is made manifest; and that never can be, unless he begins with the beginning. With him it may truly be said, *Αρχή ημῶν παντός*. We advert to this, because we are anxious to invoke this spirit of enquiry, free from party feelings or accidental prejudices, in reference to the interesting institution whose name is at the head of this article. In its infancy, it elicited neither the praises nor the dislikes of the country, but it struggled into existence, by aid of the efforts of a few of the wisest and best men known to our land, yet in the midst of the absolute indifference of the many. But now that it has become an important feature in the policy of the government; now that it has acquired an extended reputation at home as well as abroad; and now that its influence, by means of its graduates, is seen and felt in the military and civil walks of life, the hitherto torpid feelings of the people have become awakened to a contemplation of its rise, progress, and history. It has become a theme, at least among some portions of our western brethren, in political contests; it has furnished a topic of discussion on the floors of the legislative halls; constitution mongers have argued the subject pro and con; several states, through their legislatures, by resolution, have recommended their peculiar views to the consideration of the people and their representatives in congress; and the public eye, as if it has just opened upon the spectacle of a national institution annually sending forth its "half hundred" graduates, imbued with an excellent military and general education imparted at the expense of the nation, has become intensely fixed upon its present condition and future growth. Hence the people have divided themselves into two parties, in their opinions on the subject. The first, and by far the largest, entertain a most decided judgment in its favour, and the second an equally determined feeling against it. For ourselves, having surveyed the subject in all its bearings, theoretically and practically, with the aid of a personal exa-

mination, with all that was necessary for that purpose at our command, and with full time and opportunity for an observation of all its features in detail, we rank with those who, by a sense of justice, feel themselves compelled to raise the voice of approbation. It may safely be conceded that in this utilitarian country of ours, public establishments of doubtful value, or, at best, depending upon theories and doctrines derived from the experience of other nations, existing under circumstances of a different character from those which surround us, should not meet with encouragement. Nor is it to be denied that a rigid and wholesome economy forbids the maintenance of institutions which do not at an early period repay the nation, by the possession of a solid advantage, as an equivalent for the necessary disbursement. Admitting these to the fullest extent to be leading principles of the political creed, we are free to assert, that they have been and are unassailed in the slightest degree, by the organization, support, and practical results of the Military Academy; and further, we think we incur no risk in saying, that every unprejudiced man, who will take up the subject and carefully examine it for himself, regardless of all local feeling or idle political declamation, will arrive at the same opinion. As to the motives and causes which have led to a scattering opposition to the institution, and to a partial desire, if not wholly to annihilate it, at least to remodel it upon a much narrower and more limited scale, and thereby, we think, to destroy its real value to the country, we shall have occasion to advert to, and explain them satisfactorily: let it suffice for the present to glance at as many of the historical facts as are necessary to cause the subject to be fairly understood.

The United States Military Academy was not founded in mere servile imitation of similar schools of the old world, although they may be referred to as evidence of the experience of the governments which created, and the necessity which required them. We know that the youth of Greece and Rome were trained to the theory of war before they were sent to participate in its active scenes. In more modern days, after a long lapse of time, in which war had been neglected as a science, and disaster and disgrace had ensued to her arms, France set the example of organizing military schools, and their utility was soon felt under Louis XIV. and the princes of the house of Nassau. Down to the present day, with a few slight interruptions, caused by internal revolution, she has steadily pursued a constant policy in this respect, and the establishments at Brienne, of Metz, the Polytechnic, of St. Cyr, at Saumur and at Paris, have mainly contributed to her great military efficiency and renown. The immediate effect of this has been to place France foremost on the list of nations in the art of war, which is founded on a

thorough knowledge of the exact and physical sciences. Can there be better proof of this than the facts? In military engineering, whether of permanent or field fortifications or mines, artillery tactics, gunnery, and military pyrotechny, she has given lessons to the civilized world. Most of the books in some of these branches, and especially in the important one of artillery, now used in the most powerful nations of Europe, as well as on this side of the Atlantic, are either in the original French, or are composed of notes translated from that language. The skill of her engineers has earned them the distinguishing title of *Corps du Génie*; and in all the sciences appertaining to the art of war, her literature has been the storehouse from which her contemporaries have drawn their most useful military knowledge. Nor is it in books or in theory alone in which she has stood unrivalled. The history of the last forty years tells what she has accomplished in the field. A single nation—yet by the aid of extensive knowledge and consummate skill—she wielded her armies with gigantic strength and powerful success against all the nations of Europe and brought them to her feet, till internal discontent and the boundless ambition of a leader called forth such myriads in arms, that defeat was as much the inevitable result as if the conflict had been with the elements themselves. It is true that several of Napoleon's generals were from the ranks. But they rose by dint of an acquisition of military knowledge, the means of which were at hand, and what is of more consequence, the military schools were continually pouring into the mass of the army well-educated officers, in all its departments. It matters not that the cause in which France was engaged during portions of her history was an unholy one. The abuse of her military power, derived from the causes stated, may have been unjustifiable, but none will deny that had she used it in self-defence, its legitimate purpose would have made still more prominent the soundness of her laws providing for military instruction. Russia, Sweden, and even the small Swiss cantons, have their schools; and, finally, England, after disaster had afforded its bitter lessons, the results of the ignorance of its officers, imitate the example of her predecessors, and the Woolwich Academy and the Royal Military College at Sandhurst were brought into existence. The struggles of the English in the Spanish and Portuguese campaigns exhibited to the government the want of a more complete organization of her schools, and the dearth of competent subaltern officers was so severely felt as to compel the adoption of a more strict and more extensive course of her instruction. Her military academies are now conducted with great success, and have earned a high reputation. That all these nations have reaped a rich harvest of benefit from the offspring of the

policy which they have thus pursued, it is in vain to deny. The despotic sway of necessity, to which the human mind bends as a reed, compelled such establishments, and we know of no instances in which they have not, more or less, according to the grade of their perfectibility, justified the wisdom and realised the most sanguine expectations of their founders.

In addition to this, it is to be remembered that those to whose lot it has fallen to command armies, and who have been distinguished by the skill, valour, and success with which they have wielded the arms of their country have, almost without an exception, recommended and strenuously advocated a national provision for sound military tuition, as the *appui* of the mass. Whether they have become expert through the means of early lessons and long-continued practice, or whether, their primary learning and discipline being unknown, they have been the few instances in which, meteor-like, they have sprung forth before the gaze of an astonished world, presenting a combination of genius, prudence, and courage, and with power to conceive equal to their ability successfully to execute, they have concurred in one opinion. The warmest supporters of military schools have been found in a Frederick the Great and a Napoleon, in which they but followed in the footsteps of the celebrated engineer, Vauban. In later days, a Washington, a Wellington, and a Jackson had occasion to deplore the consequences of ignorance and insubordination ; and, persuaded by the practical demonstration of facts, they encouraged the establishment of this, the only remedy. Indeed, without depending upon either sayings or doings emanating from high authority, it would seem to be a wholly useless task to prove that which is apparent from the nature of things. The gods themselves do not fight against necessity, says the Greek proverb ; its force is resistless. *Argilla quidvis imitaberis udâ*. But to suppose, as a general rule, that untaught and undisciplined officers, however indomitable may be their native courage and ardent their patriotism, can ever direct the masses of our armies, and construct or destroy, attack or defend fortifications against a foe, under the guidance of able, knowing, and practised officers, is as great an absurdity as if it were said that a mere landsman could, for the first time, walk the deck of a ship of war, and conduct her in triumph through an engagement with an enemy of equal force, and managed with the most admirable tactical skill. *On ne cherche point à prouver la lumière*, as the proverb goes ; but let us take the simple case of a field fortification, and reason on it for a moment. A citizen in the walks of civil life is suddenly summoned, by the trumpet of an invading army, to quit his peaceful habits and pursuits. His fellow-citizens, like him, have put on the armour of war for the occasion, in defence of

their altars and their homes, and, by some portion of them assembled at the spot most in danger, he is selected as their chief. Untutored as he is, it strikes his mind, and justly, too, that recourse must be had to some adventitious aid to his troops, as an obstacle to the approach of the enemy. Every one knows that ramparts of earth and stone may be thrown up for the protection of the assailed against the advance and fire of the assailants, while the latter are exposed in the plain. This is done as best he may, and his artillery is mounted on the parapets. But he knows nothing of *advanced parts, retired parts, salients, re-enterings, flanked dispositions, faces, curtains, angles of defence* and *dead angles*, and most probably has constructed a single straight line of intrenchment, or if with angles, in such way as to present faces without the protection of flanked dispositions. The skilful enemy approach, storm the works, get into the ditch, where they are comparatively safe, for no gun can be brought to bear upon them, and they are victorious, though the assailed only yield perhaps after a murderous carnage, and the most gallant and determined resistance. How different, in all probability the result, had an educated soldier constructed the fortification? By means of his flanked dispositions, that which in the other case proved the immediate prelude to the victory of the enemy, the occupation of the ditch, would in this ensure his destruction. Who can tell the effect of the loss of this post? The invader obtains a *point d'appui*; the invaded are perhaps disheartened; or a whole district is given up to fire, sword, and rapine. But well can we realise the consequences of the defeat of the *invaders*, who are thus taught that they have to cope with a strong and skilful antagonist. The worth of the victory over the assailants, then, compensates a hundred fold for the money and the time bestowed in the education of that single officer whose skill leads to such a happy conclusion of the contest. We have thus stated one case out of a thousand which may be imagined in support of our views; we may have occasion to enquire whether the illustration is borne out in point of fact in the history of our own country, as well as in that of others.

But although all these facts tend to prove the general proposition, that any government acts wisely in providing the only materials which are initiative of success in time of need—military knowledge, discipline, and habit—it is true, as we have said, that the United States Military Academy was neither established by force of necessities precisely similar to those which led to the foundation of its predecessors in other countries, nor upon the models furnished by them. The territories of the nations of Europe and the most civilized part of Asia lie adjacent, in succession to each other, and the population is, in most

of them, dense. The variety of their conflicting interests, and their entangling alliances; the close watch that each is obliged to maintain, not only over her contiguous but more remote rival; the preservation of the balances of power and of trade; and, by far not the most unimportant, the fear of popular revolt—

“The dangerous mine on which a *king* doth sleep”—

all serve to create the necessity and the consequent existence of large standing armies. From this proceed two results. In the first place, the latter have no occasion for officers instructed in *all* the branches of military science, for as each department is large, is constantly kept up, and distinct from any other, military instruction is bestowed in the higher schools according to the destined service of the scholar. Again, the mass of the standing army is composed of men who are enlisted for periods of years, who serve long together, who are not a citizen soldiery called into the field only upon sudden emergencies, raw and undisciplined, and who, therefore, making arms their whole profession, are trained to the duties of the particular branch of the service in which they are placed. But a different state of things has existed in the United States from the beginning, and, in all reasonable probability, will continue to exist so long as the integrity of the Union remains inviolate. The early colonists had to contend with the savage, and, even while engaged in taming the uncultivated soil for the purposes of subsistence, carried with them their defensive weapons to resist anticipated predatory attack. This was the case even in the colony settled under the peaceful policy of Penn.¹ The red man struggled against the “pale faces” for the possession of his native soil—for his hunting grounds, and the graves of his fathers—with obstinate courage and determination, until the superior force and discipline of his enemies compelled him, inch by inch, to yield up the spoil, and, from that time to this, to turn his face towards the setting sun to look for his home. These struggles, interrupted, it is true, by occasional intervals of quiet, continued up to the revolution. During a portion of this time, too, the wars of the English and French were raging with fury, whose bloody theatre, and whose coveted prize, was the country within the limits of the Gulf of Mexico and the St. Lawrence, the Atlantic and the Mississippi. In these fierce contests, the colonists, of necessity, participated. When the revolution came, and its eight years’ war continued, the whole population were imbued with a military spirit, and, more or less, were made familiar with military experience. But when

¹ Vide Loskiel’s History of Moravian Missions.

the independence of the country was secured and acknowledged, and peace had spread the healing shadow of her wings over the land, the soldier turned his sword into a reaping hook, and the military habit of the warrior was discarded for the no less honourable garb of the farmer. Warlike spirit and military propensity among the *whole* people had, at that time, reached their utmost height, and thence dated their slow but certainly gradual decline. This followed from the necessity of circumstances. From the moment of its erection into an independent nation, the policy of the United States was settled. In relation to foreign nations, it was to be *pacific*—neither giving nor brooking insult, nor, from the nature of its situation, could any entangling alliances or interests, such as exist on the other side of the Atlantic, demand any other. The form and essence of the government, too, were popular, and, of course, the principles which predominated in its legislation were those of economy, and a dependence on the citizen soldiery for military purposes in case of invasion, as well as freedom from the risk of large standing armies. Hence, though a standing army could not altogether be dispensed with, it has uniformly been small, except in the second war with Great Britain. With the exception of that, and the Indian wars, there has been nothing since the revolution to foster and encourage a general military spirit, but, on the contrary, a strongly marked pacific policy, even to the maintenance of but a few regiments as a standing army, has tended to its gradual decline. As a proof of this, we may cite the present condition and want of efficiency of the *militia* of the United States as to discipline and general regulation. This decline in military knowledge was to be expected from such circumstances, and hence one of the original *necessities* (so different from that of other governments) for the erection of a military school, that there might always be provided, and kept in reserve, in the possession of a certain number of officers, a fund of knowledge, available for purposes of instruction, whenever occasion should require it. This is the *true basis* on which the institution of the United States Military Academy rests, and it is perfectly consistent with the fundamental principles of our whole government, as we shall presently take occasion to demonstrate.

The first official recommendation, under the federal government, of the adoption of a system of military instruction, is contained in a report of General Knox, then secretary of war, to President Washington, who communicated it to congress by special message on the 21st of January, 1790.¹ The plan submitted was much more limited than as it exists at the present day. Doubts were occasionally expressed as to the *constitutional*

¹ Am. State Papers, vol. i. p. 6, ed. 1832.

power of congress to establish a national academy, mingled with acknowledgments of its imperious necessity, until 1794, when an act was passed, according to its title, "for raising and organizing a corps of artillerists and engineers,"¹ and directing the secretary of war to provide, "at the public expense, the necessary books, instruments, and apparatus, for the use and benefit of the said corps." This is the germ from which the institution, a few years after, sprung into existence. By thus tracing it back to its source, its natural and legitimate *origin, purpose*, and its *consequent utility*, in comparison with similar schools of other nations, are easily understood. The whole subject is made manifest by the speech or annual message of President Washington to congress, of December 7, 1796,² and the address of the senate to him, of December 12, 1796.³ President Washington says:—

"The institution of a military academy is also recommended by cogent reasons. However *pacific the general policy* of a nation may be, it ought never to be without an *adequate stock* of military knowledge *for emergencies*. The first would impair the energy of its character, and both would hazard its safety, or expose it to greater evils when war could not be avoided."

And the senate reply :

"A military academy may be likewise rendered equally important. To aid and direct the physical force of the nation, by cherishing a military spirit, enforcing a proper sense of discipline, and inculcating a scientific system of tactics, is consonant to the soundest maxims of public policy. *Connected with, and supported by, such an establishment*, a well regulated MILITIA, *constituting the natural defence of the country*, would prove the most effectual, as well as *economical, preservative of peace*."

We have thus referred to the principles which were the precursors of the establishment of the military academy, with a view to enable us presently to understand with facility, and more effectually to combat and confute, the objections which are now occasionally urged against it. To this end, a brief review of the progressive history of the school, and of the reasons and causes which led to successive legislation in its favour, will not be found unattractive. In 1798,⁴ an act supplementary to that of 1794 was passed, providing for an additional regiment of artillerists and engineers, but with no further provision to that already made for instruction. The secretary of war, in a letter, dated June 28th, 1798, to the chairman of the committee of defence,⁵ exposes the evils of the existing state of things in the following language:—

¹ Act May 9, 1794, ch. 24.

² For. Rel. vol. 3, p. 31.

³ 3 For. Rel. 32.

⁴ Act of 27th April, 1798, ch. 50.

⁵ Am. State Papers, vol. i. Military Affairs, 128, ed. 1832.

"The secretary, without designing to derogate from the merits of the officers appointed to the corps established by the acts cited, feels it his duty to suggest that other and supplementary means of instruction to the books and instruments to be provided, appear to be absolutely indispensable to enable them to acquire a due degree of knowledge in the objects of their corps. It is certain that the best faculties and inclinations for the arts and sciences cannot be unfolded and applied to useful purposes, when proper encouragement and assistance have been denied or neglected. The knowledge of certain arts and sciences is absolutely necessary to the artillerist and engineer; such are arithmetic, geometry, mechanics, hydraulics, and designing."

In 1800,¹ the secretary of war, Mr. McHenry, submitted to congress, through President Adams, a plan for the regular establishment of an academy, of which the latter spoke in his message as "containing matters in which the honour and safety of the nation are deeply involved." We cannot refrain from making the following extracts from the communications of the secretary during that year, as they evince that those who may be considered as having been the immediate fathers of the institution, looked upon it as a *provision for an auxiliary or aid to the militia defence of the country*. It will be our business, hereafter, to see if the principle of its foundation has been departed from in practice. In submitting the plan, the secretary says:—

"Since, however, it seems to be agreed, that we are not to keep on foot numerous forces—and it would be impossible, on a sudden, to extend, to every essential point, our fortifications—military science, in its various branches, ought to be cultivated with peculiar care, in proper nurseries; so that a sufficient stock may always exist, ready to be imparted and diffused to any extent, and a competent number of persons be prepared and qualified to act as engineers, and others as instructors, to additional troops, which events may successively require to be raised. This will be to substitute the elements of an army to the thing itself, and will greatly tend to enable the government to dispense with a large body of standing forces from the facility which it will give of procuring officers, and forming soldiers promptly in all emergencies. . . . To avoid great evils, we must either have a respectable force always ready for service, or the means of preparing such a force with certainty and expedition. The latter, as most agreeable to the genius of our government and nation, is the subject of the following propositions."

Again, the secretary, in another communication,² urges:—

"Practically considered, may we not as well calculate to be commodiously lodged, and have the science of building improved, by employing every man in the community in the construction of houses, and by exploding from society, as useless, architects, masons, and carpenters, as expect to be defended efficiently from an invading army, by causing every citizen to endeavour to make himself master of the several branches of the art of war, and excluding engineers, scientific officers, and regular troops.

¹ Jan. 14, 1800, Am. St. Papers.

² Jan. 31, 1800, Am. St. Papers.

"The art of war, which gives to a small force the faculty to combat, with advantage, superior numbers indifferently instructed, is subjected to mechanical, geometrical, moral, and physical rules; it calls for profound study; its theory is immense; its details infinite; and its principles rendered useful only by a happy adaptation of them to all the circumstances of place and ground, variously combined, to which they may be applicable. *Is it possible for an officer of militia to obtain a competent knowledge of these things in the short space his usual avocations will permit him to devote to their acquisition?*"

The plan recommended by the secretary was not adopted without amendment. He recommended five schools, viz: the fundamental, of engineers and artillerists, of cavalry and infantry, and of the navy. His reasons were, "that the entire union of the officers, artillerists, and engineers, in one corps, is not advisable. The art of fortification, and the service of artillery, though touching each other in many points, are, in the main, distinct branches, and each so comprehensive that their separation is essential to perfection in either. This has been ascertained by long experience. Such a union was once attempted in France: according to an ordinance of the 8th December, 1755, the artillery and engineer corps of that nation, which had been separate, were combined into one. The experiment was, however, of short duration. In 1758, the engineer corps was disjoined from the corps of artillery, and called, as before, the corps of engineers; since which time these corps have remained separate."

Two years elapsed before congress acted finally on the subject, and, in their eventual legislation on the recommendation, we think time and experience have demonstrated that they did wisely in disapproving of the plan of the secretary just stated, by refusing to provide separate schools for the different branches enumerated by him.

The veteran Baron Steuben, inspector general of the army, in a letter to the inhabitants of the United States, said, in reference to the establishment of a militia:—

"Upon a review of all the military of Europe, there does not appear to be a single form which could be safely adopted by the United States. They are unexceptionably different from each other; and, like all other human institutions, seem to have started as much out of accident as design. The local situation of the country, the spirit of the government, the character of the nation, and, in many instances, the character of the prince, have all had their influence in settling the foundation and discipline of their respective troops, and render it impossible that we should take either as a model."

But especially in reference to a military school for the United States, a few considerations strike us as demonstrative of the sound policy which designated the plan adopted. The nation has a very small standing army, and the number of officers is

in proportion. Yet the country has an immense seaboard, northern, southern, and inland frontier, where hostilities must first, if they ever will, ensue. Immense fortifications have been, and are yet to be, erected, as occasion may demand, scattered over an extensive space of territory. The charge of any one of those already constructed, and the design of any one of those yet to be formed, may fall to the lot of any officer of the army. That army being exceedingly small, he can never rely on a permanent, distinct, and separate command or service. At one time his station may be at a seacoast garrison, where the art of gunnery may claim his especial skill; a few months after, he may be traversing, with a detachment, the western wilderness, and building temporary forts or bridges. To say nothing of the duty which may be required of him by the government, in the survey of coasts, harbours, and rivers, and the construction of all the artificial aids to commerce, such as breakwaters, light-houses, and roads, but in reference to field military service strictly, he is liable, at any time, to be called on to fill the station either of an engineer, artillery, infantry, or cavalry officer. The fact is before our eyes, when we see a portion of the *marine corps* actually serving in the south a protracted and arduous campaign against a single Indian tribe, whose perseverance and hatred for a long time have baffled the best military dispositions in the power of the war department. What then is the species of knowledge that each officer should possess under such circumstances? Should it not be as various as the positions in which he may be placed? Should he be merely perfect in one branch, and ignorant of all the others? If the latter, the greater evils, which consist in the expense and risk of a larger standing army, are incurred, and officers of less valuable theoretic and practical intelligence will be found in command. For these reasons, we think that the plan of instruction as finally adopted for the academy (as distinguished from Secretary McHenry's), was the best suited to our circumstances as a nation.

By the act of the 16th of March, 1802¹, the *Military Academy of the United States* obtained life and being, on a diminutive scale it is true, but sufficiently large to enable the experiment to be tried. By that act, the president was authorized to organize a corps of engineers, to consist of one principal, or superintendent, six assistant engineers, and *ten* cadets, and to make certain promotions with a view to *merit*, but without regard to rank. It was provided that the corps should be stationed at West Point, on the Hudson river, the military post of the revolution—famous in our history as being the object of

¹ Ch. 9.

the Arnold and Andre conspiracy—of which the United States had become the owner by purchase in 1790,¹ it having been merely occupied, by force of the martial law, during the war of independence. The corps was further rendered liable to be called into actual service, and the whole course of instruction and police was placed under the supervision of the secretary of war, but subject to the direction of the president. By act of 1803,² provision was made for the appointment of teachers of French and drawing, artificers, and eighteen men to aid in making practical experiments.

These are all the important details which illustrate the original foundation of the institution. It first came under the superintendence of General Jonathan Williams of the engineer corps, whose known ability and zeal had been for a long time engaged in urging the legal institution of a national school. This officer had, at an early period, insisted on the value to the country of skilful officers, and the fate of a son who was educated at the academy, during the time of his superintendence, is a melancholy but striking instance that its graduates have been distinguished on the battle field. That son graduated in 1810, in 1813 attained the rank of captain of artillery, and, in 1814, was killed in the tremendous assault by the British on Fort Erie in Upper Canada, dying, as he had lived, a gallant and accomplished soldier—in himself an illustration of the excellent tendency of the institution for whose welfare his father had so ardently struggled.

No further change took place till 1808. President Jefferson, in a message to congress, then said:—

“The scale on which the military academy at West Point was originally established, is become *too limited* to furnish the number of well instructed subjects in the different branches of artillery and engineering which the public service calls for. The want of such characters is already sensibly felt, and will be increased with the enlargement of our plans of military preparation. The chief engineer having been instructed to consider the subject, and to propose an *augmentation* which might render the establishment commensurate with the present circumstances of our country, has made the report which I now transmit for the consideration of congress.”

An act was passed on the 12th of April of the same year, adding one hundred and fifty-six cadets to the army, distributing them among its different corps. But the greatest and most effective change in the institution took place in 1812. President Madison doubtless saw the speck of war in the political horizon, growing out of the acts of the British government. In his annual messages of 1810 and 1811, he recommended the academy to the fostering care of congress. In the first, his lan-

¹ Act of July 5, 1790, ch. 53.

² Act of February 28, 1803, ch. 66.

guage is :—" principally with a view to a more enlarged cultivation and diffusion of the advantages of such institutions, by providing professorships for all the necessary branches of military instruction ; and by the establishment of an additional academy at the seat of government or elsewhere." And, in the latter, he adverted to the hostile spirit and acts of the British cabinet, " in trampling on rights which no independent nation can relinquish ;" and the necessity " of putting the United States in an armour and attitude of war ;" adding, " nor can the occasion fail to remind you of the importance of those military seminaries which, *in every event*, will form a valuable and frugal part of our military establishment."

Accordingly, the act of April 29, 1812, was passed, providing for an addition to the corps of engineers ; for a company of bombadiers, sappers, and miners, to be formed and officered from that corps ; that the military academy should consist of that corps, and, in addition to the teachers of French and drawing, of a professor of natural and experimental philosophy, one of mathematics, and one of the art of engineering, with assistant professors, not to have a separate command in the army. It further extended the number of cadets to be appointed in the service to two hundred and fifty ; and provided that they should be attached, at the discretion of the president of the United States, as students, to the military academy ; and be subject to its established regulations ; be arranged into companies of non-commissioned officers and privates, and be officered from the corps, for the purposes of military instruction ; that the corps should be trained, and taught all the duties of a private, a non-commissioned officer, and officer ; be encamped at least three months in the year, and taught all the duties incident to a regular camp ; that the candidates for cadets should be not under the age of fourteen, nor above the age of twenty-one years ; that each cadet, previously to his appointment by the president, should be well versed in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and that he should sign articles, with the consent of his parent or guardian, by which he should engage to serve five years, unless sooner discharged ; and all such cadets to receive a certain pay. The act further provided that a cadet, upon receiving a degree, should be held as a candidate for an army commission in any corps, according to the duties he might be competent to perform ; and, in case of no vacancy, the president might attach him by brevet to such corps. Provision was further made for the necessary buildings, apparatus, library, and implements. This law, and the consequences flowing from it, present the subjects of conflict between the favourers and the opponents of the institution. But, for the present, let us pass on with its history.

After the war, which, as we have seen, gave the impulse to legislative patronage in favor of the school, had ceased, and when the army had been reduced from the war force of upwards of fifty thousand to the peace establishment of ten thousand, the administration, whether executive or legislative, deemed that the wants of the country required that there should be no corresponding reduction in the scope of the academy or number of its members. Indeed, President Madison thought that true policy demanded still further favourable legislation. In his message of December 15, 1815, he holds this language:—"I recommend, also, an *enlargement of the military academy already established*, and the establishment of others in other sections of the Union." Beyond a doubt, Mr. Madison, in the progress of the war, through which the country had passed during his administration, had deplored—for he had severely felt, in common with the whole people over whom he had been called to preside—the disgraces and disasters that had fallen on our arms by land on several occasions, as the necessary consequence of the want of skilful subaltern officers. To prevent this deficiency in case of another war, was most probably his object, and he felt it a duty to warn the country against shutting out the light of experience.

We have now detailed the essential principle and design of the academy. The plan and regulations, however, of the war department, under the general provisions of the law, did not practically carry into effect all the intentions of its founders, and complaint was made to the proper authorities. By a report¹ from the engineer department, several important facts were brought to light. They are thus stated:—

"The military academy may be considered as having been in its infancy until about the close of 1817, or beginning of 1818, prior to which there was but little system or regularity. Cadets were admitted without examination, and without the least regard to their age or qualifications, as required by the law of 1812. Hence the institution was filled with students more or less unfit for their situations. In 1817, at which time the present superintendent took charge of the academy, there were two hundred and thirteen cadets, of whom one hundred and three have resigned or been discharged. Of the one hundred and seventy-nine on that list, one hundred and twenty-two left the academy in consequence of being deficient in their studies, and nine were dismissed or compelled to resign in consequence of bad conduct."

In an official paper (1819²) of General Bernard and Colonel McRee, of the engineer corps, it is stated that, prior to 1817, "the elementary school at West Point has been inferior as such, and altogether inadequate to the objects for which it was established. If any [cadets] have been so fortunate as to render

¹ 2d vol. Mil. Affairs, p. 381.

² Ho. Doc. 115, p. 7. 2d ses. 15th Con.

themselves serviceable either in the artillery or engineers, the cause must be sought for in their own industry, and not in the education received by them at West Point, which was barely sufficient to excite a desire for military enquiries and of military pursuits. *A project has, however, been presented, calculated to place this school upon the footing of the MOST PERFECT OF THE KIND THAT EXISTS.*" The project here referred to—and which, when subsequently tested, wrought a radical change—was that of the then superintendent, Major (now Colonel) Thayer, and is the plan of its present organization. It was finally matured, sanctioned by the president in 1822, and carried into the most successful effect by the officer just named, who continued in the superintendence until 1833, during which period of eleven years former evils were abolished; the practical results were in the highest degree beneficial to the army and the country; and the school obtained a reputation which did honour to its conductors and the nation. Up to the present day, no sensible change has been made in its plan or organization, except in some slight particulars which experience may have demonstrated, and thus fairly tried, during a space of fifteen years since it was brought to its present state, it is acknowledged by all competent judges as fully answering the ends of its establishment. It is further due to the subject to state that, since the time of President Madison, it has met with favour at the hands of every successive administration.

Such, in brief, is the history of the origin, conception, extent and growth of the institution. Up to July 1, 1837, there have been 940 graduates. The following tables are not without interest, as they exhibit their allotted services and destiny.

In the military service	400	Corps of engineers	59
Killed in battle	15	Topographical engineers	2
Died in service	120	Ordnance	18
Resigned ¹	351	Light artillery	43
Declined	5	Light dragoons	1
Disbanded	27	Dragoons	13
Dropped	9	Mounted rangers	5
Dismissed	13	Artillery	374
		Infantry	368
In the service, killed in battle,		Marines	5
died in service, and dis-		Rifle	1
banded	562	Civil service	1
Resigned, declined, dropped,		Graduates of 1837 (service un-	
and dismissed	378	known)	50

The academy is situate on a high point of land on the west bank of the Hudson, about fifty-five miles from New York,

¹ Of this number it is to be observed that a very large proportion were in the service from five to fifteen years before they resigned; many of them served through the whole of "the late war."

containing about fourteen hundred acres, and bounded by the river and mountains. The country around abounds with the remains of no less than forty redoubts and forts erected during the revolution; and the summit of the mountain overlooking the plain, on which are the academic buildings, is crowned with the ruins of the celebrated Fort Putnam,¹ which was commenced before, but not finished till after the revolution. On a large and beautiful plain, devoted to military exercises, are the academic buildings, consisting of the halls of instruction of the different professors, libraries, depositories of the philosophical apparatus, the staff offices, cadets' barracks, chapel, mess hall, hospital, gun and storehouses, laboratory, &c. Surrounding the *campus*, and near to what may be termed the esplanade of the place, are the officers' and professors' quarters, a fine hotel, built by the government for the accommodation of visitors, subject to the post orders, and the quarters of the musicians, privates of the army, workmen, and servants. A more beautiful, convenient, or healthy location could hardly have been found. The library is well selected, the philosophical and chemical apparatus is admirable, but there is a deficiency of models in the engineering department, which is in course of gradual supply. An extensive geological and mineralogical cabinet has not as yet been formed, though measures have been taken in relation to this subject. Some of the buildings are not very well arranged, but amendment, in this particular, can only be gradually attained. The officers of the post are the military staff, consisting of the superintendent and commandant, post adjutant, quartermaster, paymaster, surgeon, and assistant surgeon. There are attached to the school a chaplain and professor of ethics; a professor and assistants in engineering; a commandant of cadets, who is the instructor in tactics, and assistants; a professor and assistants in natural and experimental philosophy; a professor and assistants in mathematics; a teacher and assistants of French; an instructor and assistant of artillery practice, gunnery, pyrotechny, &c.; a professor and assistant in chemistry; a teacher of sword exercise; and an officer of the ordnance department acting as the military storekeeper. The academic staff excludes most of the military staff of the post, some of the assistant instructors of the lower grades, and the officer of ordnance. Its province is to designate the class books, maps, models, and apparatus; to examine the cadets, decide on their relative merit, grant diplomas, and recommend for promotion, and generally to supervise the system of instruction. A board of visitors, of not less than five persons, are

¹ Called after Colonel Putnam, the engineer of the work, and not after "Old Put," as Gen. Putnam of the revolution was familiarly styled.

annually appointed by the secretary of war, who attend during the general examination in June, to ascertain the improvement of the cadets, examine into the police, discipline, and general management, and who report to the war department. The academic year begins about the middle of June, at the close of the annual examination. All candidates selected by the war department report at this time, are examined, and must be able to read and write well, understand the four ground rules of arithmetic, of reduction, simple and compound proportion, and the fractions. No cadet is admitted who is below five feet nine inches in height, or has any physical disqualification. The cadet does not receive his warrant until he has satisfactorily passed an examination in the succeeding January, and his conduct has been approved. The whole number of cadets may not exceed two hundred and sixty. For military purposes, they form a battalion of four companies, under the charge of the commandant of the corps, aided by his assistants; and the companies are officered by cadets, holding rank according to their classes, and selected for their peculiar merit. The following synopsis exhibits the whole course of instruction at a glance:—

		Text Books.
1. <i>Engineering</i> , including Field and permanent Fortification	Science of war	} Mahan's ¹ Fortification.
	Civil engineering	
2. <i>Ethics</i> ,	Moral philosophy	} Mahan's Civil Engineering
	Rhetoric	
	Laws of nations	} Paley's Moral Philosophy.
	Constitution of the U. S.	
3. <i>Infantry tactics</i> ,	The schools, &c.	} Blair's Rhetoric.
4. <i>Artillery</i> ,	Material and personal	
	Exercise and manœuvres	} Kent's Lectures.
	Gunnery	
	Pyrotechny (practically)	} Bayard's Exposition.
5. <i>Mineralogy and geology</i> ,		
6. <i>Natural and experimental philosophy</i> ,	Statics	} U. States' Regulations.
	Dynamics	
	Hydrostatics	} Lallemand's Treatise,
	Hydrodynamics	
	Electricity	} U. States' Regulations.
	Galvanism	
	Magnetism	} Kinsley's ² Notes.
	Electro-magnetism	
	Light	} Blackwell's Geology.
	Astronomy	
		} Cleveland's Mineralogy.
		} Courtenay's Boucharlat's
		} Traité de Mécanique.
		} Roget's Electricity.
		} Brewster's Optics.
		} Gummere's Astronomy.

¹ Dennis H. Mahan, Esq., graduated at the military academy in 1824, and now holds the professorship of engineering. His works are among the best text books on the subjects treated of, in this or any other language.

² Captain Kinsley graduated at the military academy in 1819. He subsequently obtained permission of the French minister of war to attend the school at Metz. His "Notes" combine all the valuable points of instruction of that celebrated school in the important departments to which they are devoted.

		Text Books.
7. Chemistry,	Philosophy and applications	Turner's Treatise.
8. Mathematics,	Fluxions	} Professor Davies' Works.
	Geometry, all branches	
	Shades and shadows	
	Mensuration	
	Trigonometry	
	Algebra	} Berard's Grammar and Lecons.
9. Drawing,	Landscape	
	Topography	
	Human figure	
10. French Language,		} Gil Blas, le tome prem.
11. Sword exercise.		

This extensive course of instruction is arranged so as to occupy four years. The cadets form four classes ; those who are in the first year form the fourth class, those in the second the third class, those in the third the second class, and those in the fourth the first class. Distinct divisions of the subjects of study are allotted to each class, so that the graduate, by the fourth year, has conquered the whole of the branches. A system of *conduct* and *merit rolls* in every branch, finally combined into a general merit roll, has been devised with the greatest care, by which the relative superiority of one individual over the other, by a fixed standard of average, is ascertained. Thus, by the system, when a cadet has a number on the general conduct roll greater than two hundred of demerit for any one year, he is recommended by the academic board to the war department for discharge. No cadet can enter the army until after he has received a diploma. In general, the whole police and discipline, whether in relation to furlough, clothing, furniture, pay and accounts, conduct, or any of the *minutiæ* relative to personal, social, or military duties, intercourse, habits, and restraints, are managed by the operation of the most rigid rules. The battalion of cadets is encamped on the plain during the months of July and August; the remaining ten months are devoted to studies in the branches, recitations and examinations in the hall, and practice in the field. The hours of the day are thus occupied, viz.—*from dawn of day to sunrise*, reveille, roll-call, police, cleaning of arms, &c.; *from sunrise to seven A. M.*, study; *from seven to eight A. M.*, breakfast, guard mounting, recreation, class parade; *from eight A. M. to one P. M.*, recitation, study, lectures and drawing distributed among the classes; *from one to two P. M.*, dinner and recreation; *from two to four P. M.*, recitation, drawing and study; *from four P. M. to sunset*, military exercise, dress parade, recreation, roll-call; *the next half hour*, supper and to quarters; *from thence to half past nine P. M.*, study; *from half past nine to ten P. M.*, tattoo, extinguishment of lights, and inspection of

rooms; and thus conclude the labours of the day. We have been thus particular in describing the institution in detail for several reasons. Those of our countrymen who have not visited it, do not in general understand its organization, and are therefore either indifferent to its welfare, or are liable to be abused, in their notions on the subject, by political or personal feeling. In either case, injustice is done to the real interests of the country. We also have felt it desirable that these details should be made known, in order that the objections to the institution may be perfectly comprehended. Before we proceed to these, however, we must notice very briefly the documents and pamphlets whose titles precede this article.

On the executive messages, war department reports, and the reports of numerous committees of the representative body, it is unnecessary to dwell further than we have already done, except to remark the fact that they have, almost unanimously, concurred in the *constitutionality, expediency and necessity* of a national academy. Wherever fault has been pointed out, it has been traced rather to the *plan* than the *principle*, till, upon the reorganization of 1817—22, and since, with the exception of the report of the select committee of 1837, about to be noticed, its plan, administration, and results to the country, have elicited the most unqualified approbation and support.

The reports of the boards of visitors, in consequence of the nature of their duties, have been confined to the course of instruction, the improvement of the cadets, police, discipline and fiscal concerns, without considering the subject on a more enlarged scale. In looking over the names of the persons comprising these boards, we have been struck with the number of individuals known in this country as eminent in literature, the arts, and the sciences. In no single board has it happened, but that there were some individuals whose reputation was of such a character as to forbid the idea of their rendering false testimony as to the merits of the establishment. All the boards, (there having been none during the early portion of its existence,) as bodies, have united in praise of its management and the proficiency of its students, with the single exception of the minority of a single member of one of the boards, whose impartiality has been more than once attacked. It also seems that these boards have been composed of individuals of all political parties, and from all sections of the Union; and yet, whatever their previous prejudices or predilections, they have melted away and been converted into the strongest approbation in the crucibles of personal enquiry and conscientious judgment. We have been present at a general examination, preparatory to the graduation of the first class, in presence of the visitors, and it more than once occurred to us, that had the most bitter foe of the school

been there, we should have been enabled to say of him, before its termination, *artes honorabit*. The examination is public. The text books are in the hands of the visitors, and they are requested, in such manner as scarcely to admit of refusal, to select the subject upon which each cadet shall be examined, and at their option to conduct the examination themselves, so that no possibility of combination between the teachers and the cadets, or imposition as to the attainments of the latter, can exist. We have seen the cadet called on to discuss on the black-board one subject selected at random out of near a hundred in engineering, and another for general verbal explanation; and the same course of examination pursued with all the classes throughout all the branches. The results have been of the most gratifying character to the enquirer, and honourable to the academy; evincing that the minds of the students are trained to habits of thought and to comprehend *principles*, and that their acquisition of knowledge is not merely by rote. We venture however to suggest one improvement in the constitution of the board of visitors, and that is, that the secretary of war should appoint at least one third of the members of any given year for the succeeding year. The regulations (art. 15) prescribe their duty to be "the ascertainment of the *progress and improvement* of the cadets in the several branches," &c. It would seem to follow, that while the respective boards of each year are composed of entirely different members, as at present, no opportunity is afforded to the board, as an unit, to judge by comparison of the *progressive* improvement of the students. As it is, they can only judge by the general proficiency which is displayed, but of necessity it is not in their power to discriminate the shades of improvement, or realise the amount of information acquired during the year immediately preceding the general examination. As every possible objectionable feature should be removed, it would be well if this subject were recommended to the attention of the proper authorities.

The letter of a "Graduate, late an officer of the United States Army," to an honourable representative, in reply to certain strictures contained in a speech delivered by him in congress, and reported in the newspapers at Washington, in which great disparagement was most liberally bestowed on the academy and its graduates, is a powerful and eloquent production, deserving perusal by all who have an interest in the subject. The honourable member, with a feeling that governs, we trust, but a small portion of our western brethren in the formation of their opinions as to this establishment, took occasion, after the *ad captandum* fashion, most lustily to belabour all and every thing belonging to its concerns, management, or effects, but

particularly shot his arrow at the graduated pupils of the school, poisoning the barb with the assertion of their utter incompetency and worthlessness when called into service. The author of the letter thus introduces a well-reasoned and manly refutation of the charges made by the honourable member :—

“When one charged with the responsible duties of a legislator forgets the nature of the trust which he holds for the commonwealth, and, instead of consulting the common interest alone, endeavours to procure the enactment of laws of a purely local tendency, which, whilst they momentarily affect one portion of the country favourably, bear at the same time prejudicially upon others, and in the end become a permanent disadvantage to the whole—when one vested with the authority of a statesman narrows down his views to the attainment of some object of petty ambition, instead of following out an enlarged and liberal system of policy, ‘giving up to party what was meant for mankind’—when one clothed in the invulnerable armour of a representative of the people’s sovereignty becomes so lost to a proper sense of the dignified attitude in which he has been placed by his constituents, as under cover of the ægis of their majesty to let fly, with an irresistible and unsparing hand, the shafts of personal invective against individuals, or classes of his fellow-citizens, there is a point where neither the exercise of charity, which supposes honest motives in all, nor the forbearance to which even the prejudices of well-meaning ignorance are entitled, nor the respect of silence due to those whose power is thus abused and misdirected, can any longer be classed as virtues: and that point is, when wrong-headedness, the result at first of ignorance, is persevered in through sheer obstinacy, in spite of the weight of testimony of the most respectable and impartial witnesses against the errors and folly of such a course.”

The whole letter is an energetic appeal to the good sense and proper feeling of the community; we shall have an opportunity to quote from it again.

The Hon. F. O. J. Smith’s report, as the chairman of the select committee of the house, to which the subject of the academy had been referred, is an attack, *totis viribus*, on the present organization of the institution, and proposes a substitution of another in its stead. It denies, rather by implication, however, than by distinct assertion, the constitutional power of the general government to maintain *this* school; it boldly alleges that legislation and practice have perverted the purposes of the original founders; it seeks to establish that the internal administration is inefficient for the ends of sound military instruction, and that insubordination and incompetence exist; it charges that the “whole concern,” if we may be allowed the use of a significant vulgarism, is an extravagant waste of money upon a privileged class, selected through favouritism, whose members, it further alleges, have rarely rendered any real service to the country, and, in general, who never can compensate the public for the money and time bestowed in their favour by national patronage. We are not disposed to deny the author the credit of having displayed much research, great labour, and consider-

able ingenuity in the performance of the task to which he evidently applied himself *con amore*. But it is unfortunate for the soundness of the views of the report, in regard to the matter in hand, that the author throughout seems imbued with the *delenda est Carthago* sentiment; and, by seeking to prove too much, weakens the whole structure of his argument. He appears to have sat down as one to whom was allotted the particular side of a question at issue, and has gone on, in spite of the evidence, under a misapprehension caused by a mind too zealously bent upon the object to weigh dispassionately the means by which it is sought to be attained, to make out his case by all the aid of premises without proofs, and conclusions without premises. We are not to be understood as doubting the sincerity of the author. On the contrary, it is very clear that he reasons with perfect self-conviction. That he is utterly mistaken, however, we hope to make appear. But a certain prince of darkness is not half so black as he is painted, as we have been told, and there is scarce any public institution in whose favour so many good and wise men have expended so much labour, but in which there are at least *some* good points or qualities. Yet the author of the report seems to think "that the blackest black is not black enough," and therefore tilts with his lance against every idea that starts up in defence—in short is, *ab initio ad finem*, an indiscriminate contemner. This report and its reasoning shall not go without notice; but we pass from it for a moment, remarking, however, that the bill submitted by it proposes that all the laws in force relating to the subject be repealed, that the cadets be disbanded and dismissed, and that the secretary of war, under the direction of the president, shall organize a school of "application and practice" at West Point for the *improvement of the officers of the army* of the United States, in the several branches of the elementary and theoretic sciences involved in the art of war. To carry this out, it provides that a superintendent, aided by assistant subordinate officers, shall impart this instruction to the officers of the army, who are to repair to the school for a time not exceeding one year in three successive years, and in numbers not exceeding, at any one time, one third of the company officers in service. It further proposes the distinct feature, (which we have heretofore condemned,) that the instruction to be imparted to each officer shall have reference to the duties of the corps from which he may have been detailed, or for which he may be destined. The project then goes on to provide, (inasmuch as the proverb, "few die and none resign," maugre its common use, does not hold out in practice,) that all persons making application for appointment in the army shall previously, as they may, at *private schools*, have become qualified

in the elementary and theoretic sciences involved in the military art, to be tested by an annual examination of such applicants, who, if they pass it favourably, are then to enter the academy and undergo a course of application and practice with reference to the duties of particular corps. During that course, they are to be arranged according to proficiency, and are to be appointed to the army by the president in its respective branches of service, according to the recommendation of the secretary of war. This is a summary of the plan submitted; and the plan itself is a summary, as will readily be perceived, of the changes supposed to be practically sufficient to remove all the alleged objectionable features of the present organization of the academy. Its basis is, that what has been done for the diffusion of military knowledge by the government from the beginning is *all wrong*, and therefore it must begin *de novo*, in order, constitutionally and with a due regard to sound policy, to obtain the desired object.

"The Remarks" on the report of the select committee just noticed, is an anonymous publication of sixty-three pages, and is evidently the production of one who has given much attention to the subject. It takes up the positions of the report in order, both as to its facts and reasoning, as well as the plan it submits, and places in contra position, page for page, the grounds upon which the author contends that the present institution should be maintained.

Having thus presented a brief sketch of these documents and essays, we propose to extract the substance of them all, in doing which we think the merits of the whole controversy will be understood, and in relation to which we shall not hesitate to express our opinions freely, because the subject is of admitted importance in every point of view.

The most grave, because the most radical objection, if borne out, is that which relates to the alleged want of power in the federal government, under the constitution, to create a military academy. Constitutional questions, in this country, are as plenty as the fruit which the imaginative fat knight of Shakespeare used by way of illustration, when he refused to give his reasons upon compulsion. Indeed, it is a difficult matter to reflect upon any topic of general concern, in which either its friends or foes have not found a door, a window, or a crevice of the national compact, out of or in at which to creep. We do not know that this is to be found fault with, inasmuch as the natural tendency in practice, arising from sudden and unforeseen wants, is to a departure from the fixed principles of the contract between the states, whereby each locality, seeking an advantage, endeavours to obtain it at the expense of the good of the whole, and this meeting with opposition creates jealousies

and strife, only to be quelled and settled by a recurrence and submission to the original concessions and provisions of the parties in the beginning. The present question would seem to be the last in which the point of constitutionality could have been raised, and yet, in the history of the subject, it was the first. Congress having passed an act in 1792 for establishing a uniform militia throughout the United States, President Washington, in his message of December 3, 1793, adverts to it by saying, that "it is an enquiry which cannot be too solemnly presented, whether a material feature in an improvement of it ought not to be, to afford an opportunity for the study of those branches of the military art which can scarcely ever be attained by practice alone." In Jefferson's *Anas* is the following passage, explanatory of the debates in the cabinet, preparatory to that message :—

"November 28, 1793. Met at the president's, *** Randolph had prepared a draught of the speech. The clause recommending fortifications was left out, but that for a *military academy* was inserted. *I opposed it, as unauthorized by the constitution.* Hamilton and Knox approved it without discussion. Randolph was for it, saying that the words of the constitution authorizing congress to lay taxes, &c., *for the common defence*, might comprehend it. The president said he would not choose to recommend any thing against the constitution, but if it were *doubtful*, he was so impressed with the necessity of the measure that he would report it to congress, and let them decide for themselves whether the constitution authorized it or not. It was therefore left in."—*Jefferson's Memoirs, Correspondence, &c.* vol. iv. p. 499.

It further appears, by a report of a committee of the house of representatives of the 24th of March, 1794,¹ that doubts were entertained in that body. They say :—"That they are impressed with the importance of *a more energetic system for the establishment of a uniform militia* than what is contemplated by the present existing laws of the United States ; but in viewing this subject *as applied to the constitution of the United States, and the powers therein expressly reserved to the different states*, they have their doubts how far congress can, consistent therewith, make any important alterations or amendments to the present law ; and as the right of training the militia is constitutionally reserved to the states," &c. &c.

Yet the very same year was passed the act to organize the corps of artillerists and engineers—the germ of the institution—and we have seen by his message of March 18th, 1808, Mr. Jefferson, when president, overcame his constitutional scruples, *voluntarily proposed an enlargement of the academy*, and approved of the act of that year adding one hundred and fifty-six cadets to the army. It was natural that immediately after

¹ Am. State Papers, vol. i. Mil. Aff. p. 66, ed. 1832.

the adoption of the federal constitution, much doubt should exist in the minds of politicians as to the extent of the powers granted, but especially in reference to subjects where the wants of the government in any particular branch were then unascertained, and could not be arrived at but by the aid of experience. To this, Mr. Jefferson and the administration of every other president of the United States have yielded in their judgment upon the question of the military academy. The whole nation seems to have concurred in opinion against the constitutional objection for upwards of forty years, till in the years 1833—34, and 1837, it has been reasserted by resolutions of the states of Tennessee and Ohio, and suggested in this report of the "select committee" of the house of representatives.

The *first* of the two branches of this part of the question is, whether congress have the constitutional right to establish *any* military academy. Here arises the question of express and reserved powers. The power, say the opponents, to erect a military school is not expressly granted to congress; it is *reserved* to the states. The advocate replies that it is granted, not in *totidem verbis*, but in the comprehensive powers in relation to the national defence and the army, and argues that *in toto et pars continetur*. That some powers of the general government exist upon the doctrine of *necessary implication*, all parties are agreed. For example—congress has express power to coin money. Yet the constitution does not prescribe of what metal, value, divisions, or denominations the money shall be coined. In like manner may this question be determined. The constitution has specified a general power in reference to a distinct object, agreed by the compact to be necessary, though in many instances, perhaps in this, the mode in which the power is to be exercised is left to the discretion of congress. To render the mode valid, therefore, it must be within the scope of the power. One of the *objects* of the union of the states into a federal government is expressly declared in the preamble to the constitution to be, to "provide for the common defence." The general *powers* in reference to that object are declared to be, *first*, to lay and collect taxes, duties, &c., to provide for the common defence; *second*, to raise and support armies; and *third*, to provide for organizing, arming, and disciplining the militia, &c. Under the first of these are the appropriations for the maintenance of the military school made, and under the second, the cadets form a part of the regular army, bound to serve for five years, and liable at any moment to be called into actual service. We should be guilty of unpardonable prolixity did we bestow more time on this branch of the question.

The *second* point in the constitutional objection takes a much wider range, and is the stronghold of the author of the "report

of the select committee." But, to our mind, his argument is a mere *brutum fulmen*. The point is, as contended, not that the establishment of a school of military instruction is contrary to the constitution, but that the present one is altogether so, as well in its plan as particularly by force of its results. From the character of the alleged fruit the tree is described, and the question is made to depend upon the syllogism that the results of the academy are inexpedient, useless, unequal, and extravagant; that they are evidences of the purposes of the academy; and that the latter being like the former, the whole is contrary to the genius and spirit of our political institutions, and should therefore be abolished. In other words, it is said that the school, instead of being exclusively devoted to the constitutional objects which we have specified in relation to the common defence and the army, has become a national university, in which a large portion of its pupils, on receiving an extensive education at the public expense, retire immediately into private life, are lost to the service, and that this arises from the fact that more cadets graduate than there are vacancies in the list of officers to be filled. Hence it is said, that the right to establish universities and seats of learning, for general purposes, not being granted to the general government, but reserved to the states respectively, this institution is unconstitutional. It is better, however, that the point should be stated in the words of the author of the report referred to. He thus puts his case:—

"The three distinctive features of the change in the character of the academy, effected immediately by the act of April 29, 1812, as already delineated, viz:

1st. The provision for educating persons at the academy, who constitute no part of the effective military force of the government;

2d. The provision for educating such persons gratuitously at the public expense; and,

3d. The provision for thus educating such persons, independent of all obligation on their part to continue in the public service beyond the period of completing their education—form very grave objections to the present constitution of the academy; objections which are founded in the principles of the federal constitution, as well as a regard to a just economy in the national expenditures. Even upon the supposition that the number of persons thus educated only corresponds, annually, with the necessary additions to the public service, the constitutional power of congress thus to educate, *without either a current recompense to the government, or the obligation for their future service, or to abide the wants of the government*, is certainly of a very doubtful character, if the exercise of it falls in any degree short of positive assumption." p. 14.

To which he adds—

"4th. The provision made for educating persons at the public expense, in numbers far exceeding and disproportioned to the wants of the public service." p. 16.

In relation to the *first* position, that the students of the

academy do not constitute a part of the effective military force of the government, there is a conclusive answer as to the constitutional difficulty, for that is now the matter in hand. If it is meant by the word *effective* that they do not constitute a part of the army at all, the author is guilty of gross error. The cadets are actually *enlisted* for a period of five years in the service, and, according to the law of 1812, sign articles, with the consent of their parents and guardians—the latter act being necessary in the case of army enlistments, in which there is a difference in the policy of the government in reference to minors who enter the navy service. The corps of cadets is, moreover, liable to be called into the field at any moment at the command of the war department, and is farther liable to all the army regulations.¹ There is nothing then in the objection so far. But if it be meant by the term *effective*, that the cadets are young—are not calculated to perform the duties of the common soldier, and are, therefore, seldom or never called into actual service—the objection is still without foundation. All *new* recruits in the army are ineffective; occasionally old ones, like some of the officers, now and then, are as unworthy of reliance and credit on the score of skill, industry, or competence, sufficient to constitute efficiency, as children are for the purposes of the profession of arms. The efficiency of the individual in the service, is to be judged of only by comparison with his fellows. If a standard of perfection in discipline is to be fixed, by which efficiency is to be tested, and it is further required that the army shall be officered solely by individuals whose professional merits come up to the requisitions of that standard, without any previous tuition obtained in the army itself, or by medium of a national institution—if all this is necessary to bring the acts of congress, made with reference to the common defence, within the scope of the constitution, the author is undoubtedly right. But we think the argument is pushed to the point of absurdity when it goes this length. To say nothing of the impossibility of such a state of things which in practice would render nugatory one of the objects of the association of the states, the express power “to raise armies” surely includes the right to provide for their efficiency by the elementary instruction of those who form a component part of them; and it can be no argument to say, that every individual who enters it, who is not from the beginning entirely *effective*—by which we understand *skilled* and *disciplined* in the sense of the question before us—is unconstitutionally employed. Men cannot and do not, as in the days of old, spring forth from the earth, warriors armed to the teeth, and full of aptitude, ready to do battle; and until such things happen, our armies must be

¹ Opinion Attorney Gen. U. S., Aug. 21, 1819, 2d vol. Mil. Aff. p. 90.

formed of, and conducted by, men who have acquired efficiency by dint of study, labour, and long training.

The *second* constitutional feature of difficulty of the author of the report of the select committee, as we have seen, is "the provision for educating such persons (cadets) gratuitously at the public expense." This is partly answered by our preceding remarks. If the cadets form a part of the army, as proved, it will be conceded that they are properly *clothed* and *fed* at the public expense. In reference then to education, is not the common recruit for the ranks taught his military duty at the public expense, in the same way as the recruit destined to wear the epaulette and to command? In time of peace, is not the whole army, whether of officers or privates, a school of instruction for military duty, maintained at the public expense? The difference in the *kind of instruction* does not alter the principle, because the private and the officer are educated with reference to their respective *kind of service*. The constitutional power of congress to "support" as well as to "raise armies," therefore, clearly extends to the case. Indeed, the author of this report actually concedes the whole of the argument in the following passage :

"The power and duty of instituting seminaries of learning, and of devising other means for the general improvement of the citizens for any particular and for every purpose, being thus reserved to the state governments exclusively, the national government cannot rightfully enter into any attempt of the kind; certainly not to embrace any persons excepting those actually in the public service and actually subject to the commands of government, and upon whom necessarily rests, for the time being, the execution of certain public duties. *In this position there is no denial of power to the national government to instruct, in all things essential to a proper discharge of their official duties, all persons actually in the employ and administration of the government; although it may, at the same time, be suggested as a mark of bad policy and bad economy in any government to have in its employ, for officers, individuals who have yet to learn the theoretical and fundamental principles of their duties.*—p. 16.

The latter suggestion might be valuable if applicable to the subject. We would ask, where are the "theoretical and fundamental principles" of the art of war to be learned, except in a military academy? Have we any such private institutions? Have not all, which have been attempted, failed? And, as the policy and consequent pursuits of the people of the United States are likely to be pacific as the country grows older, is it probable that any such institutions will be established? How, then, is the government to obtain officers "learned in the theoretical and fundamental principles of their duties" for its armies? It is for the very reason that such officers cannot be obtained from other sources, that the military academy is established, and

its pupils instructed at the public expense: it is for the very reason that the army cannot be supplied with officers of the requisite knowledge, that the academy is constitutionally maintainable under the express power "to raise and support armies" already referred to. But a most fatal and unkind answer to this point of the author of the report (because it comes from himself), is his own proposition so to modify the academy as to make it a *school of practical instruction for officers of the army and students*, and this to be maintained at the *public expense*. Is not the constitutional objection as forcible in the one instance as the other?

The *third* objection on the constitutional score, is to the "provision for thus educating such persons (cadets) independent of all obligation, on their part, to continue in the public service beyond the period of completing their education." There is a slight error in fact here, inasmuch as the cadet is enlisted for five, and the course of instruction occupies four years; and, during the fifth year, the obligation to remain in the service is in full force. But this is not very material as to the main principle involved. We are not disposed to deny that, in the abstract, this is the strongest, though, so far as results are considered, it is one of the weakest objections made. Under the present system, the cadet *serves* the whole five years, and is liable to be called into the field. The tendency of the education, by force of early habits, is to ensure to the government the services of the individuals thus taught. Thus of the nine hundred and forty graduates of the school up to May, 1837, three hundred and fifty-one resigned their posts in the army; a large proportion of the latter number having gone through different periods of service *before* resignation, some of them as long as sixteen years. The exact number of these three hundred and fifty-one who resigned their commissions as soon as they received them, in other words, who did not enter the army at all, we have not at hand. But we will take the years 1835 and 1836; and, from official documents, state their results in this particular. It is specially observable, that the resignations during these years were more numerous than usual, owing to the disputes among the senior officers in relation to the Indian campaigns, and to the great demand for civil engineers in the various states, and by corporations. Notwithstanding, out of about *sixty* graduates of each year, but *eight*, in 1836, and *seven*, in 1835, resigned their commissions the same year they received them; while in 1836 alone, there were *forty-six* graduates who resigned their commissions in the army *after having served from six to sixteen years*, while during the same year twenty resigned who were not graduates of the academy. The resignations in previous years fall far short of those for the years stated, so far as the graduates

are concerned. This statement is sufficient to show that the objection practically is but of the slightest importance. All means are constitutional which accomplish a constitutional *purpose*, if in respect to their manner they do not otherwise come in collision with a prohibitive principle. The purpose here, in relation to the common defence, through the medium of the army, we have described, and is in no wise defeated by the resignations of a few of the cadets out of the mass. There never was any great constitutional purpose attempted, but that some part of the machinery provided to carry it out was slightly defective, though the whole machine was not therefore to be condemned, nor was the purpose a whit the less lawful. We hardly think it will ever be found *expedient* to pass a law requiring that all cadets, upon entering the academy, shall be bound to render a compensation to the government for their military education, in the event of their resigning within two, three, or four years after graduation. Even this would be attended with difficulties; for a young officer, scarcely six months in the army, may render a service to his country, which will amply compensate for the money bestowed in his education. Again, the *morale* of the army must be preserved. The best officer is not one who is a bound slave as to the time of service, but he who is actuated by the ennobling sentiment of love of country and a desire for personal and professional honour and advancement. As their own voluntary act, men will be content to spend a whole life in military service; but if constrained, as a compensation for their education to the same pursuit, tardy zeal and careless duty will be the consequence. All officers in all armies have the liberty to resign. That privilege has always been extended to hired mercenaries; for even the Scottish archers of the despotic Louis XI. could lay down their employment at will. An incentive to the accomplishment of high deeds is always the strongest in the breast of the man who is conscious of a free agency, and we should be loth to see the day when an opposite principle is introduced into the American service. If conditions such as we deprecate were required for the entry of every individual into the army list, we should either have no officers, or such as would disgrace the service and the country. In conclusion of this branch of the subject, it deserves notice that the plan which the author of the report submits is liable likewise to this very objection, for he does not suggest that his pupils, the officers, shall, as a compensation for their tuition, obligate themselves to remain any definite time in the service. In short, it is impracticable on the score of expediency, and we think we have sufficiently answered the constitutional point raised in the report.

The *fourth and last* constitutional difficulty stated is, "that

the present system provides for educating persons at the public expense in numbers far exceeding and disproportioned to the wants of the public service." The fact is here assumed upon evidence which is entirely inconclusive. As to those who do not graduate from want of capacity or industry, or are dismissed for misconduct, they cannot be said to be educated in the school. Being found incompetent, they are discharged as unfit for the requisitions of the public service. It is to the graduates alone that this objection applies. Now the fact is assumed by the result that of nine hundred and forty graduates, three hundred and fifty-one have resigned, who, for the most part, entered the service and continued in it for a long time. We might, however, readily grant the fact that there have been particular periods, in which, respectively, there was an excess in the number of the graduates, over the vacancies in the army list. At the same time, it is equally true that there have been periods in which the army has suffered for want of officers. It is folly to suppose that the exigencies of the service can be made to depend upon any fixed rule. How many officers may die, resign, or be dismissed in any one year, is not given to the government to know. But the most conclusive view of the matter is, that whenever it has been the lot of the government to embark in a war, whether it has been with a foreign nation or an Indian tribe, there has been a woful lack of officers. Such was the case in the war of 1812, and also during the fierce Indian wars of the last few years. But even in the inactive times of peace, the assertion is not borne out by the proof. Major Eaton, the secretary of war in 1831, states, "the supply of the army by actual appointment during the preceding five years, from the corps of graduated cadets, had averaged about twenty-two annually, while the graduates were about forty, making in such year an excess of eighteen." But these eighteen received the supernumerary or brevet rank provided by law; and it was chiefly from them the details for special duty, such as for coast and river surveys, advance duty, engineer duty, &c., were made, required by the provisions multiplied by congress in reference to subjects for which the laws provided for no increase of personal means for their performance. These details were for "wants of the public service," in an equal degree with those which were made for actual duty in the field, and the importance of the discharge of these duties will be fully understood by every one who has taken the trouble to look at the voluminous and able reports of the war department, in reference to this special service. But the refutation of this objection assumes broader ground. The power to provide for the common defence clearly embraces the right to carry out the Washingtonian policy, of preparing for war in time of peace. Upon the supposition that peace is always to continue, no

standing army is ever necessary. Yet no one has doubted the constitutional power to maintain a standing army. And if the government were to wait in making provision for a stock of skilful officers, until the tocsin of war has sounded, we must feel the evils in the absence of means at hand to resist their approach. Had the gloomy forebodings lately entertained of a war with France been realised, and had that nation, with all its skill in the military art, landed an army on our shores, where then would have been our supply of officers for the public service? Volunteer patriotism would have done much, very much; but at what cost, peril, inconvenience, and possible comparative want of success? The very basis, then, on which the superstructure of the argument is raised, is weak and unsubstantial.

These are the views which we think satisfactorily vanquish all difficulties on *constitutional* grounds. If more aid is wanted than their own intrinsic merit to support them, the voice of authority has not been silent. Much declamation has been in vogue about the opinions of men "identified with republican principles." This is one of the "springes to catch woodcocks," so often set up by politicians to entrap the unreflecting and unwary. To say nothing of the testimony of Washington and others of his successors, what have been the opinions of Jefferson, Madison, and Jackson? The two former, at all events, can be considered in no other light than strict constructionists; indeed, they are the great apostles of the doctrine of state rights, in the estimation of the party claiming to be their disciples. In short, the whole subject presents too solemn a question to be trifled with elsewhere than in the mere personal political arena; and consequently every administration, as we have proved by the details, since the adoption of the federal constitution, has united in support of the present plan and organization of the military academy.

But we feel less satisfaction in noticing briefly and succinctly the points of *expediency* which are urged against the constitution of the present school by the author of the report of the select committee—not because they are less susceptible of the clearest refutation, but because, in this respect, the report—and we take up that as a summary of all that has been or can be said on that side of the question at other times and places—loses much of its semblance of fairness in many of its details of facts, and struggles, indiscriminately, to blacken all the features of the institution, some of which are of almost universally acknowledged worth. The author overshoots himself, and falls on the other side of the hobby he has desired to mount; and this we will now take occasion briefly to show.

One of the first grounds relied on, is that which relates to

the education, at the public expense, of a larger number of cadets than the public service calls for, whereby many of the graduates resign from the army, simultaneously with the arrival of the period at which they are liable to be called into its ranks. In our remarks upon the constitutional point rising from the objection, we have fully shown the details, and exhibited the weak foundation in fact for this assertion. But suppose it be true, that this is a consequence of the present organization of the school. If the latter be constitutional in its object, as we have shown, and it so happens that other benefits of great value to the nation at large, accidental but ancillary to the results of the primary and strictly lawful design of the establishment, flow from its existence, surely the charge of inexpediency is not made out. How is the fact in this respect? What becomes of the graduate who retires to the walks of private life? Is his military knowledge for ever lost to the nation? Or is it not likely to be called into action the moment when war shall ensue, and when the citizen soldiery shall be called into the field? To say nothing of the diffusion of knowledge among the mass of the people thus caused, in all the branches of learning acquired by the graduate, do not his tastes and habits lead him to associate himself with the volunteer militia of the country, and to impart to them an acquaintance with the elementary, and some of the more abstruse portions of military knowledge and training? And is not this a valuable object to be attained, where, as with us, the militia is held to be the bulwark of the nation? We have seen that in the beginning, Gen. Washington's favourite idea was to connect the academy, by its influence and aid, with the success of the militia defence. The graduates are Americans, with every tie of personal relationship and place of nativity, aided by the force of mental habits and patriotic associations, formed by the very nature of their education, to cause them to step forward manfully for their country's sake when needed. The sentiment of Mr. Jefferson in 1808, when he contemplated that "as these youths grow up and take their stations in society, they would naturally become militia officers, and in a few years, in the ordinary course of events, we should see a uniformity in our militia resulting from a spirit of emulation, which the reputation of having received a military education would naturally excite," was a just one. The amount, then, of the whole discussion is this; that so long as the military academy provides, by anticipation, (for that is the only mode in which it can operate,) *as nearly as can be calculated*, for the current wants of the service, in respect to furnishing skilful officers, it is not only a constitutional establishment, but the small, occasional overplus of graduates, who, unable temporarily to obtain posts in the army, resign and retire to private

life, there by the nature of things to join in the *militia* array of the nation, makes it none the less expedient.

Much has been said in the report of the select committee, as well as elsewhere, as to the alleged abuse of the appointing power in regard to the selection of youths for cadets. Now, it is to be observed that this, if an objection at all, is not one to the institution itself or its results, but to the conduct of the government in the exercise of a power in reference to individuals, before they enter its walls. If the fact be as asserted, let the proper remedy be provided by law; but surely let us not permit the influence of such a consideration to destroy the school itself, which is not responsible for the evil complained of. The complaint is, that in the appointments the sons of the rich are preferred to those of the poor. We suspect a want of foundation for this charge, for several reasons. In the first place, because it is the *ad captandum vulgus* so often practised by small politicians; and in the next, because the tendency of all concurrent circumstances is to the contrary. The cadets are selected by the president and war department from the respective states in proportion to their respective population, and almost uniformly, as to the persons, on the recommendation of the representatives from such states in congress. Now, during the last eight or nine years, the members of congress claiming to represent the popular, the workingmen's, or the poor-men's party, or a party by any other name, as contra-distinguished from the party to which it is said the most wealth belongs, have had a large majority at Washington. Is it not likely that they have served their political friends before those who are unattached to them by any of the political friendships of the day? But the author of the report does not venture to make this charge as susceptible of proof, but only hints it after this fashion:—

“That the sons of the rich have been preferred to those of the poor in the selection of cadets for the institution, is, also, a charge against the institution which has found a place in the suspicions, if not in the convictions, of many honest minds. *To what extent, if any, it is founded in realities, the committee are unable to say.* As a general remark, it is equally true, it is the rich and influential in a community that are the first to seek, and most aspiring in the pursuit of, the partialities of government. Perhaps their inducements in this are stronger, from their superior prospects of success; and it would be very strange if these known principles of human action have not entered largely into the acquisition, by this class of citizens, of the privileges and preferment held out by government in the institution at West Point, though the fact be not susceptible of clear and tangible proof. *A conviction, so naturally deducible from general and acknowledged principles, can hardly require much additional proof, in detail, to give it currency.* p. 27.

This is a curious sample of the reasoning of a committee

upon so important a subject, tending to the annihilation of a national establishment, which has formed a favourite part of the policy of every administration, without the basis of a shadow of fact, and by force of what may be termed a sophistical surmise. But the case is proven otherwise. The report of the sub-committee of the board of visitors for 1837,¹ which took up the subject for examination, states distinctly the contrary, and previous reports of other boards, and of committees in congress, have all tended to the same conclusion. Every one has heard the somewhat musty proverb concerning the kind of houses in which those who throw stones should avoid living. Now it is but fair to apply the rule in kind to the author of the report of the select committee. What does he propose? In a word, that no person shall be admitted to his national school of practice until he shall have obtained in private schools an education (and in which he must be found qualified) "in the several branches of elementary and theoretical knowledge involved in the art of war." How is the *poor man's* son to get this? The cost of such instruction in private colleges and schools will exclude him from its acquisition. What follows?—this plain result of the plan of the author of the report, who is so anxious for the equality of rights and advantages—the *exclusion of every poor man's son from serving as an officer in the armies of the United States!* How is it in reference to the present academy? The only qualification for admission is a knowledge sufficient to enable him to *read, write, and perform simple arithmetic*, which the poor lad may obtain, in most of the states, by aid of the public or common-school fund. Which plan then is the best to prevent favouritism in appointments? We have stated these things because we have been desirous to relieve the present academy from an unjust and ungenerous attempt to excite prejudices against it in regard to a point upon which, perhaps, more than on any other, popular feeling is alive. At the same time, we would recommend that the states should select their own candidates, either by the election of the legislatures or by appointments of special authorities, or in any mode which may be devised to remove the possibility of the existence of favouritism. We cannot forbear, however, to quote the following passage from the "Letter of a Graduate" on this subject, as it speaks to the purpose:—

"If, sir, there is one feature in the operation of this school which more than any other entitles it to the confidence and patronage of the people, it is the one that all classes of our fellow-citizens, from all corners of the republic, are there brought together, and educated, at a period of life when the heart is most susceptible of generous and noble feelings, and

¹ Army and Navy Chronicle, June 29, 1837.

forms those ties of social brotherhood which, after a long career in the heartless ways of the world, death alone dissolves. At what other school, among all our large institutions, is the influence of wealth and rank so little felt? The poor boy here receives an education when his poverty would either entirely exclude him from every other celebrated college, or else would cause his admittance under all the discouragements of eleemosynary disqualifications, subjecting him either to the degradation of courting and flattering those whose wealth gives them greater means of enjoyment, or else of becoming a kind of Paria among these superior castes, whilst pursuing his own humble career, unnoticed and unknown, until the energies of a superior mind, if he is of Nature's own gifted ones, enables him to soar above the grovelling votaries of Plutus. . . .

"I, sir, have known the nephew of Andrew Jackson pass through the school with distinguished honours, when no one thought of the uncle but as the gallant general who had done the state some service. I have known a protégé of the same Andrew Jackson, when at the very pinnacle of his power, to be received into the school with the recommendations from him which a father's solicitude would prompt for a son, and in a few short months have seen the protected sent from school. I have seen a son of a general in chief put down a class lower, whilst his own father was the presiding officer of the board of visitors for that examination, when the son of a tailor of the cadets was placed at the head of the same class. I have seen a son of Henry Clay, when the father was "the observed of all observers," sent from the school, and another son retrieve the honour of the name, by bearing off the highest honours of his class, when the father had lost all political power, but that of which nothing can rob him—the well-earned fame of a profound statesman, and of the greatest of American orators. I have marked this promising son of a distinguished sire, struggle side by side, in the race of honourable ambition, and praiseworthy rivalry, with a New England ploughboy, whose life, until he was admitted into the Military Academy, had alternated between the humble labours of the plough and rake in the summer, and of the country school in the winter, and with a generous son of the south, who, too poor to bear the expenses of the luxury of an ordinary conveyance, walked from his native state to the seat of government to ask for his appointment. Nor are these anomalous cases; they are the habitual every-day operations of this hotbed of aristocracy. If, sir, there is one institution in our country which, in its practical results, more than any other, inculcates the truly democratical doctrine of thorough contempt for all the adventitious advantages of wealth and fortune, and proclaims the innate nobility of individual merit, it is this same Military Academy; for here alone the poor boy feels that a man is but a man, and that native talent, with good conduct, are the true sources of real respectability."—pp. 12, 13.

The institution has been further attacked on account of the alleged enormity of the expenditure which its maintenance causes to the nation. When rightly considered, this appears to be as futile an objection as any other which ingenuity or malevolence may have brought to bear upon the subject. We have seen that the school now sends forth annually from forty to sixty graduates. Yet the annual cost of its maintenance, as evidenced by the official documents, *does not exceed that of a first-rate frigate*, being about one hundred thousand dol-

lars,¹ including the pay, forage, and subsistence of officers, professors, and cadets, and excluding the appropriations for buildings, repairs, and miscellanies, which are properly chargeable to West Point as a military post, like the current expenses of any other along the sea-board or elsewhere, and not as a military academy. Strictly speaking, too, the pay of the officers stationed at the point as instructors, and of those forming the military staff, should be deducted from this sum, for they receive the same compensation to which they would be entitled if stationed at any other post during the inactive times of peace. Assuming this as a basis for the calculation, the cost to the government of the education of each cadet does not exceed \$2000, or about \$500 per annum. Compare this with the pay, forage, and subsistence of the common private of the army, and what becomes of the oft-told charge of extravagance? Yet these cadets form part of the army, and in times of peace perform as severe duty as the common private. This is however the least return which is yielded to the government; that return is made a hundred fold in the supply of skilful, honourable, and faithful officers. But how short-sighted is the argument thus pressed against the institution, when it is remembered that if the government would retain the same, or an approximate, degree of military knowledge and skill in the country, which is now provided against the contingency of war, and abolish the school, a *large standing army* must be constantly maintained! Thus then it is that this establishment answers one of the great ends of government in providing for the national defence, by economical instead of extravagant means. To conclude this branch of the subject, if we may be permitted to speak *ad hominem*, it would appear as reasonable to take the round sum appropriated for the pay of members of congress in any given year, divide it by their number, and then enquire if either the merit or the services of the greater portion are not extravagantly compensated by the sums respectively paid them. We fear the comparison between cadet and congressmen would, in very many instances, be in favour of the former.

But the author of the report of the select committee combats with all sorts of weapons, and where he can find no ground upon which to maintain an open fight, he has recourse to ambushade and stratagem. In this, unfortunately for his purpose, he becomes, as a learned but quaint writer has it, "self-victim-ated." He rushes against wind-mills, and sustains the same kind of disaster which the renowned knight of La Mancha brought on himself. We will take an example of this. The author argues much against the organization of the academy, on the

¹ Report of military committee; R. M. Johnson, chairman.

number of dismissals of cadets for inaptitude or misconduct. The regulations are admitted to be rigid. A "conduct roll" is kept, on which all offences against orders or regulations are recorded. These offences are divided into seven grades, each of which comprises those of nearly the same degree of criminality. The degree of criminality of offences of each grade is expressed by a number, as follows: offences of the first grade, by 10; of the second grade, by 8; of the third, by 5; of the fourth, by 4; of the fifth, by 3; of the sixth, by 2; of the seventh, by 1. For each year after the first that a cadet has been a member of the institution, his offences are made to count more, by adding to the number expressing the degree of criminality of each offence, one sixth for his second, one third for his third, and one half for his fourth year. The numbers expressive of the offences of each cadet are added up at the end of the year, making a sum total of criminality; and a dismissal is incurred by the commission of offences to the amount of two hundred in the scale of criminality for one year. Most of these offences are tried by courts-martial, composed of officers of the army, for which punishments short of dismissal are inflicted, such as extra duty and confinement to rooms; although where a serious offence has been committed, the sentence may, for that alone, without reference to the conduct roll, amount to dismissal. The author, after enumerating the dismissals, and from thence arguing that there is a great want of moral power and influence over the cadets, says:—

"It is believed that such results are attributable almost exclusively to the *inevitable and natural tendency* of a system of education founded in government patronage alone. *They cannot arise from want of rigid rules for the government of the institution, any more than from a want of ordinary vigilance in the officers attached to it.* A mere glance at the rules prescribed for the observance of both officers and cadets will at once dispel such a suspicion." p. 25.

Very well! this is fair testimony in favour of the "vigilance of the *officers*" at least. But the evil is in the mere *tendency* of something which the author, after wading through a page of generalities, is unable to explain, except at last by an insinuation against the conduct of these very officers of the institution. Thus he acquits them of *the fact*, which he afterwards hints in the following paragraph:—

"The table deduced from the 'conduct roll' of the years mentioned, exhibits the most conclusive evidence of the moral inefficiency of the institution, though aided by the most rigid regulations, and its inherent weakness against the spirit of insubordination to which young men are ever inclined to give indulgence, *when conscious of their irresponsibility or their responsibility only to a power that is a dependent recipient of the public bounty, and, consequently, solicitous to husband for itself the friendly feelings 'of all sorts of men.'*"

If this means any thing, it means that the officers in charge ("the power"), of whom we have just seen there is not even a suspicion of a want of vigilance in their management of the cadets according to the regulations, are yet so solicitous to husband "friendly feelings" for themselves, that they are induced thereby to discharge the cadets from responsibility for the commission of offences. We have given this as a specimen of the fair reasoning of a committee of the house of representatives, of the majority of whose members it is but charity to suppose, that they claim the ordinary privilege of assenting to the final recommendation of the report, without agreeing to the assertions or arguments of its author in submitting it: we leave our readers to draw their own conclusions. But the truth of the matter before us is pregnant with testimony in favour of the school. About one in five of the youths who are appointed to a cadetship, is the proportion of dismissals for inaptitude or misconduct. Of these, there are some who are unable to pass the first examination and satisfy the requisitions of the law, in consequence of defective reading, writing, and arithmetic. The others are discharged for causes which, if not thus acted on, would by their example do great mischief. We have said the regulations are severe, and it is all important they should be rigorously enforced. The destiny of the cadet is not like that of the student in a private college. He is, and is to be, a soldier. Obedience is his first duty; it is the pivot on which his profession and the whole army can alone successfully move. A faithful performance of the most minute duty on the part of the soldier, is indispensable to military efficiency. Should not the cadet then be subject to severe rules, and should not the influence of martial law—the law by which, in after life, he is to be governed—fix in him those early habits of mind, which in youth easily become a second nature? It is a gross mistake, as established by the irrefragable testimony of visitors and committees for fifteen years, to say that "evil associations" and "insubordination" exist, or that "moral influences" are wanting in the school. Many of the dismissals are for demerit of inaptitude, or for offences in regard to conduct, not known as such to other collegiate institutions, and in which not the slightest point of moral turpitude is involved; trifling in themselves, but which, in a military point of view, are important. And, in regard to the order and police of the whole academy, how does it compare with other colleges? Look into the history of Harvard, Princeton, Virginia, Yale, and others, and ask of combinations, risings, and barrings out, and then put the question as to this school. We mean to draw no invidious distinctions to the discredit of the justly celebrated colleges alluded to; all that we desire to explain, are results by comparison, arising from the difference

of character and purposes of the institutions named. That the regulations in question are practically useful, is proved by a single fact. A few years since it was too often the case, through the influence of members of congress and other official personages, that cadets, who had been dismissed, were reappointed. This unwise practice, it is but justice to say, was protested against by the academic board, was strongly censured by boards of visitors, and has latterly been discontinued by the government. The records of the academy show that out of about *sixty* youths who had been dismissed for inaptitude, and who were reappointed, only *five* succeeded in graduating, and were found too very low in their classes. A test and a proof of the value of the regulations! What then does the fact of the dismissals prove? It proves, conclusively, that the standard of proficiency in learning and of merit in conduct in the institution is a high one, and still further, that those who reach that standard, even although not with the first honours, are good scholars, good soldiers, and good men, or at least have laid a permanent foundation for proving such in the service of their country. Beyond all this, we agree with the "Graduate," in his letter, that the yearly dismissals from the academy, if they prove any thing, speak greatly in its favour. As abstract propositions, the sentiments conveyed by him in the following questions, are just:—

"Where the education is entirely gratuitous, and the competition among our youths to gain admittance to the school is without precedent great, ought the bounty of the state to be lavished on bad subjects, whose inaptitude or evil propensities render them unworthy of this favour? Ought not the country to cull out the flower of her youth under such circumstances, and rigidly exact from them a truly Spartan discipline, cutting off all bad members with almost as ruthless a hand as that famous republic cast out those infants whom misfortunes even, and not faults, rendered unserviceable to the state?" p. 19.

A further censure is thrown upon the tendency of the academy, in reference to the supposed ill-consequences of associating, as officers in the army, those who have been its graduates and others who have never been within its walls. Many vague anticipations of embarrassments and dangers in the service, likely to arise from personal jealousies, quarrels, and broils, are thrown out by the author of the report, &c., and a strong effort is made by him to class the officers who have, and those who have not had the advantage of a diploma, into different *castes*. We are very sure that no such reprehensible and absurd feeling exists at this time in the service, and the evidence of an ounce of fact is worth a pound of surmise. With some opportunity to know, and therefore to speak advisedly, we have scarcely ever heard an officer, not a graduate, express any other sentiment than a favourable one, concerning the academy or the general conduct of the mass of its pupils, after they have become

attached to the roll. Nor is there occasion for any other feeling. The cadet does not quit the limits of the school, immediately on entering the service, to strip the elder soldier of his honour, his rank, or his pay. On the contrary, the institution merely turns out annually a certain number of subalterns of the lowest grade, qualified to fill the higher situations, when attained by the slow and gradual process of regular promotion, by which all in the service must abide, whether graduates or not. What occasion then for jealousies or broils? Indeed, while the very nature of the education received by the youths at West Point tends to the exercise of gentlemanly courtesy and forbearance, it also promotes the existence of moral and Christian feeling. There the indulgence of the mere brute passions incident to humanity is quelled, and mere impulse is disciplined to operate in the channels of morality and religion, while sensual habits, too often the precursors to offensive conduct, may not be formed. Look around the army for the facts. Always excepting some decided and striking *désagrémens* of some of the superior chiefs, who claim no relationship to the school, the corps of officers, having gradually become filled up by graduates, is more free from quarrels and duels than it ever was. Where is the complaint of the private against the subaltern? When have the militia, in the Indian campaign, complained of tyranny or superciliousness on the part of the graduates? Have they not been connected together by strong ties of attachment in scenes of trial and carnage, where not to murmur was a positive virtue? For these reasons, as well as that these youths are attached to their country, and being connected with it in heart by those ties which are inseparable from place of birth, and the existence of relations and friends filling posts of eminence or moving in private stations with honour, are ready, in common with their fellow-citizens, to shed their best blood in its defence, we cannot admire either the patriotism, the justice, or the taste of those who would attempt to create invidious distinctions where none exist or ought to be found, and to sow the seeds of jealousy and dislike, where all is harmony, and this merely to gratify a visionary theory. Nor, in connection with this branch of the subject, can we yield approval to the idea, among others, of the *deliramenta doctrinæ* of the author of the report, &c., intended to be conveyed in the following sentences:—

“These considerations and this reasoning result in the conclusion, that the graduates at West Point are not the men upon whom the command of the army of the United States will probably devolve, or upon whom the army itself will suffer to be devolved the command, in case of war. Their *artificial qualifications* will not win the confidence of American soldiers.” p. 29.

In this there is much of the reasoning of honest Dogberry, when he tells us that “to be a well-favoured man is the gift of

fortune, but to read and write comes by nature." If we understand the last sentence of the quotation, it means that an education in any particular science (i. e. "artificial qualifications") will not win the confidence of those who may require the benefits of the application of that science to practical purposes. We, in common with a considerable portion of mankind, have been in the habit of thinking that all qualification in knowledge, being the result of education, was acquired by means of art, and that the intuitive knowledge which causes wisdom to come from the mouths of sucking babes, was a rare gift. We are however corrected by a committee of the house of representatives, and are given to believe by the author of its report, that

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

But seriously, if it be possible so to deal with such matter as this, is not all military proficiency, whether acquired theoretically in the closet and practically in the field or in a military academy, an "artificial qualification?" Have American soldiers or the American people ever refused to repose confidence in its possessors, when it has been found united with gallantry, honesty, honour, and success? Will they, in such cases, stop to ask how it may have been acquired? We have indeed mistaken their character, if these questions should be answered by them according to the views of the author of the report.

But we must pass on to another of the *disjecta membra* of this report, to the whole of which may well be applied the maxim, as sound in literature as in law, *dolus versatur in generalibus*. We are told there is a point of insuperable irreconcilableness in the character of this institution to the genius of our political organization, in the alleged fact of the exclusion, as officers, from the army of all persons above the age of twenty-one years, as well as all persons under that age who do not previously obtain admission and graduation at the West Point Academy. With regard to the fact here asserted, there is the following passage in the "Remarks on the Report:"—

"This is not the case, either in theory or practice. There is no law nor regulation by which others than graduates of the Military Academy are excluded from commissions in the army, except for the grade of brevet second lieutenant, which grade was formed by law to entitle the government to the services of the graduates, when the full grades should at any time be filled up. The law was made to apply to graduates alone, to prevent this grade from being filled by less competent persons than graduates were supposed to be. The appointments in the regiments of dragoons, lately raised, refute this statement. . . . The graduates of the academy have no claim, founded either in law or in regulation, upon any commission in the army, except on the grade just specified, and even on this it rests with the president whether it shall or shall not be filled. As to the complaint of excluding all persons above the age of twenty-one years from appointments to the academy, it is founded on

that best of rules, experience. There are but few persons over this age, whose minds have not been well disciplined by habitual study, who can master, with ease to themselves or profit to the service, the very arduous course of scientific studies now required at the Military Academy." p. 43.

But for the sake of the argument, we might admit the assertion of fact here contradicted, and yet it proves nothing in favour of the idea of the anti-republican tendency of the school, by its monopoly of the subaltern offices in the army; for be it remembered, it operates no exclusion of other citizens than graduates from appointment to the higher posts, the graduates being compelled to pass through the whole slow and tedious series of promotion, before they can attain any considerable degree of advancement. We say it proves nothing in favour of such an idea, because if there were no academy, and of course no graduates, the favoured few appointed to army officers from among the mass of the citizens, would constitute as much a select and favoured class, to the exclusion of the many, as the graduates do now. The same power that appoints the cadets, would make the selections for commissions from among the citizens at large. In the latter case, what struggling, electioneering, and risk of favouritism? If, then, every citizen cannot be provided with an office in the army, and it follows that the corps of officers in the military (as in the civil) service must of necessity constitute a "select class," whether appointed with reference to a military education or not, the question resolves itself simply into one of expediency. Upon that, there cannot be a doubt that the nation does well in insisting that this class shall have been previously educated for the purposes of the service, and in holding in its own keeping the means of being secure in the attainment of that object. At the same time, having under its own eye seen the habits of the youth formed, and fashioned with its own hands their destinies, it avoids the inconvenience (to say nothing of the ignorance and inefficiency of the persons appointed) of the selection of individuals, who may enter the army for temporary subsistence, and who, not being attached to the profession by early discipline, will leave it for any other, for which their previous and various education may have fitted them. It is then no objection to the academy, if it were the fact, that its graduates "monopolize" the army offices, any more than it is an objection to every institution or branch of the government which requires peculiar qualifications and attainments to be possessed by its servants, and in this acts upon the saying of Horace, so sound as to have become an apothegm, that what is well begun is half done.

Not content with assaulting the policy of maintaining the Military Academy by arguments drawn from possibilities and

anticipations of the future, the author of the report attempts to give it a stab by a reference to the times of the revolution. Asserting that the success of our cause in that fearful struggle was attained without the aid of a military school; hence arguing that such an institution can never create a military genius; he then proceeds, with an air of triumph, to put questions and draw conclusions as follows:—

“ Were the country now in a condition to desire the presentation of some valorous and commanding spirit; a man, or set of men, endowed with the genius and heroic talents of Washington, to guide our forces to battle and victory, would the experienced and practical eye overlook the great multitude of brave, efficient, and energetic men with which private life abounds, and rest its only or principal hopes upon the resources or materials of West Point Academy? or upon any of the graduates of that institution, *in consideration only* of their past association with it? It is believed that the hopes and confidence of the people would obtain a very different direction at such a juncture. On such occasions, he who is made by nature and by *inherent worth* the master-spirit of his kind, will stand forth regardless of diplomas, and regardless of the compliments of examining committees, as also of the tinsels of scholarship, and at a single blast of the war note, infused with his own *chivalrous spirit*, the multitude would seek *his* standard in preference to that of all others; and *his* would be the arm most relied upon to defend the nation's rights and the nation's honour; and the ruling motive in the selection of their chief would operate in the choice of commandants under him. All history teaches these truths, insomuch that they almost entirely cease to partake of prophecy. And hence it is believed to be *in vain to think of eliciting, in times of profound peace, by any provisions of art, of discipline, or of legislation, that talent and those extraordinary traits of character*, which are destined, and best qualified in the hour of danger, to rush into an ascendancy over the minds of men, and with giant powers to control the fortunes of a great people. War alone can summon forth such spirits, and they are peculiar to a state of war.”
p. 28.

This exquisite strain has then much the appearance of being intended for effect. Have we forgotten the employment of foreign soldiers and officers in our armies during the revolutionary war? Have we especially forgotten the necessities which compelled a recourse to foreign engineering talent? Can we forget that Washington himself, before he assumed the command in chief, was not an unpractised soldier? that he earnestly and most anxiously deprecated the want of competent subaltern officers, in his repeated communications to the authorities of the new government? that foreigners were placed in the most exalted stations in order to discipline the troops, and yet with this that great laxity prevailed, so that the struggle was a protracted one? that nothing but the most indomitable courage and unshaken perseverance could have enabled the young giant of freedom to burst the bonds of oppression, unconcentrated and untrained as was the strength which finally accomplished the

glorious deed? Have we ceased to remember, as we have shown in the outset, that the very men under whose guidance the adventurous bark of liberty had passed through the storm and reached in safety the haven of independence, immediately after the adoption of the federal constitution, impelled doubtless by the sad recollection of the necessity which had previously existed, struggled once more to provide for a military school, as the sheet-anchor of safety, whenever the tempest of war should again burst forth? Is not their testimony worth a whole ocean of the unmeaning generalities and suppositions of the "select committee?" But the view taken in the preceding quotations, so far as it bears upon the West Point Academy, places things in a false position. The question is not whether that school creates or nature bestows great *genius*. Genius, without the knowledge of the means how to apply it usefully, is like the power of steam—when ignorantly directed, self-destruction is the result; when wisely used, it is the proudest triumph of art that ministers to the convenience of man. It is not the object of the school to make or destroy genius; but it is its legitimate object, and it accomplishes it, too, to train and render useful the genius which is the gift of nature, that it may attain to useful ends. And yet we are told that men who combine prudence, the child of knowledge, with genius (of which Washington was a high example), cannot guide our forces to battle or victory! None can deny the necessity of moral courage in a soldier, but it requires something more to insure him success. The kind of "chivalrous spirit" to which the meaning of the author tends—if his words have any meaning, and that is not very clear—is that which has been exhibited in the character of a Tecumseh, a Pontiac, a Michiknaqwa, or an Oseola. No one has ever doubted the native genius, high-toned bravery, or chivalric spirit of the American Indian chief, nor the influence by which he can rally around him his tribe, to fight even to the death struggle, at his command. Yet the art of military civilization has driven the tribes before it, like chaff before the wind, till, in the lapse of scarcely more than three centuries, a quarter of the globe has been wrested from their possession. The design of the Military Academy is not to send forth its *every* pupil *fitted* to take command of whole armies, for that would be absurd because impossible. Nor is it supposed by any one that *any* pupil who leaves its walls does so, at once to be invested with the chieftainship of the military power of the nation, by force of supposed merit or genius. What the academy purports to do is, in time of peace, simply, to fit a portion of the *American* youths with elementary knowledge of the art of war, and practical acquaintance with its duties, so as to enable them faithfully to serve their country in *subaltern positions*, till advancing in

age, in practice, and in grade by promotion for able service, the genius which God has given them, may stand upon the foundation stone of the education obtained from their parent school, and look for the accomplishment of high deeds, when its force, aided by valour, patriotism, and successful deeds, shall have made them the pride of the whole people. It will not fall to the lot of most of them to accomplish this high destiny, for, educated or uneducated, it is the fortune of few to possess the attribute of great genius. But it is an insult to the character of our people to suppose that the *boy* of West Point may never, because of his origin, become the *man* of the nation in after life, if merit in all respects shall mark his career. The *navy*, to a certain extent, is a school. The midshipman serves a long apprenticeship, at the expense of the nation, before he may *get his warrant*, and years of service before he may command a ship. Yet the hearts of the American people beat with a quickened impulse when they speak of the deeds of their naval heroes, and they never stoop to the mercenary feeling which is excited by a calculation of the expense or time bestowed upon the education of the sailor boy. The same popular judgment reaches the army, and long will both services win and enjoy the affections of the people, unless such sentiments as those promulgated in this "Report of the Select Committee" shall come into vogue.

But the most reprehensible part of this report, is that which would not only strip the officers who have graduated at this school of the laurels which they have won in the battle-field, but, by *insinuation*, avers that they have been totally undistinguished in service, and this with a view of adding force to the blow which it aims at the institution. "*The paucity*," says the author of the report, "*of the number of the graduates for which distinction can be claimed*," of itself demonstrates how little advantage is to be counted upon in time of war from its operations and influence." And how does the gentle reader suppose this inference is made out? What does the author designate as *the test of distinction*? The reader will be astonished to find that a *select committee of the house of representatives of the United States*, through their chairman, proclaim that the test of military distinction in an officer of the army of the United States is to be *killed in battle*! The only proof attempted of the assertion of the want of distinction which we have just quoted, consists of a note attached to it, in which the number of graduates *killed in battle* is stated! That number we have previously seen, up to June, 1837, to be *fifteen*. We have had but the war of 1812, and the Indian conflicts. May not a soldier earn distinction in battle, without paying for it the price of life? If so, a chance shot may do more, in the way of *distinction*, for the drummer-boy, than all the deeds of a living

general of successive victories can avail. Bonaparte, by this rule, was never distinguished in a military point of view, for he was not "killed in battle!" Nor Wellington, nor Washington, nor Jackson, *et sic de similibus*, for they were not "killed in battle!" Why did not the report, for the sake of fairness at least, state the number *remaining in the service*, and the number of those who have *died in the service*? The first, up to June, 1837, is four hundred, and the second, to the same date, is one hundred and twenty. Are their names wholly undistinguished because they were not "killed in battle?" The author of the "Remarks on the Report" says:—

"Of the poor attempt to throw discredit on the Military Academy in this way, he can only point to the history of the graduates in every walk of life, as the most ample refutation. He claims nothing for them as geniuses of a high order, nor as eminent heroes; but simply prefers the modest claim to have them regarded as good citizens, *who have fulfilled the duties assigned to them by their country, whether off or on the battle field*. If any of them, more fortunate than their comrades, have snatched a leaf from laurel-crowned victory, or have earned their country's praise, by pouring forth their best blood in her defence, it is enough for their fame that they were called to so high honour; it is enough for their Alma Mater that they are sons for whom she need never blush. What they might have become, without her nursing care, *He alone knows*. She is consoled, that, living or dying, they at least denied not their debt to her, and would spurn, with proud scorn, the miserable slanderer who would suggest to them the base ungrateful act." p. 39.

In addition to this passage, we cannot forbear to quote the following indignant and manly rebuke, given by the "Graduate" in his "Letter" to the honourable western member of congress, who chose in his speech to sneer at the services of the graduates in the Florida campaign:—

"I have indeed mistaken the chivalrous character of the sons of the west, if there beats one heart amongst them, which feels any thing but disgust in reading your ill-timed remarks as reported in the *Globe*.

"Who are they against whom these sarcasms were uttered? The events are but of yesterday. The bloody tale is still fresh in the memory of all. Even

'Now the pale maiden weeps her lover's fall;
On their lost sire distracted orphans call;
The widow's wail, the frantic mother's moan,
Blends with each shriek, and deepens every groan.'

"Scarcely has the earth had time to drink up the blood of the victims of the Wythlacoochee, the cheeks of the mother, the widow, and the sister, are still moist with the tears of affliction, the upbraiding cry of the orphan, left without provision or a home, to the cold charities of the world, by a country in whose service the father's heart's blood was gallantly poured forth, is yet ringing in our ears, when a father, a husband, perhaps a son or brother, the representative of a portion of that people in whose defence the sacrifice was made, rises in his seat in the great

councils of the nation, and not only refuses relief to the sufferers, but recklessly tramples upon the most sacred feelings of humanity by a cowardly insult of the dead. Is this generous? Is it just? Is it human?

"But I would ask, why are the events of Florida laid to the charge of the graduates of the Military Academy? The gallant and unfortunate Dade was not a graduate, neither is General Clinch. The secretary of war is not one of its graduates, and it is known that the present general in chief could not establish a claim to be ranked among them. Scott, honoured and respected as he truly is by every true soldier, for the zeal and ability with which he has advanced military science in our army, is not a graduate; and in fact there is hardly an officer above the grade of a captain at this moment with the troops on that expedition who was ever within the walls of the school. What, then, may I again ask, is to be laid to the charge of the graduates in this affair? In what duty have they been wanting there? Who were the victims of the Wythlacoochee butchery? Four of them were mere boys, hardly yet habituated to the strange feeling of their epaulettes. Did they turn their backs upon their foe? Did they evince any unmanly signs of dismay in the awful moment when death was inevitable? What was the conduct of the privates under their charge? Read the simple statement of almost the only eyewitness of that massacre who escaped! Read the official relation of those who gathered up the remains on the bloody field of action. 'The officers and men were found lying side by side as they were successively shot down.' Where, sir, is there another instance on record of more confidence shown by the common soldier in his commanders than in this? Is it necessary to tell you, or any man, sir, how this delicate plant, confidence, is nurtured and brought into maturity, as we see it exhibited in this case?

"In General Clinch's action, who were the sufferers? Let his own bulletin bear witness. In the leaguer of General Gaines we find two officers alone, both graduates, among the injured. The gallant Izard, than whom a truer soldier never bared his breast in his country's defence, fell a victim to his own gallantry, and was found, where every comrade of his would have looked for him, on the battle ground of the advanced guard. If these, sir, are the deeds of old women, may Providence, in its wisdom, always inspire our men with a portion of such weakness!

"It is painful, sir, to every soldier of proper sensibilities, to vaunt the deeds even of a comrade to the private citizen. But what alternative is now left to the graduates after the repeated illiberal attacks made upon them in both houses of congress, when no one upon those floors volunteers one word in their defence? The care of the reputation of the living may be well left to themselves, but it is a holy duty to shield the character of the gallant dead from the unmerited aspersions of those who are craven enough in spirit to attack their ashes. Our Military Academy dates but of yesterday, and yet the deeds of the children, though still in their childhood, may be cited without any fear of disgracing their Alma Mater. The events of our last struggle with England are now nearly effaced from the recollection of the present generation, and are seldom adverted to, except to manufacture some political hero; still, at that early period of its infancy, there are names whose memory the soldier loves to cherish. Those of Wood and Gibson are connected with the best defence and one of the most gallant deeds of the war—the seige and sortie of Fort Erie. They both fell in leading on their columns against the enemy's trenches. Besides these, the rolls of the school bear the names of several others who but exchanged the walls of their Alma Mater for the short shrift and hasty burial of the battle field." pp. 6—8.

We have now proceeded through the examination of the branches of the subject in the order naturally marked out for it; and during the course of our remarks we have been obliged briefly but comprehensively to compare the advantages and disadvantages of the institution in reference to its own peculiar organization, and its effects upon the people and the country at large. After the testimony which has been elicited in its favour, and which we have hastily glanced at rather than gathered together, it would seem strange to one not specially acquainted with the topic, that so useful and praiseworthy an establishment, in which it would appear to be but natural that all sections and classes of our citizens should take a deep and abiding interest, should have met with bitter enemies, and the question at once occurs, what can have aroused their hostile feelings, and called forth their reprehension? The explanation of this state of things developes motives and causes, partly natural, and, to a certain extent, for that reason excusable, though erroneous, and partly censurable in the highest degree, because of the source from which they have sprung. Public opinion is an ordeal, like a fiery furnace, which sometimes consumes the major good, while intended only to destroy the minor bad. That which by its own inherent virtue is made to pass through this severe test, and yet retains vitality, as in this instance, must surely in the end attain indestructibility. The fuel with which popular feeling is oft-times supplied, is accidental error as well as wilful misrepresentation, and of this the case before us is an illustration. Much of the opposition to this school has arisen in the newly settled western states. The habits of many of those who by their age necessarily have a voice in the state and national councils of the present day, were of an *active* military character, proceeding from early contests with the Indians, who clung with desperation to the soil of their fathers, and from participation in the hunt and the chase, incident to a life in the woods. Hence ensued a military spirit, enthusiastic and often powerfully efficient, but impatient of that discipline and restraint which designate the well-trained soldier. The same feeling has descended from sire to son, and the similarity of characteristics, from so intimate a connection, is perceptible in whole districts in the west. We are incapable of disparaging the patriotism or the proud services rendered by our western brethren, and we trust we incur no such charge in stating what we believe to be the natural effects from evident causes. In our view of the latter, we are borne out by history. As an illustration, it is sufficient to refer to its record of the discontents and insubordination in General Jackson's army of volunteers and militia in his celebrated campaign against the Creeks and Cherokees in 1813, which nothing but the energy of such a leader

could have mastered, and which were well nigh frustrating those victories, memorable for their brilliancy, as well as for their signal good effects. The result is, that this state of feeling has given rise to a partial prejudice against the disciplined and educated soldier, coming from that school in which *obedience* is taught to be the initiative test of a capacity for command, and, by an obvious transition, this feeling has extended to the academy itself. A second cause of hostility arose from the fact, that in the early history of the institution the eastern states had an undue proportion of their youth under its care. That cause of complaint has for several years past been removed, and an equal distribution of appointments has been made, which fact, it would seem to be reasonable, ought to remove all heart-burnings on this score. But another, and more powerful, because more direct cause of adverse feeling, consists in the number of youths from the western states, who have been either found incompetent for admission under the requisitions of the law, or who, after admission, have been discharged for demerit of conduct or inaptitude. The want of good schools of ordinary grade in the south and west for many years, is too well known to require more particular detail. From this cause it frequently happened that young men came to the academy unable to read or write, or sadly deficient in the ground rules of arithmetic. The necessity of this preparatory knowledge it is unnecessary to enforce, and the appointees were of course rejected. From a similar cause, too, many of our youths of the west, after admission, became impatient of the severe but monotonous toil, and systematic discipline of the school, till hurried away by temptations, too strong for the force of their early habits to overcome, they violated some important regulation which required dismissal. Our remark, we take occasion in passing to say, is not exclusively applicable to the western youth, but the justice of the dismissals seems less to have been acquiesced in, in the west than in the east. The consequence of all this was the engendering of an adverse sentiment in the minds of some portion of our occidental brethren, as we occasionally see it manifest in congress and elsewhere, but which we trust is passing away under the influence of the tardy but sure operations of truth. The last cause of this hostility which it is worth our while to notice, is the offspring of mere political "hobby-horseism," unreined by even the slightest regard to the merits of the question, except so far as they may be used to answer the ends of personal notoriety, and ridden so ruthlessly as to spare no single condition of the establishment. It is in this respect that the countless charges against an aristocratical and extravagant national university, and privileged classes, as well as in favour of republican principles, a soldiery of the moment, and equality of rights, are

rung, in the hope that it may sound in the popular ear an alarm to their patriotism and democracy. This sin against the cause of truth must go unwhipped of justice, until the people themselves shall apply the merited castigation to its perpetrators—a task to which it is our desire to invite them in the present review of the subject.

But, while we render our testimony in favour of the merits and excellent results of the academy, and its organization in general, we are not to be understood as saying that the institution has arrived at such absolute perfection as to be incapable of improvement in any respect. All human provisions, made with a view to a general object, must, of necessity, be subject to amendment. This, however, is best applied when the infallible test of experience has discovered the defects, but, in removing the latter, there is no occasion to destroy the whole fabric. In addition to the alteration in the constitution of the board of visitors already suggested, it would seem advisable that the appointing power should be exercised differently than it is at present. The whole country has a deep interest in the institution, and all possibility of favouritism in the selection of youths as cadets should be removed. Appointments are now made by the war department according to the ratio of representation of each state and territory, and, as to the individuals, upon the recommendations of the delegations in congress. We do not like that the selections should, in point of fact, reside with the latter, because they are not governed by any general principles, except, perhaps, those of political influence and private friendship. Let a law of congress be passed providing for the nomination of candidates by the several states and territories; and let the legislatures of the latter provide for the selection of the candidates from lists of applicants for the current year by lot. This selection, by lot or chance, can be conducted by any officers whom the legislatures may designate, or by committees of their own body, or in any mode which will best attain the object. None can then have ground for complaint of the exercise of favouritism; nor can the political complexion of the nominating power have the slightest influence in determining who shall be the nominees.

We further entertain the opinion that the course of instruction should be more extended, so as to afford a greater degree of *practice* in some of the branches than exists at present. To a certain extent, the school is practical in its character, of which the instruction in infantry and artillery tactics, pyrotechny, and camp duties, is an illustration. But great advantages would result from the extension of this kind of tuition to other branches. For instance, the student should not only be familiar with the mode of constructing a gun-carriage, but should be made to

construct it himself. The pupils of the Woolwich Academy make many of the carriages which actually are afterwards used in the British service. In the construction of fortifications, temporary bridges, and many of the subjects involved in military engineering,¹ too, there is ample space at West Point for practical lessons. There is a suggestion in the report of the board of visitors for 1837, which is also worthy the attention of the war department. The importance of a cabinet of specimens to the student of geology and mineralogy is universally admitted. The collection at West Point is perhaps large enough for the purposes of ordinary instruction. But no other place in the United States possesses equal advantages for the collection of an extensive mineralogical and geological cabinet at a small expense. If the war department were to invite the officers of the army stationed at the various military posts scattered over our immense territory, to collect and send specimens in aid of the cabinet at the Point, the collection would rapidly increase. The graduates themselves, as they enter the army, most probably would lend their aid in furtherance of this plan, and thus a very extensive and valuable cabinet would be formed.

Having now reviewed the subject as far as our limits will permit, we cannot conclude without invoking for the military academy the favourable regard of our citizens of all classes and sections. Wherever an evil can be found to exist, let a remedy be provided, but let the establishment be fostered. Let us remember that there was a time when the officer of a foreign country was considered, by virtue of his military education, an acquisition to our service; when courts-martial in the army were exhibiting continual deviations from the true line of soldierly and manly conduct; when the title of officer was no guarantee of the moral character of the man, and the circles, not merely of fashionable life, but of that society which is composed of the moral and the prudent, were not open to the owner of a commission; when default, in a pecuniary point of view, in relation to the public funds, was no uncommon occurrence in the service; and when striking instances of insubordination and incompetence disgraced our arms. Let us then look upon the contrast exhibited by the officers of the present day. The army is mostly supplied with officers of the lower grades from this academy. Scarcely a foreigner wearing an epaulette is to be

¹ Since this article was in type, one on "Military Reform," in the *London and Westminster Review*, for April, 1837, just come to hand, has met our eye (Art. III.) The reviewer denies that the Woolwich school has ever done for England what the Polytechnic has done for France, and asserts that, even under the modern organization of the former, its character is not sufficiently practical. Upon this point he contends, in which to a certain extent we agree with him, that the course of instruction in a military academy should comprehend "fortification, permanent and field, the latter on the ground as well as on paper; military reconnoissances, and the mode of laying them down; the practice of artillery in all its numerous branches; the casting and boring of guns; all the details of carriage making; all laboratory business, &c.; and the cadets ought to work with their own hands at all this."

found in the service ; passages of broil and dissension rarely call for the punishments of the military law ; the doors of society are not closed to the individual ; fidelity and strict accountability in the disbursement of the public funds pervade the army ; and a general intelligence and skill are prominent characteristics of our young officers. There is too much good sense among that portion of our western brethren whose feelings are now unfavourable to the institution, long to retain their impressions. As yet, they have not taken the trouble to examine the details of the whole subject, and their opinions are prejudiced by a mere hue and cry, aided by the force of temporary circumstances. With them, as the border warfare with the Indian has ceased, or is in the gradual progress of cessation, pacific habits, pursuits, and tastes, will be engendered. The jealousy of the militia officer against the officer of the regular army will no longer exist. They, too, will become convinced of the great truth, that skill and success, in any profession, are not to be attained without labour ; and that it is idle to depend upon the resources of sudden and hasty preparation to avert the almost always unforeseen calamity of war. We have been told that experience is like the sternlights of a ship, which serve to illuminate the path over which the vessel has passed. It is so ; for, like the rays which they cast up on the beaten track, its radiance fades away with the disappearance of the body that bears the beaming lamp. In times of peace we forget the maxims and the lessons of strategy. This species of knowledge is like the metal which, unless constantly kept bright by the applications of practice, the lapse of time will rust. Let us, moreover, discard all prejudice, and look upon these youths, thus trained up by ourselves, as *our sons*, whose best blood is dedicate, like that of the forlorn hope, to the service of their country, and which must be spilled like water upon the altar of battle, whenever we shall require the sacrifice. Let us look upon them, as the Hindoo mother looks upon her children when consecrating them to what she believes a high but fatal destiny—with eyes of affection. Let us not grudge the trifling boon of the education bestowed upon them ; for it is merely to fit them for a destined service of toil and peril, unaccompanied by more than a bare subsistence during the earlier years of life, and the distant prospect of promotion when the gray hairs of more advanced age shall bespeak a long period of faithful devotion to the duties we have allotted to them. Let us deal with them, if not liberally, at least justly. The gallantry of the soldier finds its best incentive in the meed of applause which his country willingly yields, and unmerited neglect, dislike, or a want of that sympathy which is due from the people to its zealous servants, begets indifference to the hard tasks of the military calling. Let us remember that our country is our common mother, whose welfare it is not merely our duty,

but our pride, to cherish ; that the youths who are gathered at this school, from all quarters of the nation, imbibe one common feeling of duty and devotion for her service ; and that, when they part from each other, and leave its walls, they know of no distinction of patriotic sentiment that should pervade the breast of an American. Let us, finally, remember that, as a people, we are not exempt from the visitation of war, and that, although we may not altogether avoid its terrible blow, at least we should so provide as to lessen its force, and alleviate its miseries.

ART. V.—*The Young Ladies' Friend.* Boston : 1837.

We think it must be a source of great satisfaction to Mrs. Farrar—who, we understand, is the author of this well-conceived and well-managed volume—the consciousness that she has done so excellent a thing for all classes of society, and especially for that class indicated on the title page. *Every* page of the book tells something of her good sense—and the main object is praiseworthy beyond expression. It enters into those things in which young women are most and most largely interested, and it treats them with a freedom and fairness which are not only unexceptionable, but some of the best recommendations of the work. It is certain that the mistakes under which females are apt to labour, in reference to so many of the particulars which are here so capitally handled, are by no means suspected by one in a hundred to whom they so forcibly apply. Our young ladies are too apt to live contentedly on, while the fiat of fashion may be in their favour, in a reckless and unreasonable life, forgetting, most unfortunately and unaccountably, that their submission to it is ever at the expense of physical, moral, and intellectual health. It is certainly strange, that so many of our delicate and beautiful women—who seem made to do so much for the character of society—are so difficult to be convinced that they do any thing but adorn it, or make it valuable, when they advocate so many of these frivolous and ridiculous customs which are well met and unhesitatingly reprobated by this able and sensible writer. It is not only strange—it is lamentable—that a class of beings, graceful to such a degree, and so well designed to add loveliness as well as value to the sphere in which they move, should be willing to surrender their outward and inward natures to much that should have no claim for a moment upon either ; should be willing to believe that it is considered a virtue in the circles in which they move—among the thinking and intellectual, we mean—to be pre-eminent in a

fashionable folly, while they are desperately destitute of all knowledge in every valuable economy of existence!—to suppose, in short, that that is worth striving for, or retaining for a day, which, at best, is of the earth, earthy, and forgotten with the turf which is flung upon the body, and which fades into the insignificance of the worm, before that which is continually sounding a lesson in our ears from the sky, and is at once great, beautiful, and eternal!

Mrs. Farrar's book is a *friend* of the young lady in more senses than one, and, in all, most emphatically so. There is no subject upon which she *ought* to dwell, that she has left untouched—so far, at least, as is connected with the well-being, reputation, and happiness of the class which she addresses. No useless, morbid fear of appearing indelicate, withholds the writer from a free expression of her opinions upon those topics which she manages so well, as well as so faithfully. This is right. It deserves praise. Many of the subjects which young women are apt to revolt from, when made the burden of a book or a chapter, they are only too apt to dwell upon with an ungraceful, and sometimes *disgraceful* satisfaction, in the useless and bad freedom of a secret, and sometimes bitter, conversation. All these things are managed as they should be by this lady; and the lessons she draws from the principles which she lays down, or the conclusions she deduces, may as well be laid as deep in the bosoms of her young friends as their silks and muslins are in their drawers. Every direction is accompanied with its use, and that, too, in the most agreeable guise.

No one can help seeing—what Mrs. Farrar says in her conclusion she hopes no one can read her book without seeing—that she considers all true happiness as depending upon the faithful performance of duty, and all duty to be founded upon love to God, and love to man; that where these affections have the place to which they are entitled, they betray themselves in the smallest affairs of life, as well as in the most important; and that nothing is too trifling to be referred to those two great principles—whether it concern the constant and healthy action of body and mind, or the great interests with which both are connected.

The reader must apply the principles, and follow out the suggestions, which the writer so properly arrays and illustrates; volumes could be formed upon either; but they would be needless to a pure and enquiring spirit, which was once awakened to the topics which so nearly concern it. There is—and there *must* be—a pleasure to a mind properly excited and properly directed, in tracing the application of those doctrines and truths which affect it with all the force and meaning of a vital principle. It is the pleasure of one who sees things in a moral light instead of a moral darkness—who feels a warmth with the

illumination, and not merely the unsatisfactory radiance that may gleam where all is desolate and cold.

A great difficulty and mistake in female education lies here. It is too apt to be supposed by girls, after they have *left* school, that they have *done* with it, indeed. This supposition is most sadly false. They have just begun their course, and their school is the world about them. Their best, as well as their worst, lessons are now to be taken; and their characters are to be formed for the circle in which they are to perform their revolution. This must surely appear to be of infinite consequence to the intellect or the heart that views correctly the trial to which they are to be submitted. The greatest and most lasting lessons are now to be learnt. They are those which connect themselves with the life, and almost ever retain an influence during its continuance. A simple conviction of these facts would seem to be sufficient, without any recommendation through the medium of a volume like this. But woman is too ready to believe herself prepared for the encounter of a world when she has only been—indifferently it may be—schooled in some of the principles and precepts which ought invariably to govern it.

Again—the lessons which are derived by girls from the wisdom of a master or mistress, are but one in a thousand to the multiplicity which is continually presented by the curious and changing society which they must eventually either discredit or adorn. The variety of attention which the numberless duties and situations of life most properly and naturally demand, would not, we are confident, be, by any means, conjectured, without a work like this, to which we referred above, and which, we cannot but remark, touches so gracefully and unhesitatingly upon all. It is an attention, also, as important as it is multifarious. It will be required for the *lady* as well as the *girl*—and for the mother and housekeeper, it is more than probable, as well as for the lady. There is, therefore, some one other than herself that the “young lady” is to consult in making the conduct of her life a leading object of consideration, and herself familiar with that simple but valuable knowledge which pertains so immediately to her sex in almost every conceivable situation of her existence.

But to do it justice, we must recur to the volume, and present a few extracts, which we believe may be both profitable and pleasant to the reader. The chapter upon the improvement of time has these excellent remarks:—

“To sleep a greater number of hours than is necessary for rest and refreshment is a voluntary and wanton abridgment of life. She who sleeps only one hour a day more than health requires, will, in a life of three score years and ten, shorten her conscious existence *nearly four years*, allowing sixteen hours to the day. Too much sleep weakens the body,

and stupifies the mind; but when we take only what nature demands, the body is invigorated, and the mind has its powers renovated.

"Early rising is not only expedient, but it is a duty, on which many others depend. She who sleeps late and rises in haste, cannot find time for those thoughts and meditations which are calculated to prepare her soul for the business of the day; neither will due care and attention be bestowed on her morning toilet; her ablutions will not be such as are required by a due regard to health and cleanliness; her hair will not be thoroughly combed and brushed, and put up nicely for the day; every thing will be done carelessly and in haste, and from another portion of the morning must be taken the time necessary for farther adjustment of her dress.

"Let us now sum up the evils of late rising to a young lady. Her body is enfeebled, and her eyes are heavy; her mind is stupified; her devotions are neglected, or hastily performed; her toilet is slovenly and incomplete; her morning meal is taken alone, or with those who are annoyed at having waited for her, and the attendants are out of humour; to all this may be added a painful sense of ill desert hanging like a mill-stone round her neck all day. The reverse of this picture may be easily drawn. The early riser is refreshed and invigorated by the right quantity of sleep; her eye is bright, and her mind unclouded. She has time and inclination to meditate upon God and hold communion with him; she prepares her mind and heart for the duties of the day. Her body is duly cared for; all the niceties of a careful toilet are attended to; she meets her family at the breakfast table, and relieves her mother from the trouble of presiding at it; every thing is done in season; the domestics smile upon her, and she feels the impulse which is given by a consciousness of having begun the day well." pp. 17—19.

Again :

"For a young woman in any situation in life to be ignorant of the various business that belongs to good housekeeping, is as great a deficiency as it would be in a merchant not to understand accounts, or the master of a vessel not to be acquainted with navigation. If a woman does not know how the various works of a house should be done, she might as well know nothing, for that is her express vocation; and it matters not how much learning, or how many accomplishments, she may have, if she is wanting in that which is to fit her for her peculiar calling.

"Whether rich or poor, young or old, married or single, a woman is always liable to be called to the performance of every kind of domestic duty, as well as to be placed at the head of a family; and nothing short of a practical knowledge of the details of housekeeping can ever make those duties easy, or render her competent to direct others in the performance of them.

"All moral writers on female character treat of domestic economy as an indispensable part of female education, and this too in the old countries of Europe, where an abundant population, and the institutions of society, render it easy to secure the services of faithful domestics. Madame Roland, one of the most remarkable women of the last century, says of herself,—'The same child who read systematic works, who could explain the circles of the celestial sphere, who could handle the crayon and the graver, and who, at eight years of age, was the best dancer in the youthful parties, was frequently called into the kitchen to make an omelet, pick herbs, and skim the pot.'" pp. 33, 34.

Again :

"In no way has civilized man played more fantastic tricks, and sacrificed his reason more entirely to folly, than in the matter of dress. The

clumsy and inconvenient garments of the savage are attributed to his ignorance of domestic arts; but what can be said in excuse of civilized man, when he wears shoes that project half a yard beyond his feet, or exchanges his own locks for an enormous periwig, filled with powder and pomatum; when the graceful motion of a lady's head is sacrificed to the stiff movements necessary in balancing a tower of linen and wire, half a yard high, with draperies that flow from the top of it to the floor; when the wavy lines of a female form are disguised under a stiff circle of whalebone, which imprisons the body from the hips upward, and a buckram cage so surrounds the lower limbs, that she can with difficulty walk or sit. Some false standard of beauty, invented perhaps to conceal deformity, is set up, and then the very bones and muscles of the perfect body must be made to conform to it. When this is carried so far as it is in the case of small feet in China, its absurdity strikes us at once; but we may find, nearer home, instances of a standard as false, and consequences even more fatal to health and happiness, than the little feet of the Chinese.

"Dr. Johnson once praised a lady's appearance, by saying she was so perfectly well dressed he could not recollect any thing she had on. I would have young people, of cultivated minds, look at every thing with an eye of taste, and, judging of the merits of a certain form of garment, apart from the charm of fashion, so modify their compliance with the reigning mode as not to sacrifice to it their sense of beauty. Mere fashion should never be allowed to triumph over common sense, or good taste, but be kept in check by both. Thus, when your dressmaker recommends you to have your skirt so long as nearly to touch the floor, let common sense interfere, and prevent your compliance with a fashion so evidently inconvenient; and when, a few months afterwards, you are urged to let her make it so short as not to reach the ankle bone, let good taste arrest her scissors, and plead for a few inches more, for the love of grace, if not of modesty.

"When, at midsummer, your milliner shows you the last Paris fashion in a bonnet, and you see that what ought to shelter the face from the sun, is so formed as to leave it entirely exposed, do not lend your countenance to any thing so irrational; but call up your ingenuity to invent a modification of it, which shall combine shelter with beauty.

"I must not dismiss the subject of dress without reminding those ladies who are deeply interested in their studies, and are pursuing knowledge with an eagerness that leaves them little time or inclination for the duties of their toilet, that they are responsible to their sex, for not bringing literary pursuits into disrepute by neglecting their personal appearance. Let them simplify their address as much as they can, but at the same time they should be even more careful than others, to be always neatly equipped, and sufficiently in the fashion to avoid singularity. Let them consider, that for many years it was a standing argument against giving daughters a liberal education, that if they became learned or literary, they would inevitably be slatterns in their dress, and in their conduct of household affairs.

"The connection, in many minds, is still very close between *blue stockings* and *dirty stockings*; let nothing be done to strengthen it; but let ladies of the present day, who have highly cultivated minds, make a point of showing the world that their attainments are not incompatible with due attention to domestic affairs and personal neatness; let them follow the example of those distinguished female writers of the last half century, who have done so much to destroy the prejudice of the other sex against learned ladies.

"I can assure my young friends, from personal observation, that the classic lore of Mrs. Barbauld never interfered with the most exact attention to personal neatness and propriety of dress; that the poetical inspiration of Mrs. Joanna Baillie never prevents her from being a notable housewife, a very good dresser, and the best of neighbours to the sick and the afflicted. Neither do the scientific researches and high mathematical attainments of Mrs. Somerville interfere with other pursuits more common to her sex, such as botany, mineralogy, music and painting, whilst the peculiar grace and beauty of her toilet would lead a stranger to suppose that more than common attention has been bestowed upon it." pp. 93—140.

The chapter entitled "Behaviour to Gentlemen," is full of matter for every "young lady," that deserves to be "laid up in a drawer :"—

"What a pity it is that the thousandth chance of a gentleman's becoming your lover, should deprive you of the pleasure of a free, unembarrassed, intellectual intercourse with all the single men of your acquaintance! Yet such is too commonly the case with young ladies who have read a great many novels and romances, and whose heads are always running on love and lovers.

"The less your mind dwells upon lovers and matrimony, the more agreeable and profitable will be your intercourse with gentlemen. If you regard men as intellectual beings, who have access to certain sources of knowledge of which you are deprived, and seek to derive all the benefit you can from their peculiar attainments and experience; if you talk to them as one rational being should to another, and never remind them that you are candidates for matrimony, you will enjoy far more than you can by regarding them under that one aspect of possible future admirers and lovers. When that is the ruling and absorbing thought, you have not the proper use of your faculties; your manners are constrained and awkward; you are easily embarrassed, and made to say what is ill-judged, silly, and out of place; and you defeat your own views, by appearing to a great disadvantage.

"Where there is a fair chance of every woman's being married who wishes it, the more things are left to their natural course the better. Where girls are brought up to be good daughters and sisters, to consider the development of their own intellectual and moral natures as the great business of life, and to view matrimony as a good, only when it comes unsought, and marked by such a fitness of things inward and outward, as shows it to be one of the appointments of God, they will fully enjoy their years of single life, free from all anxiety about being established, and will generally be the first sought in marriage by the wise and good of the other sex; whereas those who are brought up to think the great business of life is to get married, and who spend their lives in plans and manœuvres to bring it about, are the very ones who remain single, or, what is worse, make unhappy matches.

"There is no objection to your having a great deal of friendly talk, and many social visits from gentlemen of approved character and known moral worth; but do not fall into the prevailing fashion of talking about *Platonic love*, and having one gentleman devoted to you in public and in private, as your chosen friend and confidant. That is a folly pregnant with mischief, where it is entered upon in good faith, and it is rendered doubly odious by the use some ladies make of it, merely to secure to themselves a beau upon all occasions. Much nonsense is talked about Platonic love, by girls who know not the real meaning of the word, and

who designate by that term the restless craving of their hearts for sympathy, but who are the farthest removed from the calm and pure sentiment described by Plato.

"Mistrust a flatterer, whether he make the graces of your person or your mind the theme of his eulogiums. Many women who are proof against the flattery addressed to their personal charms, are blinded by that which touches their intellectual endowments; but it is all equally injurious, and equally to the discredit of the person who offers it. A gentleman may make you sensible that he admires you, that he has a due appreciation of your powers and attainments, without flattering you; but if he does that, if he entertains you with your own praises, and is constantly paying you fine compliments, he does not respect and esteem you; and you should let him perceive that he has mistaken the means of recommending himself to your good graces.

"Some gentlemen try to make themselves agreeable to one young lady, by disparaging others of her acquaintance. This shows that a man has a poor opinion of the sex, and that he considers you envious of the charms of your companions; and you will do well to convince him of his mistake." pp. 286—308.

Once more:—

"Equally common with the love of ridicule is the spirit of exaggeration. How many persons, who would be shocked at the idea of telling a deliberate falsehood, yet daily violate truth by exaggerated statements and extravagant expressions. This fault often shows itself in childhood, and has its origin in the activity of the imagination, joined to an imperfect knowledge of language; where it is not early corrected, it grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength, and becomes one of the most incurable maladies of the mind. By some it is suddenly assumed, as a means of making themselves agreeable to their companions, or by way of equalling them in their style of conversation. Now I would earnestly beg those who are voluntarily adopting this habit of speech, as they would learn an accomplishment, to avoid it whilst it is yet in their power, and to regard it in its true light, as a sin against God, against their fellow-beings, and against their own natures.

"It is a sin against God, inasmuch as it violates his holy laws, which require perfect truth of speech. It is a sin against our fellow-creatures, because it lessens the confidence necessary to social intercourse, and because it leads to misrepresentation and injustice. It is a sin against our own natures, because it deadens the conscience, lessens the reverence for truth, blunts that nice perception by which we were intended to see things as they really are, and accustoms the mind to entertain distorted and inflated visions of its own creating.

"Besides all this moral evil attendant on a habit of exaggeration, it is a great mistake to suppose that it makes a person more agreeable, or that it adds to the importance of her statements. The value of a person's words is determined by her habitual use of them. 'I like it much,' 'It is well done,' will mean as much in some mouths, as 'I am infinitely delighted with it,' 'T is the most exquisite thing you ever saw,' will in others. Such large abatements are necessarily made for the statements of these romancers, that they really gain nothing in the end, but find it difficult sometimes to obtain credence for so much as is really true; whereas a person who is habitually sober and discriminating in his use of language, will not only inspire confidence, but be able to produce a great effect by the occasional use of a superlative.

"The frequent use of some favourite word or phrase is a common

defect in conversation, and can only be guarded against by asking your friends to point it out to you whenever they observe such a habit; for your own ear, having become accustomed to it, may not detect it. Some persons apply the epithet glorious, or splendid, to all sorts of objects indiscriminately, from a gorgeous sunset to a good dinner.

"A young lady once tried to describe a pic-nic party to me in the following terms:—'There were ten of us, four on horseback and the rest in carriages; we set off at a *glorious* rate, and had a *splendid* time in getting there; I rode the most *elegant*, perfect creature you ever saw, and capered along *gloriously*. When we got there, we all walked about in the woods, and gathered the most *splendid* flowers, and dined under the shade of a *glorious* old elm tree. We had our cold provisions spread out on the grass, and every thing was *elegant*. We had *glorious* appetites, too, and the ham and ale were *splendid*, and put us all in fine spirits. Some of the gentlemen sang funny songs, but one sang such a dreadfully sentimental one, and to such a horrid, doleful tune, it made us all miserable. So, then, we broke up, and had a *splendid* time packing away the things. Such fun! I almost killed myself with laughing, and we broke half the things. But the ride home was the most *splendid* of all; we arrived at the top of the hill, just in time to see the most *glorious* sunset I ever beheld.' " pp. 376—381.

But there may be such a thing as quoting too much. Of reading the book too much, or too often, there is no danger. It is not made of that material which does any thing save good by its application. This is the best reason for every sensible person procuring it, even as a pleasant and faithful friend is welcomed as an increase to the stock of information and enjoyment in a household.

ART. VI.—*Discoveries in Light and Vision. With a short Memoir containing Discoveries in the Mental Faculties.*
New York: 1836.

Although we have the title of a recent work prefixed to this article, yet it is not our intention to analyse its merits, our object being to see how far our views can bear the author out in the doctrines of *the inverted image, the phenomena of lenses, and the generation of light*. We shall begin with light, pursuing it as far as the limits of an article will allow, and speaking of vision, incidentally, before we close the exposition.

Light, both in its latent and perceptible state, as well as in its connection with heat, has not occupied sufficient attention. As to light, or luminousness, it cannot be determined whether it

consist of material particles, or be made perceptible by mere undulations. It is surprising that Professor Leslie's theory of central light from centripetal pressure, has not given fresh impulse to the investigation.

Almost all the phenomena of light can be as well explained by one theory as the other ; but there is one remarkable point which is always left untouched in these discussions—which is, that heat, odours, moisture, gas, and a number of other things which we allow to be matter, are produced by the same means, that is, rendered perceptible by the same mechanical processes that elicit light.

We do not attribute odours to undulations ; they are considered as composed of perceptible particles, and, as such, act upon the organs of smelling. There are many plants, and inanimate substances, that give no external evidence of possessing odorous particles, until friction, or chemical disintegration, makes them perceptible. Even then, there are still other odorous particles within those bodies that remain in a latent state, requiring a different power to elicit them. Sometimes combustion, and sometimes the slow process of decomposition, produced by atmospheric influence, develop odours very different from those given out by the same substance spontaneously or by friction. There is no undulatory movement in this, excepting that the material particles of these odorous bodies may be transmitted to the organs of smelling in an undulatory movement.

Unless the particles of light and heat were perceptible, tangible matter, they could not excite the particles of other bodies to action. That which causes a new development of character in substances with which it comes in contact, must itself possess ponderosity and form. Whatever can be set free, or be reproduced at pleasure, must be a perceptible body, and, as such, will have power to impress itself on our faculties ; in fact, our senses can only be excited by material particles *externally*.

Light, heat, odour, moisture, gas, cold, can be set free in places where their particles were never known to penetrate ; they can be rendered visible and perceptible in a variety of ways, and can be extinguished at pleasure. To follow the particles of light from their latent to their perceptible state, is, therefore, easy of accomplishment, for the means are simple, and within our reach. To describe the power of light in its latent state is impossible ; one can only know it by the effects it produces on matter. Whatever may be the nature of the *cause* of light, we can only know it by its effects ; but that the *agents* of *secondary causes*, in the physical economy of nature, are always composed of material particles, our senses fully assure us.

When we speak so unhesitatingly of the undulatory theory, we must comprehend by it something peculiar, and should be

able to define it. These undulations *are not motions in the ethereal medium itself*—for that is a simple elastic expanse, capable of receiving but one impulse. It is one individual, elastic mass, allowing all bodies to move through it with ease, and closing over the track which these bodies make, so soon as they pass. It contracts in every direction to the body that is moving in it, but its particles cannot be abstracted by any process in the power of man.

Beyond our atmosphere, bodies move through this medium without noise, and for ever ; and it is only in those planets where there is *no* atmosphere, that sounds, such as we experience, can never be heard—*where sound is never heard at all*.

This ethereal medium *cannot move in waves*, for it is one and indivisible ; bodies that move in it had their places allotted to them by the Creator when he first bade them exist. But although this medium do not perform any other part than to allow of the free passage of all dense bodies, and to close over the track which they make in passing along, just as water closes over a body moving in it, yet, within the range of an atmosphere, many substances can be made larger, and cause no disturbance to the elastic medium. For instance, a small piece of caoutchouc, of one inch diameter, can be distended into a ball of three feet diameter. But this does not alter the question ; this has produced no pressure on the ethereal medium, for the particles of this elastic ball first existed in this medium in the form of a gaseous compound, then in the form of inspissated vegetable juice, and finally of a solid, elastic substance.

God, in his infinite power, might, from *another medium*, place in our's another planet ; but unless He also altered the capacity of this ethereal medium, there would be no place for it without *driving out another planet of equal size with the new one* far beyond the elastic medium in which all the stars and planets, of which we have any knowledge, move.

Such particles of latent matter as are necessary to the constitution of our earth, are ever present in the atmosphere, and they are rendered perceptible by the constant action that is produced by the motion of the earth, by friction, and chemical processes incident to rotary motion.

Light and heat are rendered perceptible by the united agency of two primary powers—gravity and levity—in truth, these two laws are the cause of all natural phenomena. They have various names assigned to them—such as centrifugal, centripetal, atmospheric pressure, repulsion, &c. All space, whether near the surface, or beyond the limits of the atmosphere, whether in the interstices of solid concretions, or in the hollow of the earth, is operated upon by one power—levity ; and all the *surfaces* of dense solid particles, whether of a fluid or solid body,

fall under the control of the other—gravity. What the nature of these two powers is, can never be known, but their effects are seen and felt by all ; and as they have been in operation ever since the first records of time, without any diminution of energy, it is safe to conclude that the power given them over space and matter will always be the same.

We see a solid body—ice—become a fluid by the introduction of something between its particles ; this something is called *heat*. By adding a greater quantity of heat, the fluid is resolved to vapour ; and, when we add still more heat, this vapour becomes so attenuated as to be invisible.

Another fluid—albumen—by the introduction of heat becomes a solid. Metals expand and clay contracts through the same agency. What ligament it destroys when it disunites the particles of ice—what material it adds when it renders albumen hard—what causes the expansion of metals and the contraction of clay—further than that we have given the name of heat to the perceptible agent—is still a secret, and must for ever remain so.

But, although we are thus far ignorant, still we have the power—and a great and wonderful power it is—of imitating all the actions, of performing all the offices, and of becoming, in reality, the agents of these two fixed laws. By pressure, friction, and concussion, we can produce both heat and cold, light and darkness ; and, by the aid of these auxiliaries, we ourselves can produce all the phenomena which result from their combinations with matter. Their power is delegated to us, and, by means the most simple, we can control their excess, excite them to further action, or we can reduce them to a latent state. Our savage forefathers possessed the same privileges, and, at this lapse of time, we are as ignorant as they of the exciting cause.

We perceive that certain bodies, whose particles have been distended by heat, are restored to their former density by the simple act of subtracting this power. What is it which enlarges the circumference of the whole mass of solid, inert matter, and renders that substance fluid which before was so dense, compact, and unyielding ?

The two laws which propel all matter, setting every thing in motion, and maintaining an equilibrium throughout space, are gravity and levity. We acknowledge the existence of the former, although its immediate agents are unknown to us. The other power—levity—is but dimly seen, and is considered as acting a subordinate part ; yet the agents are more familiar to us than those of gravity. It effects its object through the instrumentality of gases, and, in proportion as these gases abound, will its presence be known. It is not contended that the fixed principle *itself* is of an elastic nature, but that we become sensible of its

presence and power through the medium of its agents, and these agents are, undoubtedly, the gases.

Although the *interstices* of space and of all solid and fluid matter abound with combustible and other material particles both in a latent and perceptible state, yet no heat would be elicited if gases were present and ever ready to act. Neither could heat be made perceptible unless within the influence of an atmosphere of combustible matter, such as that which surrounds our earth. *Beyond this atmosphere solar rays are cold*; they convey no heat in themselves; but when they reach the combustible matter that encircles the earth, they form a union with latent heat, and thus render it perceptible.

Volatile and elastic gases circulate all perceptible and visible matter, the particles of which adhere closely to the surface of the gaseous bodies. The gases enter into the composition and organization of all inanimate and all animal and vegetable bodies, assisting to build up, repair, and destroy—even aiding in the final dispersion of the particles of these bodies, when the vital principle is extinct.

One of the primary powers—gravity—the agents of which are still but partially known to us, forces all the particles of matter to a closer union, whether they belong to solids or fluids. When near the surface and on the surface of the earth, whether the body be small or large, it is called the *attraction of cohesion*; but the term is inapplicable, as there is, in reality, no attraction in the case. All the impulses of gravity are compulsory, whether operating on the whole mass of the earth at a distance, or on particles near the surface of the earth.

We are not in the habit of viewing gravity in any other light than as producing *pressures* and *weight*; we consider it as a condensing principle—as forcing all matter into contact, and reducing its size.

Every thing in the economy of nature has an opposite power to keep it in check. If the expansive effort of one power causes the sensation of *heat*, it may be fairly urged that the condensing or contractile efforts of its opponent will cause the sensation of cold. If the former power add *levity* or lightness to heated particles, the latter power will add gravity or weight to the cold particles.

It has been settled by philosophers that cold is a nonentity—the mere absence of heat—the lowest degree of heat! The name of cold is given to this nonentity, and yet we allow it neither place nor activity of any kind. Notwithstanding that the position is abandoned—if it were ever energetically maintained—that *cold* is an active agent of gravity, yet it should occur to us that any thing which can consolidate a fluid by means of a property inherent in itself, and diametrically opposite to another,

must be impelled by some primary force—by one of the fixed laws. Gravity causes bodies to contract and cohere ; and levity causes them to expand and separate. Do we not perceive that throughout the universe one power is always counterbalanced by another, and that these powers are essentially different in their nature ? If gravity were not opposed by a force equal to itself, organic matter would soon be at an end.

Setting aside all speculations on the nature of the two fixed principles—gravity and levity—of which we can know nothing, let us examine the effects they are capable of producing through the means of their principal agents—cold and heat.

The office of cold is to contract and press together all the *solid* parts of a body, operating on the surfaces of the particles themselves, whether in individual atoms, or in a concrete mass.

The office of heat is to repel, or force asunder, all the particles of matter ; this it accomplishes by acting altogether upon the *pores* or interstices of an individual atom, or upon those of large united masses.

Those substances that have passed into the last solid form which their nature is capable of assuming, come more immediately under the influence of this condensing principle—cold—which presses more readily upon their surfaces than upon those that have not arrived at this last stage. Vegetable fibre has less capacity, as the phrase is, for cold than the crystals of the alkalescent particles of this fibre ; crystals, in a strict sense, being the last solid form which decomposed matter assumes.

Minerals have a great capacity for cold, and they may be considered in the light of crystals, or concretions of bodies now unknown. We know nothing further of their history than what is presented to us in the form of ores, excepting that now and then some new elemental earth is detected in them, which may be considered as the base of the metal. What these metals were before they appeared as ores, or in solid masses, it is impossible to conjecture.

The nearer, therefore, that earthy, vegetable, animal, and fluid substances approach to a solid, concrete form, the more readily does cold operate upon them. In this compact form of solids, the agents of the calorific principle have disappeared from the interstices of these substances ; not because there is nothing further on which to operate, but that they have been shut out, as it were, from the porous system by the closing or contracting of the interstices. It is, therefore, in the last stage to which a substance can arrive that cold, or gravitating pressure, has entire power over it.

It is during the gradual or sudden contact of *heat*, or of cold, rendered perceptible either by natural or artificial means, that

the particles of a body are elevated or depressed, expanded or condensed. If we force a given quantity of heat into a bar of iron, then the caloric principle, called levity, will predominate to the exclusion of the frigoric principle, called gravity; and the metal will continue to expand so long as it is supplied with heat, until there is a complete separation of the particles of iron.

If the metal be not completely decomposed, and the exciting cause is withdrawn, it will return to nearly its former state—we say nearly, because in every operation of this kind the metal loses something. If *cold* were not an independent, individual power, a nonelastic body, like iron, when suddenly deprived of heat, would remain distended, nor could its volume be reduced but by mechanical means. Mechanical pressure, in fact, is but working with the same tools, using the same levers and weights employed by the gravitating principle itself. When we force two substances together by mechanical agency, we are then the agents of this primary power.

As gravity is a first principle, it pervades all space, and adheres or operates on all bodies, whether great or small, inert or animated, whether of the mineral, vegetable, or animal kingdom. Yet, independent as it is in space, acting on our own bodies likewise, the will of man can direct and control its motions when it is confined to the surface of our earth. We can accumulate its power, and apply it to depress large bodies, or small globules, or we can disperse it at pleasure.

Heat and cold are more or less perceptible as one or the other predominates; when they are equally diffused and balanced, the beneficial effects of the equilibrium are felt in an even and salutary temperature. When there is a preponderance of either, then there will be great friction amongst those particles of matter at the point where the greatest accumulations take place. In consequence, all contiguous matter is driven into new compounds and assumes new forms and qualities. It is compelled to occupy greater or smaller spaces than before, and is entirely altered in its character. We shall not stop to enquire what these results are; our purpose is first to speak of the phenomena of heat, cold, and light.

The first impulse of *heat* when forced from its latent state, is to propel the calorific gases from the pores and interstices of a body to the surface, whatever the dimensions of that body may be, and as far into space as the density of the matter with which they are charged will allow. In doing this it causes solids to separate, in consequence of the greater space which these gases occupy than they did before they were heated—thus forcing asunder, setting in motion, and minutely dividing the parts and particles of a body.

The lighter portions of matter, thus minutely separated, adhere

to the calorific gases—imperceptible to us from their minuteness, just as moisture adheres to these gases in soap bubbles—and are transported by them to the area where clouds are suspended. Here the combustible and fluescent particles are arrested, and the gases, relieved of the heavier portions of matter, now elevate the remainder, still adhering to them to an extreme point in space, a point beyond which no earthly matter can pass. It is at this point that gaseous influence arrives at its height, here it encounters other gaseous compounds that have reached the same point from another source—the sun—and the contact causes a disruption of their parts; they are decomposed, and the new compound from this union acquires gravity, and is precipitated to the earth with entirely new qualities and character. Levity effects its object through the means of heat and gas.

The first impulse of *cold*, when set free from its latent state, is to force its particles against the surface of all bodies as closely as the density of the bodies will admit. In doing this, it causes the particles of solids to cohere and unite together by reason of the smaller spaces which the calorific gases must occupy within the interstices of these particles and in the solid mass. This compression produces cohesion, and the force continues until matter approximates to the closest union of which its nature is susceptible—to the utter exclusion of the calorific gases. Gravity operates by means of the condensing power of cold, and a repellent power equivalent to pressure.

Heat and gas, cold and weight, or pressure, are the prime movers of material particles. Gravity impels its agents, cold and weight; and levity impels its agents, which are heat and gases. The former acts on the *surface* of solids, and the latter on the *interstices* of these solids.

The calorific gases have the capacity of transferring the loose, abraded particles of solid matter, as well as heat, to other bodies, and of diffusing this matter throughout, according to the density of the body. Heat itself is not elastic, nor does it possess the quality of lightness, but its precise nature can never be known, because it is only made perceptible by means of gaseous compounds.

The most unacceptable part of this theory will be, that we have added the power of *cold* to a principle which hitherto has only signified weight or gravity. It is the novelty of the thing, however, and not any unfitness in the term itself, which will cause the objection. By allowing the existence of a power like *cold*, a great point is gained, which is simplicity. Cold is to gravity what heat is to levity.

The influence that levity exercises over so great a power as the earth is apportioned to the smallest globule of stone. The particles of a drop of water—by centrifugal repulsion, or, in

other words, by the power of calorific gases—can be easily forced from the centre of that drop, as an immense accumulation of water, by the same power, can be forced from the centre of the earth.

So of equal magnitude is gravity, if, as Newton suggested, it can press all the particles of matter from a certain point in space to the centre of the earth, it can regulate its action to the smallest particle. Accordingly it compresses all the atoms of bodies to the centre which pressure gives to these bodies, whether great or small, as near an approach to roundness as their density will admit. All the particles of loose, disjointed matter, not homogeneous, but as dissimilar as possible, will be forced by the same impulse, either in loose atoms or in concrete masses, to a great body like the earth, and in atoms, to the smallest globule of water—these atoms being proportionate to the size of the globule.

Let any one examine the movements of a drop of water as it lies on a cabbage leaf. The least agitation of the leaf shows that the drop of water does not only turn on its own axis, but that it rolls over the surface of the leaf without losing its globular form. While the frigorific principle has power, the drop retains its round form; but when the calorific gases are excited to action by the heat which is elicited by the sun's rays, they overcome the influence of the other power, cold, and the drop loses its form.

On close examination, it will be seen that no point of the surface of the globule of water touches the leaf; it moves as free in space as our earth does. All the particles of the smallest drop of water are as much impelled to the centre of its own small body as the solid mass of particles of the earth are forced to its own centre.

Even to such minute spheres as drops of water, atoms of dust will adhere closely, or gravitate, just as a stone would fall or gravitate to every point of the earth's surface and remain there. If a few particles of dust, such as detach themselves from down or straw or other equally light materials, fall gently from our fingers over a drop of water as it lies on a cabbage leaf, the dust will alight on the surface and lie there. If our vision were suited to the inspection of so minute a phenomenon, it would be seen that very fine particles of dust—when in the act of falling—inclining a little from the centre of gravity of this drop, would be impelled from the straight line which would take them to the earth, and be forced to the surface of the smaller body to which they were nearest. A small fraction of straw will adhere to the drop, for it is extremely light, having the interstices filled with elastic gas.

We have observed that the two primary powers, levity and

gravity, do not of themselves possess the properties of heat and cold, but that they excite heat and cold to action, and that these two agents, when rendered perceptible, owe their circulation to other powers subordinate to them; the gases accompany heat, and a principle, the name of which, as we observed, is still unknown, obeying the impulse of cold.

But if gases act so conspicuous a part, and are thus subservient to a higher power, their services are not available to any definite purpose, unless they have a fluid medium in which to move. All perceptible matter, such as is necessary to build up, repair, and decompose organized and disjointed bodies, can only be usefully distributed by passing through a fluid medium. Gases, therefore, act as definite points when traversing a fluid or moist medium.

It is one of the primary laws of nature, that matter of all kinds should follow in the *wake* of gaseous movements; thus preventing the utter annihilation of bodies which would take place in time if *one* power were uncontrolled. The fresh particles of matter—latent though it may be considered by our imperfect conceptions—which always accompany or adhere to the gases, are deposited by them wherever friction occurs; for during this friction some combinations of matter are destroyed. The particles of matter, whether latent or perceptible at the time, are shattered by the collision and are often driven into new compounds, sometimes occupying a less space than they did before, so that it becomes necessary for fresh matter to supply their place.

If a switch or stick be quickly moved through the air, either in a circular or straight line, the disturbance among the particles of matter is imperceptible to us; we merely hear a sound and feel a wind. By this it is known that some commotion has taken place among the particles of air. The sound proceeds from the disruption of gaseous matter, and to the sudden collision of their particles. That this sound is not heard when the stick moves gently and slowly, is in consequence of the ease with which the separated particles can meet again. They have time, as it were, to unite without much loss or disturbance; if violently driven from their equable motion, fresh gaseous compounds rush to the spot and deposit fresh matter.

The same circumstances which require the aid of a new supply of matter in space, require the like assistance when perceptible, tangible, solid bodies come violently in contact. Every revolution of a steel point which is rapidly turning on an iron plate, forces the matter which it touches, and separates it into new combinations. We do not allude particularly to the flakes or large pieces of steel which fly off by means of this friction, but the minute particles reduced to an impalpable powder. As

gases have the capacity to receive in union, or on their surface, decomposed and abraded particles of matter, they must be surcharged with them at this point of friction, and as this rapid friction increases the volume and quantity of gaseous compound, *heat* is set free in proportion. So long, therefore, as the steel point revolves, heat will be generated at this spot.

If the steel point be made to revolve under water, heat is still set free, and the increased temperature of the fluid shows its presence. The heat which would attach itself to the particles of iron when in a dry state, now diffuses itself through the water; for gases move with a more definite purpose and more slowly when in a dense fluid, like water, than when at liberty in the atmosphere. The temperature of the water is raised, but the air around the steel point is not heated to the extent of the water at the same distance from the centre of friction.

Gases therefore require a fluid menstruum, or a humid, moist atmosphere, for the purpose of carrying on the operations of nature. The *principle of growth and decay* relies on the gases, for they alone carry or propel all latent and perceptible matter for the building up and destroying of all organic and inorganic substances. They are endowed with a perceptible motion, which can never cease so long as planets revolve. It is the great privilege of man to abstract and appropriate a part of this active gaseous power; he can either accelerate or retard its motions.

It is no proof to say that heat, cold, and light, cannot be composed of material particles because they can be created at pleasure, *ad infinitum*, without perceiving whence they come. All atmospheric space is filled with partially decomposed matter in perpetual circulation, both latent and free. If this were not the case how could we account for the clouds? We see them in the mass as they are suspended around the earth; but excepting in smoke, vapours and dust—all of which form but a very small portion of them—the ascending particles that make up the vast whole are never seen by us. Clouds are not formed altogether of vapoury or bituminous particles; the gases are for ever ascending and parting with the matter with which they are charged. They take up all the particles which the vital principle has rejected, and those very particles are projecting into space—into the region of the clouds—where they are to undergo a change to assist either in the processes of decay or growth. As long, therefore, as matter can be acted upon by friction, so long will decomposition proceed, and so long will elasticity and heat be rendered perceptible. As long as gravitation acts, so long will *heaviness* and *cold* be perceptible.

By abstracting the calorific gases, gravity has complete power over a body, as in the case of the guinea and feather in an

exhausted receiver, and in the sheet of paper. If a half sheet or strip of letter paper be held to the fire, or over a lamp, until all moisture have disappeared, and be then laid on a *smooth* table, rubbing the paper quickly over with caoutchouc, the calorific gases will leave the paper and enter the pores of the caoutchouc. We have observed throughout that gases do not attach themselves to substances, or move equably through them, unless moisture be present. The paper, thus deprived of moisture, is now under the complete control of another power—gravity—which power forces all bodies to a close union with their own particles and to the surface of other bodies. It will be perceived that the paper has acquired greater weight, although nothing apparently has been added. On lifting it up it adheres to the table, requiring a slight effort to remove it. By throwing it thus charged with the *principle* of gravity against the wall, it will adhere and remain suspended until the pores of the paper are again filled with the gaseous fluids of the surrounding atmosphere.

Why should the paper adhere to the table and the wall, when the calorific gases and moisture have been abstracted? Not, surely, because the table and wall attract it, or because it is charged with the electric fluid, which are the popular modes of accounting for the phenomenon. The electric fluid is nothing more than a peculiar development and modification of heat—nothing more than the calorific gases powerfully charged with the latent particles of ignitable matter. Instead of adding *weight* to the paper it should render it less heavy. The mere *matter* of lightning is not heavy—it is the *propelling force* which makes this matter enter a body and tear it asunder; but when the electric fluid is circulating equably, it has the property of rendering any thing more elastic and buoyant. *The paper is forced to the surface of a body in consequence of the power which gravity has over a solid when that solid is deprived of the calorific gases and moisture.*

If the paper be again heated and rubbed with caoutchouc, and quickly applied to the brass knob of a small electrometer, the gravitating principle will not only force the paper to the brass knob, but will project the two cork balls forward, which balls are at least six inches from the knob. The cork or pith balls are filled with the elastic gases, which, not being in sufficient quantity to resist the pressure thus suddenly thrown against them, are unable to prevent the balls from moving out of their place. If a book, or any other object, be placed within an inch of the balls as they hang suspended from the brass wire, they will be driven against the book the moment the *charged* paper strikes the brass knob at the other end. But if the heat of a lamp or candle be placed about an inch from the

pith or cork balls, then the great accumulation of calorific gases counteracts the slighter force of gravity which is conveyed along the brass wire, and the balls remain stationary.

If the paper be again heated and deprived of the calorific gases, and now held near the pith or cork balls, they will project themselves with great force against the paper, because there is sufficient room among the interstices of the paper for the calorific gases, and thus the equilibrium is restored. But if the cork balls and the thread to which they are attached be thoroughly *wet*, the paper, charged with gravity, cannot impart any motion to the pith balls when applied to the brass knob. *Gravity only acts on a solid in proportion as that solid is deprived of caloric gases and moisture.* The cork balls in this case are able to resist the pressure against them, for *calorific gases are more effective, or able to repel pressures more effectually, when confined to a fluid medium.*

At the same time that the charged paper, as it touches the *brass knob*, imparts no gravitating impulse to the cork balls in their *wet* state, a paper newly charged, when placed within an inch of the balls, will be forced against these wet balls, for they are now of a more solid form, having their interstices filled with a dense fluid.

There are still more important facts to prove the existence of a counteracting power to levity, and that cold is quite as free and active an agent as heat, light, or other perceptible matter. When we are accustomed to consider *cold* as an individual, perceptible essence, and as always following gravitating pressures during the absence of levity, or when levity is but slightly accumulated, it will take its place in scientific speculations, and be acknowledged as one of the unalienable properties of gravity, as heat is of levity.

There is perpetual action and reaction between the two primary powers, as well as in atmospheric space—having the sun and earth as instruments of friction—as in all animated, organic matter. See in the circulation of the blood how these laws operate. The one—gravity—pressing all the external particles of matter to the surface and centre of a body, by which means the elastic gases within the pores of the body are compressed; and the elastic gases in return, impelled by levity, repelling this pressure, forcing off from every outlet—the lungs and the pores—all those particles of matter not necessary to sustain life. It is solely by the opposite action of these two powers that the circulation of organic matter is effected.

There is no such thing, therefore, as an *attractive* principle; bodies are moved by a compulsory process. Gravity forces all matter to a definite point, and levity repels that pressure. The Creator has so ordered it as that conflicting or opposing

forces are necessary to the existence of the material world, and the harmony of the whole depends on the ability which one power has of regulating the excess of the other.

When powers of such vast and unlimited magnitude, so opposite in their nature, approach each other with unequal forces near the surface of the earth, where the effects of their operations are perceptible, we learn to know them in the *whirlwind* and in the *calm*—in the overwhelming deluge, and in destructive droughts—in the excess of vigour, and in the torpor of death ! We have then some conception of the general laws by which they operate ; we know that it is a compulsory action altogether, but we know nothing further.

It being conceded, therefore, that gravity produces pressures of all kinds, and causes the phenomenon of cold, acting on all globular surfaces, whether small or large—if it can force a fluid to become a solid by compression ; if it can compel the particles of matter to form separate centres, and assume globular forms, even on so minute a scale as a drop of water—well might the great Newton say that, but for some counteracting power, all the matter of which this solid earth is composed, at any moment, by the single impulse of gravity alone, could be compressed into a nutshell !

It has been wisely ordained, therefore, that there should be a great counteracting principle to keep the gravitating one in check ; and this opposing force is levity. *Heat and gases, cold and weight*, are the agents of these powers ; and they are so exquisitely subtle that they pass through and around all bodies, imperceptibly, with great ease, though not in all cases with equal rapidity. As soon as they are preternaturally excited, as soon as their tranquil current is impeded, their power becomes perceptible in proportion to the quantity of opposition they meet with, and to the nature of the material that opposes them.

The effects of levity are most conspicuous when it operates on combustible matter ; not that alone which allows of immediate ignition—such as vegetable fibre, bituminous or other inflammable substances—but it decomposes all things. This is effected by carrying off, perpetually, very minute particles from the surfaces of bodies. This calorific principle, called heat, is invariably accompanied by gases, and it is to these gases that the decomposed and abraded particles of matter are attached, and it is in this way that their circulation is effected. The portions of matter thus abducted are so minute as to be imperceptible, and they are rendered thus light that they may be projected as widely as possible. If it be the purpose of gravity to compel all the particles of matter to adhere to one another and to a common centre, it is equally the purpose of the other

power—levity—to force them asunder, and separate them as far into space as their density allows.

It is whilst this imperceptible friction and collision are going on, that heat is set free ; for friction always renders it perceptible. When a moist atmosphere is present, the gases are the better enabled to elevate the light, decomposed, abraded particles to a higher point. The lighter the material is, the farther off from the centre can levity project the gases. There is a slow decomposition, or combusive power, going on near and about the surface of the earth, and, of course, there is a perpetual supply of fresh matter to form clouds—essential parts of our system. The gases, therefore, carry all the decomposed, minute particles of perceptible matter to the clouds. At this point the grosser parts are arrested and abstracted from those that are capable of being elevated to a rarer medium. These gross particles are held in reserve in the region of the clouds, where they undergo a new process of adaptation, whilst the lighter portions are carried up still higher.

But there is a point beyond which the gases, elastic and volatile as they are, cannot go—beyond which matter cannot move. Particles which are projected from the sun, and those which are projected from the earth, can only be driven from each of these bodies to a certain point in space. Those particles of matter which the gases have been the means of elevating from our earth, can go no further into space than to the spot where the solar particles have arrived. The gaseous compounds of the sun and earth come in collision, and, of course, at this focus there must be great friction among ascending and descending particles. The rotary motion of two such bodies as the sun and earth, is capable of producing great commotion among aerial matter ; and as it is for ever rising up from our surface, and the sun is constantly projecting it from its surface, it is philosophical to conclude that, at the focus where the two extremes meet, there must be a perpetual accumulation of it. The vortex at this focal point must be tremendous.

The friction which must necessarily ensue where two masses of gaseous compound—freed from all the heavier parts of combustible matter—are driven together, will produce a new combination, by which a new substance is generated or set free. What this new compound may be, is easily determined by referring to a process like this on a small scale ; experiment shows us that, when two gases of an opposite nature are forced into contact, the union *sets light free*.

With this view of the subject, light—that light which is said to be projected immediately from the sun—is first made perceptible, is first set free at a certain fixed point in the focus of the vortex that exists between the powers of the sun and the

earth, which vortex is the result of the rotary motion of these bodies and of their centrifugal impulse. The gaseous compounds coming thus into violent contact with solar particles, are forced into other combinations, and a new substance is formed and set free, which, being now deprived of its calorific, elastic principle, is precipitated to the earth ; this precipitation is light.

But although light may be thus produced, and be projected to our surface in the character of luminousness, it does not follow that it must possess the qualities of *heat*. It would always fall to the earth as luminous rays without heat, did not something interfere to produce a change. The light which gravitates in winter is not accompanied with heat ; this arises from the fact that decomposition goes on but slowly at that period, so that but little combustible or decomposed matter is forced upwards to form clouds.

Moisture, for instance, is not elevated in great quantities during winter ; of course, the gases, not having a menstruum in which to elaborate and revolve decomposable matter, move without any fixed object. The piercing and destructive winds which are so prevalent in winter, arise from the want of a fluid or moist medium, for, as we before observed, it is only in such a medium that gases can be propelled to a definite point. When there is nothing to regulate their movements, being deprived of decomposed matter, they are free from all restraint, and are driven at random.

Light would fall as luminousness as it does in winter, were it not for the interception of its rays by the dense matter of the clouds. When these clouds are composed of a *due* proportion of combustible particles, and the rays of light are passing through them on their way to the earth, *heat is generated*, or set free—the equable heat of summer. When an *undue* proportion of combustible matter is held in the clouds, or in the atmosphere, and it encounters the friction or pressure of the luminous rays, flame is the result—as seen in lightning. When there is a superabundance of dense, watery matter, not capable of ignition, no combustion takes place, and the rays of light are decomposed, and, therefore, do not pass through the clouds.

During the intense heats of summer, when the clouds become suddenly dense and dark, the painful sensations arising from the excess of light and heat combined are gone. The pleasant relief obtained, is attributed to the absence of the rays of light alone. It is not even conjectured that, but for some combustible matter in the clouds and atmosphere, the rays of light would have no power to scorch, or burn, or even to warm us ! They might oppress by their brilliancy, as all white, silvery substances do, but they would not produce the sensation of heat.

Clouds, in themselves, are always cold; but when the ignitable matter with which they are charged is excited by the friction of light and motion, combustion goes on in proportion to the amount of the exciting causes. When clouds are forcibly driven together during night, they frequently explode, and thus set light free, although none of the disengaged rays of light are falling on them. The clouds, as well as every part of space, are filled with latent matter; if light, in its latent state, were not every where present, no combustion, no explosion, could take place; there can be no flame like lightning unless light is set free, or unless the rays are falling on the combustible matter of the clouds and atmosphere.

But if the production of light be cause of astonishment and enquiry, the destruction or extinguishment of light is equally so. It is perceived that, if there is a superabundance of aqueous vapours in the clouds, the scorching rays of heat are less oppressive than when there is not this accumulation of moisture. It is observed, also, that the rays of light, which would otherwise fall to the earth, are intercepted by the dense vapoury clouds. It is generally acknowledged that heat is less oppressive when dark vapours intervene; but few know why it is that light loses its brilliancy, or luminousness, when a dark body obstructs its passage.

It is thought that light cannot traverse a body unless the particles have an affinitive arrangement; this is an error. Light cannot, in its luminous or free state, pass through the dense parts of a body; to be perfectly dense there must be no interstices, let the colouring matter be what it may. When light falls on a dense *white* substance *it is bent out of its course*, or, if the substance be of a black colour, it is immediately decomposed or extinguished.

When a white curtain is hung before a window, the brilliancy of light is gone; but still a great number of rays pass through the interstices of the fabric. If this same curtain is dyed black, and even so delicately that the interstices between the intersections are as free to admit light as they were before, the same quantity of light will not pass through the interstices. Why does the mere admission of a black colouring matter obstruct the entrance or free passage of light?

Rays of light glance off when they are obstructed by a white substance. If this material be not very dense, and have intervals of intersections, as in linen or muslin, a portion of the rays will pass through the interstices, but not through the *intersections*. Light never passes through—is not able to pass through—those dense, compact masses. If the same number of rays fall on a black as on a white curtain, we shall not receive the same quantity in both cases, although the size of the inter-

stices be the same, because the *edges* of the interstices absorb part of the light.

The moment light comes in contact with any black pigment, or black material, that moment its particles are decomposed. They are either disunited, and enter other compounds, or else return to their latent state again. Light undergoes some change by which its character or quality of *luminousness* disappears; whatever the nature of the *black principle* may be, certain it is that it has the remarkable property of disuniting the particles that cause *luminousness*; and in proportion to the blackness of the colouring matter, will light, as luminousness, be decomposed by it.

Light, therefore, is always resolved into its latent state the instant it encounters the black principle. There is, therefore, an antagonist to light as well as to heat, and we no more know the nature of blackness than we do of luminousness. We cannot say that *blackness* is the lowest degree of luminousness; for, in the midst of the most intense light, if a black pigment intervene, this light is suddenly extinguished. These two principles are opposing forces, and keep each other in check.

Philosophers have not yet sufficiently analysed the *effects* of these powers; their principal aim has been to dispute whether light be a material substance, or only undulations; as to its antagonist, blackness, that has never been considered an independent power at all. Why is it that both cold and blackness have stood so low in the scale, when their effects are quite as conspicuous as those of heat and light?

When we perceive a great accumulation of the *black principle*, nothing is conveyed from it to our vision but blackness; when there is a great accumulation of *light*, nothing is conveyed to our vision but a dense mass of light. A dense mass of light obstructs vision as much as a dense mass of blackness. If a quantity of light fall from a hole in the window-shutter on a coloured material, this light, being opaque in consequence of its density, prevents our seeing the colours through it. It has been insisted on, for upwards of two hundred years, that light decomposes colours, or rather resolves them all into *one*, and that one is pure white. The action of light on certain colouring matter will, eventually, destroy the freshness and brightness of the lustre, but not the entire colours themselves; and this change will always be perceived; even a strong black colour will acquire a rusty tint. But although we do not see the colours on a part of a bright hearth rug when a dense mass of light falls on it, yet, the moment the body of light is withdrawn, the colours are as bright as ever; if these colours had been changed to one of pure white by the action of the sun's rays, they would remain changed on that spot; but this is not the case.

Whether the colouring principle be in light—which we doubt—or in the material, or whether it originate on the cerebral organs of vision, is a question not yet solved; but, wherever its seat may be, it is evident that its destruction does not arise alone from contact with luminous rays of light—its *sudden* decomposition we mean. We never could produce a white colour from mechanical or chemical action, nor do we consider the experiment with the revolving wheel at all conclusive.

We perceive that light can be arrested, and made to return into itself, or to glance off at certain angles—*light, therefore, can be moved*. Its particles can be condensed and brought to a focus, by producing among them a rapid rotary motion. If a wheel be turned very rapidly, the rays of light which attached themselves to the spokes of the wheel—and expressed by their density the elevations and depressions of these spokes—do not represent them at all. They close over them, as it were, and become an impervious mass of light, through which the spokes, or the colouring matter, cannot penetrate; the colouring matter being, in fact, all that we can ever see of bodies. If we hold any thing behind the *base* of the flame of a candle where it swells out filled with gas, we shall see the object distinctly through it; but if we hold the object behind the *dense* mass of light above the base, the mere density of the light prevents our seeing it. We can see the flame of another candle through the thin stratum of the base, but not in the dense accumulation of the tapering mass.

Light is therefore an obstruction whenever its rays are condensed or accumulated. Light, as well as flame, when accumulated and brought to a focus, does not allow the luminous rays from a body less dense to penetrate its mass. We cannot see any object through *flame*, or through a dense mass of pure solar light; and it is simply because light and flame are dense and opaque that weaker rays from coloured bodies cannot pass through them. It is only because *we cannot see through them* that the colours and outlines of bodies, under or behind them, are hidden from us, and not because, as has been imagined, the light which falls on these coloured bodies has decomposed the colouring matter.

If we wink our eyes quickly while looking at a bright window sash, and then shut or cover our eyes, there will be no impression or spectrum of the sash on the cerebral organs of vision. The rays of light which were coming to our eyes from the whole field of view, are by this motion of the eyelids arrested at this point, and their accumulation causes density; this opaque mass closes, as it were, or rather shuts out, the weaker rays that were also on their way to our eyes from the window sash. If we look at the window sash *without* winking, or shaking the

eyes with the thumb and finger, the whole spectrum of the sash will be seen the moment the eyes are shut.

If it were not for *colour* and *luminousness*, a painter could never represent external objects on canvass. Colour gives us the impression of form and outline, and of all the raised and depressed portions of a body. Does the mind, or seeing principle, ever come to the knowledge of *real* external bodies but through the medium of colour and light? Do we ever really, by vision, perceive any thing but colour and light? When an artist paints the picture of a man or a horse, we see as much as can ever be seen of the *originals*, excepting their movements. Light, therefore, unless there is a dense accumulation of it between the eye and the coloured body, makes colour visible.

When looking at a picture, we sometimes perceive that the accumulation of light on it is so great that the colours are not seen through it. This density is only perceptible at the angle in which we view the picture; for another person looking at the same picture, at a different angle, will see the colours and form perfectly well, because the light is equably dispersed over it in that direction. The eyes of one person are filled with the dense column of light which falls on the picture, whilst the other person, not in the range of this dense column, sees only the light which falls on it *thinly* and equably from the whole angle of vision.

The clearing up this mistake of the absolute decomposing property of light, will open the way for deeper researches into the nature and character of light, or luminousness. We shall then acknowledge that light, like all other substances, is opaque when condensed, and transparent when thinly spread out; thus allowing the rays from any illuminated coloured body to pass through with ease. This very quality of opacity is in favour of its materiality.

If *colour* belonged to light, a greater or less quantity of light, when accumulated at one spot, would not destroy its own powers. If the colour of the substance on which a dense mass of light rested were inherent in light, we should see it in every position of the rays. If coloured rays belonged to the constitution of light, they would return into themselves as simple, luminous rays do, and, like them, be always visible. The colours of the solar spectrum would always be seen in the direction of the luminous rays, following these rays either spirally or as *striae*, as is sometimes seen on the "air lines" of the edge of a prism when looking through them at the lamp or fire. Instead of the decomposition of colour by light, it is colour which decomposes light; we now allude to sudden decomposition.

It may be urged that colours fade when long exposed to the

action of light ; this is true, remotely. Light and heat combined will cause a change in the colours on the surface of bodies ; for instance, a green riband will part with the *yellow* tint of its combination when exposed to the direct rays of the sun *in summer*, and yet retain it in winter, although the sun's rays may fall equally strong on it, and light and cold *in winter* will destroy the *blue* tint. Even black pigments lose the intensity of their shades when long exposed to light alone. The pigmentum nigrum of the *choroids* loses its blackness and becomes of a rusty black colour. When the eyes are aged and have been long exposed to the action of the light, this is owing to the friction between the particles of luminousness and darkness.

In fact, the more intense the blackness of the colour is, the greater is the commotion between the particles of light and those of colour, and in proportion as the colouring matter approaches blackness, or darkness, will light be decomposed. Colour, therefore, cannot belong to light, for let the material on which the colour rests, or in which it exists, be what it may, whether silk, cotton, wood, iron, or vapour, the destruction of light is the same. It is the *black principle* itself—blackness, or darkness—that decomposes light, and not the substance in which it is incorporated, or to which it adheres.

That light, or the particles of luminousness, can be moved, that when condensed they become opaque, that they can only pass through transparent substances, are undeniable facts. That light can be *moved*, and that it can only be transmitted through transparent bodies, has been long known ; but as to the fact of *density* implying obstruction when a rotary motion occurs, that is a doctrine which will not only raise doubts, but strong opposition ; we must, therefore, fortify ourselves with all the points that bear upon the subject.

We will first ask what it is that enables us to see external objects, and the answer must be that it is light. Cones of light converge to the eye, and all these cones proceed from elevations and depressions of every object external to the eye. Each spoke of a revolving wheel, and each stripe on a revolving disc, is represented by its own cone of light. If the wheel and disc revolve rapidly, what becomes of these cones, perceiving that light can only move in straight lines ? If each ray, or particle of light, were permanently attached to the surface of bodies, it would move round with these bodies, but light can only be bent or moved in one direction, and that is in a straight line.

The wheel revolves, then, rapidly, and as the cones of light cannot move circularly with it, they must have a place somewhere. The question therefore is, where are these cones ? they are detached from the colouring matter of the spokes and the

disc, and are not extinguished. Do they still keep their station in front of the revolving wheel—are they divided into a number, or have they all merged into one short cone?

Unquestionably they keep their station and merge into one short cone. From the whole angle of vision the eye receives a large cone of light, throughout which are innumerable smaller cones issuing from external bodies, that appear in this large cone or angle of vision. All these cones, when attached to bodies, converge to the same point on the eye with the large cone, they being a part of the large one, only interrupted in their convergence to the same focus by intervening bodies.

There can be no motion, either quick or slow, through space, without displacing the particles of matter which are traversing or gravitating. But as this space is filled with matter in its latent and perceptible state, if some particles are displaced or driven off, as from the revolving motion of a wheel, others must necessarily rush to the point of friction to supply the place of those that were thus driven off, as an equilibrium is always preserved in space.

When looking at a rapidly revolving wheel, light is closing in upon the surface, and owing to the commotion amongst the particles there is a denser accumulation of it at this spot than there was when the wheel stood still. It is now that light is perceived to be an obstruction, not because it has decomposed the colours of the spokes and stripes, but that, not being attached to the coloured bodies, it converges to the corner without conveying any impression of the objects from whose area it emanates. These short cones, which issue from all the elevations and depressions of a surface, when this surface is in a quiet state, can only represent the outline of the circumference when the wheel turns rapidly, and even this outline would be lost to our vision if the whole could revolve with an augmented velocity.

Light, therefore, is limited in its movements, its action, and its capacity.

It is limited in its movement because it can only proceed in straight lines, the curves of light being mere refractions at short distance, forming short angles.

It is limited in its action, inasmuch as it cannot infringe on black pigments without destroying its own character of luminousness, and it cannot attach itself to bodies that are moving rapidly.

It is limited in its capacity, for it cannot retain its transparent quality when densely accumulated.

If we look at the upper part of the rim of a pair of silver spectacles when the bright light of a window shines on it, the rim presents no obstruction whatever. The object beyond the

glasses is seen through the space *above* the rim, *through* the rim, *in the glasses* of the spectacles, and *below* them. Those parts of the rim on which the rays of light do *not* fall, are even less of an obstruction than the part where light has accumulated. If we let the light fall on the rims of both glasses, which can be done if we stand between two windows and turn our head a little to the one side, the two lights will fall on the same spot, and being thus dense from the double quantity, the carpet or other object cannot be seen through it as when the light was single.

If we look at this bright spot on the spectacles with one eye, the other being closed, and then look at it with both eyes, the image will contract in size, and will expand again the moment one eye is closed. Every pin hole in a card will exhibit the same variation of diameter, according as we look at it with one eye or with both. This curious fact we have found was first noticed by Epinus, although the author of *Discoveries in Light and Vision* has recently made the same discovery without knowing that Epinus had remarked it before.

Every substance or body, whether pointed, square, or round, whether thick or thin, coloured or white, has its whole circumference edged with a thin, transparent, filmy fringe, the lines of which fringe are always, in all cases, parallel with the edge of the outline or circumference of the body, whether it be round, square, irregular, or pointed; and when this body is of a certain diameter, about the one eighth of an inch, and is held within an inch, or less, of the eye, it is scarcely an obstruction to light or external objects. This parallel edging contracts and dilates as one or both eyes are open and rest on it. If we look at it with one eye shut, we shall perceive it to be of a certain dimension, but when we open the closed eye, a sudden contraction of the fringe or air lines takes place. The same thing occurs when looking at the light through two fingers that are nearly closed together, to the merit of which discovery our author is entitled.

Now this edging must either belong to rays of light externally, or to the cerebral organs of vision; for under every circumstance and condition they are perceptible, being attached to all objects that are presented to the oblique and direct rays of light, whether from the sun, lamp, or candle. The dark and light stripes of which these air lines, as we call them, are composed, are not of stationary width, but vary with every motion of the eyelids; nor are they seen quite so distinctly when the object to which they appear attached is held before our eyes horizontally.

Every narrow slit exhibits the same phenomenon. If we slit a small portion of paper with a penknife and hold it to the light, we shall see these air lines very plainly; and by looking at them

first with one, and then with both eyes open, we shall see the contraction and dilatation of the slit. In this way we can perceive that the dark and light *air lines* are not always in one place, and whilst looking at them another curious phenomenon is made visible. Throughout the slit or opening all the air bubbles which the aqueous humour contains are plainly seen, but instead of being round, as when viewed through a pin hole, and described in "*Discoveries in Light and Vision*," they are flattened or lengthened in the direction of the *air lines*! If we look at them when the slit is held upright, they are long and narrow; if we hold the slit horizontally, they are still of the same shape, except that they are elongated horizontally. This phenomenon we have also observed on that part of the rim of a pair of spectacles on which light is condensed.

Whilst we are examining this singular phenomenon, as we before observed, an object external to these *air lines*, can be seen *through* the rim of the spectacles *nearly* as well as if the rim was not there. Not only light is perceptible, but objects. Now it is obvious that light cannot pass through any dense substance, such as the dense rim of silver; how, therefore, is it, that on looking at the rim, we see the carpet or window sash, or any other object, almost as well as if there were no rim before our eye?

If we take off the cover of a wafer-box or pill-box of paper, and wind a few strans of coarse silk over the open part, making a pin hole in the bottom, we shall see a very curious phenomenon. To make the experiment perfectly, we should stand with our back to the window, and whilst holding a piece of white paper a few inches from the pin hole behind, look at the bars of silk, which we can plainly see even when the box is held near to the eye. On first looking at the box the bars of silk will be plainly seen, and on moving the box a little to the right or left the pin hole will be also visible, but very much magnified, and, *in the very centre of one of the bars of silk the pin hole will appear as perfect as if no bar was there. What is more extraordinary, in the centre of this pin hole another bar will be seen of smaller size than the real bar.*

Now it will be admitted, that the rays from the magnified pin hole and the distant bar could not penetrate the thick thread of silk—magnified, apparently, to half an inch. The bar of silk is impervious to light, and yet there is a medallion of light, having a bar in its very centre, which medallion appears *set* in the very middle of the real bar of silk.

This part of the phenomenon is referable to the same laws which allow us to see objects through the *air lines* of a pair of spectacles. The *pin hole* is a lens of great magnifying power, which, having thrown its rays on the bar of silk on the surface

nearest to it, receives them back again. These rays, thus carrying the image of the silk, pass on each side of the real bar on which our eye rests, and converge to the lens of our own eye. The pin hole and the bar are therefore in this way transmitted to the cerebral organs of vision.

We know that many a curious theory will be struck out of this new phenomenon, but the above that we have ventured to offer has simplicity to recommend it, as we need no recourse to refractions and reflections not common to vision. In the case of the inverted image on the hinder part of the eye, seen in optical experiments and on all globular surfaces, facts no way belonging to vision are produced to support an absurd theory. To comprehend our views fully, we shall beg leave to explain a few of the phenomena attached to lenses, and then, after endeavouring to throw some new light on the subject connected with vision, bring our remarks to a close.

We cannot, by all the experiment that can be brought to bear on this subject, attribute the alternate dark and light stripes of these air lines to any interference in rays of light. It appears to us to be but a multiplication of *outlines* of the body to which they are attached; but of this on some future occasion.

Lenses, whether concave or convex, show both the erect and inverted image on their surface. When a convex lens is at a little distance from us, the object in front of it is seen in an inverted position on the back surface. If the lens is brought close to the eye, then the rays from the object in front come through the lens in a straight line to the eye, and the figure is erect.

In page 39 of the work under review, it is stated—and we all know the statement to be correct—that, if we look at the glass globes in an apothecary's window, when inside of the shop, we shall perceive that all the objects in the street are inverted on these glass globes. But if we look *through* them, so that the central rays pass through the axis of our own eye, the same objects will be erect. This takes place whether the lens be large or small, thick or thin, solid or filled with fluids; whether it be the eye of an animal, or one of glass.

Convex and concave glasses, or lenses of different focal lengths, placed at suitable distances from each other, as in the common day telescope, show the external objects erect, and likewise show an erect image of them when looking on the *surface* of the eye-glass. If we take out two of the lenses the external objects will be seen in an inverted position.

If two glass globes, filled with water, touch each other, and an illuminated object is placed on a line with them, so that the axes of the three are parallel, the illuminated object will be erect on the *front* of the glass the farthest from it.

The eye of an ox, when parallel with the axis of our own eye, and with that of an illuminated object in front of it, shows an erect image ; or, rather, the rays of the external object pass through the dead eye, and represent the object on our own eye in an erect position, just as the rays of an illuminated object cast an erect image on the surface of the second globe of water. The dead and the living eye, as it respects the image which may be perceptible *externally*, are, in reality, nothing more than two globes filled with a transparent fluid. If the dead eye be removed from its parallel position, then the rays from its axis fall elsewhere, and we merely see the oblique rays on the back surface, which rays produce an inverted image.

It is, therefore, owing to the *manner* in which lenses are placed, with regard to the parallelism of their axes, that an external object is represented erect or inverted. The position of an object is owing to refractions and reflections that are not at all connected with the true mode of seeing.

An interposing lens is an intrusion, and prevents our seeing the object that would otherwise be seen if the lens were not thrust before our eye. We should recollect that the object is lost to our vision by the interference of the lens, for the focal power of this lens is very different from that of our eye when it is alive, and we have command over its muscles and nerves.

It cannot be too often observed that, when an eye is taken from the socket, it loses all power save that which it has in common with every lens—the power of transmitting light—whether it be filled with a fluid, or it be a solid piece of glass. The retina of a dead eye is of no more importance to the image that is seen on the little hole behind, than if it were the sclerotic coat.

Our own eye enables us to see large objects either far off, or near to us ; whereas an artificial lens, or the globe of a dead eye, gives us but a very diminutive image of the object placed in front of it. A lens of a foot diameter can only magnify the external object to the size of two or three inches at the distance of twenty or thirty feet ; and our own eye, scarcely an inch diameter, shows us the full size of the object.

The eye of an ox, or of a man, is nothing more to its owner than a telescope, even when it is alive, and the will has power over it. When it is in our hand for experiment, it is a simple, globular lens, containing two fluids of different refractive powers. The fact of seeing the inverted image on its posterior surface is not indicative of the true mode of seeing, for that depends on the impression which the extremities of the optic nerve make on the cerebral ganglion of vision.

We have observed that the rays from an illuminated object, when transmitted through two globes of water, show an erect

image on the front surface of the second globe. The question might then be asked, why an erect image is not seen on the hinder part of the *eye*, perceiving that it is composed of *two* lenses—two convex lenses? The cornea, and the little opening behind, form a convex lens, and, between these anterior and posterior surfaces of the eye, there is another lens called the crystalline. But, in answer to this objection, it must be recollected that, after all, they really form but one lens, for the anterior surface of the crystalline is convex to the concave surface of the cornea, and the posterior surface of the crystalline lens is convex to the concave surface of the little hole that is cut behind the eye. On the contrary, if the crystalline lens were taken out and placed outside of either surface of the eye, there would then be two convex lenses.

The eye of an ox is, therefore, a simple convex lens filled with fluids, and our living eye—confining our remarks to images seen on the surfaces—is likewise a convex lens. When our eye is not parallel with the eye of the ox, then we lose sight of the direct rays that would have passed through our axis, and only see the rays that fall obliquely on the animal's eye. When the eye is raised on a line with our own, then we see the central rays. In this case, our eye and the animal's eye are strictly analogous to the two globes of water placed parallel with an illuminated object.

If we interpose a small glass globe, filled with water, between our eye and an illuminated object, a bystander will perceive that the object is erect on our own eye, and yet it is inverted on the glass globe if we look on the posterior surface. In general, a candle is resorted to for an experiment of this kind, but, owing to the intensity of the light, there are but few who can bear the pain. Standing before the window with a pin in front of the glass bulb, is quite sufficient to test the fact. The pin, though but a small object, is seen distinctly on the cornea by any one having a good eyesight.

If we can dispossess ourselves of the erroneous notion that a retina is requisite to the appearance of those images seen on the little convex hole behind the dead eye, we shall soon come at the truth. We shall then perceive that the eye of an animal in our hand shows us nothing more than what can be seen on, and through, a little glass bulb. Very few can make the experiment with the eye of an animal, for unless, as our author observes, the eye is perfect and fresh, and have been delicately handled, the aqueous and vitreous humours run into one another, and it frequently happens that, by the rough handling of the butcher, when taking the eye out, the crystalline lens has slipped out of its capsule—a fact which has been ascertained by dissection.

For the mere purpose of producing an image, there is no

necessity to have so complicated a plexus as a retina, for this image can be obtained quite as well without it. Where would be the propriety of a double apparatus for the transmission of images when one is found to be sufficient? We have duplicates of all the senses, for a reason very distinct from that we are questioning; but, if the retina were paralysed in the living eye, neither the crystalline lens nor the foramen centrale would be sufficient to convey an impression of external imagery to the sensorium. It is the light—the direct rays—which stimulates the whole eyeball, and enables the mind to comprehend what is passing externally. This information, given in so mysterious yet simple a manner, is solely for the inward man, and not for us who are no part of him. The mind has nothing to do with the image that may be formed on the foramen centrale, or the retina as some have it; that impressed on the cerebral ganglion is all that is requisite for its instruction.

The seeing erect and inverted images on and through lenses, is an incidental circumstance altogether; it belongs to the constitution of spherical surfaces, and is quite distinct from the operation going on within the cerebral mass at the termination of the optic nerve. An inverted image on the posterior surface of a glass globe of water, or on the animal eye, can be seen by a thousand persons at the same instant of time, yet, from their position, each eye must be stimulated by a different cone of light. Cones of light issue in every direction; and of what service could this be to the mind that wants but one impression?

There is one remarkable fact never allowed to have any weight in our philosophy, which is, that the base of the optic nerve is not the true axis of the eye, considering it as an axis in the common sense of the word. The foramen centrale is the true axis, placing it in connection with the crystalline lens and the cornea. The optic nerve lies out of this axis, and is not at all influenced by its proximity to the foramen centrale. The part which the optic nerve has to perform is quite independent of *actual* imagery, such as is, or may be, represented by the accidental axis, and yet it can, and does, have an axis of its own in connection with the cornea.

This accidental axis, or focus, called the foramen centrale, is not, in reality, the axis on which vision depends; it is simply for the purpose of collecting the rays of light which necessarily enter the eye when the external objects are represented. By bringing them to a focus, they can the more readily be absorbed, or leave the eye as *spent* light. The rays that strike the *centre* of the foramen centrale can pass back again through the axis or centre of the crystalline lens, and thus get into space again; whilst those that diverge from the centre of this foramen centrale impinge on the choroids and are there absorbed.

The whole apparatus of the eye is simply, as has often been observed, a telescope to the seeing faculty, or, rather, to the cerebral organs of vision. If we add an artificial telescope, it is for the purpose of diminishing or increasing the size of an external object. The common day and astronomical telescopes, as well as the microscopes, effect this object, and thus assist the telescope of the eye in giving enlarged or magnified views of external objects.

When we place a lens, or globe of water, before our eye, we see an inverted image; because the rays that issue from the external body in front of the lens do not enter the axis of the anterior surface of this lens or globe, but, coming in obliquely, undergo several reflections and refractions before they radiate from or leave the surface. Move which way we will, the same object is seen all around the posterior surface, but in an inverted position, whereas the rays that are to represent the object erect, can only be seen through the axis of the globe. It is these rays, coming straight through the axes of the lenses, that convey an erect image in telescopes; but we must not infer from this, that vision is effected in this manner, for the rays that are to give us an erect image, do it *at once* by the first touch. It is the *motion* they induce that gives the impression.

Lenses are merely supplements to our own eye, and, whatever surface they may possess, nothing more is intended than that they shall always give a longer or shorter, a smaller or larger view of an object than can be obtained by the naked eye, as it is termed. A dead eye is, therefore, a mere lens, and it obeys the laws of all lenses having convex surfaces. This is truly and solely the whole history of the inverted image, and which inverted image, we repeat again and again, has nothing to do with the true mode of seeing.

It was not by receiving the rays from another lens in front of it, that the eye of the ox presented us with an inverted image on the little hole cut through the coats of the eye; there was no lens, nothing but a candle in front of it. But because *we* see the candle upside down, it does not follow that the ox, when living, must have seen it upside down, as Dr. Arnott and other physiologists would have us believe. Sir David Brewster does not believe that an object is really upside down when *external* to the eye; but he demonstrates that it must necessarily be upside down when the rays *enter* the eye. This reasoning is quite as absurd as the other; if it were true that the rays "crossed each other at the centre of visible direction," then *we* ought to see the candle in an erect position on the surface of the dead eye, for, as soon as the rays crossed and recrossed, so as to reach the hinder part of the eye, it had time to turn to rights again. The ox would see it, surely, by the time it

reached the axis of the eye behind, and yet we see it inverted. Sir David Brewster proves too much when he asserts that "rays from the bottom of the image go to the upper part of the *object*, and those from the upper part of the image go to the bottom of the object, which process necessarily produces an erect image."

Now this process in the dead eye, from which this strange and unsound doctrine has proceeded, has not been observed; for if it were really true, and the retina reflected and concentrated the image, then an erect image would necessarily be seen for the very reason assigned.

The fact is, it was never intended we should see an inverted image unless a lens was placed before our eye, and only then, when it is formed by rays that fall on either side of the axis in front of the lens. When no lens intervenes, and the rays fall on our own eyes from the whole field of view, objects never can appear inverted. The mind cannot by any possibility see either the inverted or erect image that may be formed *within the eyeball*; it can know nothing but what the optic nerve is capable of communicating at the fibrous termination of its cerebral extremity. The impression is made from the first contact of light on the whole eyeball, and as the optic nerve is the only channel of communication, it is that duct which gives intimation of what passes without.

In what way should we ascertain that there was an inverted image on the back part of an animal's eye, but by cutting away the three coats and all the capsules? We are not sure, therefore, that there was an image there before the coats were removed. We are not even certain that the *foramen centrale* is the focus of all the foci which philosophers imagine exist in the retina, for we cannot impel the interior of the eye with reference to a correct knowledge of this point. But if there were a million of foci in the dead eye and in lenses, as there undoubtedly are, the mind or seeing faculty has nothing to do with them. Those foci are incidental and belong to spherical surfaces in general, and with which the mind has no connection when external objects are to be examined.

If an image is inverted on a lens, or on a plane surface, the mind sees it inverted. If rays of light were transmitted by the optic nerve after the manner agreed upon by physiologists, we should require the aid of another sense to correct the defect; for however clear the explanation given by Sir David Brewster may be to *his own mind*, yet very few *thinking* people find it conclusive. If rays cross each other as he imagines, then we still have to look at the bottom of the image, that is placed somewhere in the eye, for the top of the real external object, and the *mind* has to *infer* or gather by instinct that what is the bottom must mean the top. There is even more absurdity in

this doctrine than in that part of it agreed upon by others, which imagines that we learn to know an object in its true place by the sense of touch! We cannot agree with his triumphant conclusion, that rays crossing each other, as he describes, must necessarily produce an erect image. Rays crossing each other in that manner *always* produce an inverted image; and if they *did* so present themselves to the optic nerve, the impression would always be inverted.

If we look steadily, and for a few minutes, on an inverted image that has been strongly illuminated, such as a pin resting on the ground-glass shade of a bright lamp, we shall see the pin inverted as it really appeared on the glass, the moment we shut our eyes. Whilst we are looking at the spectrum, if we push the ball of the eye we shall find that the inverted pin is stationary, proving that it is now placed beyond the jurisdiction of the eyeball. Now if the ox while living saw only the inverted image that we see on the hinder part of the dead eye, then it must always appear so to him, for no crossing of rays within his eye could rectify it, as the image is immovable on the cerebral organs of vision the very moment it reaches the foramen centrale. These are some of the phenomena of light and of lenses; we now proceed to another part of the subject.

We perceive that light is extinguished by some unknown principle in black colouring matter, and that it is decomposed and resolved into its latent state by the power which this black principle has over the particles which cause the luminousness of light. This black colouring matter is independent of the materials on or in which it exists, for whether it be the dense vapours of clouds, the flexible fabric of silk, or the solid unyielding substance of iron, the destruction or decomposition of light on their surfaces is the same. It is blackness or darkness which acts on light, and not the material in which this black colour exists, or to which it adheres.

Light, also, can be set free in a variety of ways, but principally by the contact of such bodies whose particles are so arranged as that light, *as luminousness*, cannot pass through their pores. Friction, concussion, and oftentimes simple pressures, disengage both light and heat; it would appear that they entered minutely into each other's composition, were it not likewise the case with other matter in a latent state. Moisture, odour, colour, &c., can be disengaged and rendered perceptible by friction, pressure, and concussion.

The sudden approximations and union of certain gaseous compounds produce light. Flint and steel, when struck together, set light free, and friction disengages it from many substances. Muscular contraction makes it visible in the lam-pyrus or fire-fly. There is a spontaneous emission of it, perhaps

muscular likewise, in glow worms. It is either *emitted*, spontaneously in decayed wood, or else the decomposition that is going on is favourable to the disengagement of light in the gaseous medium which this decomposition generates. Marine animalcules are guided in their movements by their own luminousness. Spontaneous combustion is of frequent occurrence among oleaginous and bituminous particles of vegetable fibre. A sudden blow across the eyes, disengages a greater quantity of light than the choroids can absorb—supposing it to be held in its latent state within the eye. A slight pressure is sufficient to elicit light in the eyeball, for however unacceptable the suggestion may be, yet it is in reality light which is set free by the pressure.

Light cannot be set free or decomposed by a white pigment, excepting, as before observed, when in conjunction with heat, and then it takes the character of flame. But the disappearance of flame in the fire, when the white silvery rays of the sun are shining on it, is not referable to this cause. The light of the flame cannot spread because the rays from the sun occupy that portion of space where the rays from the flame should be. Two bodies of equal character and nature cannot occupy the same space; the lesser must merge in the greater.

The particles of *latent* light are incorporated with all substances, consequently, it is in great abundance, much greater than that portion of it which is set free as luminousness. Like heat and all other latent matter, one particular substance does not hold it in greater quantities than another. It merely passes through certain bodies with greater ease. The particles of some bodies are so arranged as that all matter in its *latent* state has to travel circuitously through their interstices or pores. Other substances, differently constructed, enable all latent and perceptible matter to pass *through* their pores with ease, moving in straight lines.

Latent matter cannot remain in a quiescent state in any substance; for, let the density or quality of the material be what it may, it can never be set free on the supposition that it exists *within* certain bodies. Those substances that readily admit of the free and easy passage of latent matter through their pores, are generally the most capable of rendering it perceptible. Thus, flint and steel, two very compact, dense bodies, when suddenly struck together, compel the *latent* matter of light, which is traversing them, to unite with other latent matter, and thus become perceptible to us.

As was before observed, light in itself possesses no heat, not even warmth, until it fall on a substance capable of combining with it. If the sparks from the collision of flint and steel should fall

on incombustible materials, they would be absorbed or extinguished without showing any signs of heat. There is but one substance known, in which light is kept in a luminous state without the aid of external or internal combustion, and this substance is the diamond. This very fact should convince us of the materiality of light, for here it is luminousness *per se*, that attaches itself to the surface of the diamond. It is part of the mass of light which fell on the stone from a self-luminous body, and being a *real material* itself, it adheres to a substance known to admit and reflect light.

When the sparks from flint and steel fall on our hands there is a sensation of heat, because they come in contact and combine with the oleaginous particles emitted by the pores, thus producing a slight combustion. If they fall on substances such as are partially decomposed or destroyed by combustion, a still further process goes on, and if substances of a higher inflammable nature are presented to them, flame is the result.

The flint and steel, therefore, contain no light in themselves; they only, as ponderous bodies, by their sudden approximation, force the matter which is traversing through and around them into a closer union with the abraded particles which the concussion struck off from their own bodies. In the sudden forcing together of two extremely dense substances, the free passage of latent matter is obstructed; light is always set free in such concussions.

If light and heat in a latent state pervade all space, as they most assuredly do, and if they can be rendered visible and perceptible at pleasure, it need not be a necessary consequence that they should, either one or both, necessarily emanate from the sun. If the mere sudden compression of latent matter can disengage light, why may not an indefinite quantity be generated in this way? There certainly is one point in space where a greater accumulation of latent matter must be concentrated, for we know that both latent and perceptible matter are perpetually driven off from our surface into space. There must be a point beyond which this matter cannot be forced by our centrifugal repulsion. If there be an accumulation, there must be a power stronger than our centrifugal power which prevents the gaseous compounds and latent compounds from proceeding further. As there most assuredly is such a point of conflict in space between the matter driven off from our surface, and the matter driven off from the surface of the sun, the friction amongst the particles of those two revolving bodies—the sun and the earth—must be immense.

We consider the sun to be a solid body, similar to that of the earth, and like this planet possessing no individual luminousness, but, equally with the earth, receiving all its light and heat from

the excited particles of its own abraded, decomposed, and latent matter. We consider that the light and heat which sustain us, are generated at a point very *distant* from the solid body of the sun itself, and which point we conceive to be much nearer to us than the sun is now supposed to be.

According to this opinion the solid body of the sun must possess as many luminous points as there are planets revolving around it; the rotary motion of its own body, in conjunction with the like rotary motion of the planets, being sufficient to produce all the friction, and thus creating all the luminous suns or points attached to each planet. This luminous sun or point we imagine to proceed from the focus between each planet and the sun.

The sun is therefore a dense body like the earth, turning on its own axis, and never moving from its place in consequence of its superior size, and of the regular motion and position as well as the general balancing of all the planets—its satellites. It can have no individual heat, or light; all the heat and light which it may possess originating from the collision of certain latent and perceptible matter which has accumulated at a definite point between itself and the planets which revolve around it.

This is likewise the case with the planets of our system; all the light and heat which they may possess proceeding from the excited point beyond their own atmosphere. Ignition can only take place in those atmospheres which are supplied with matter that is capable of combustion. Those planets which throw off no *inflammable* particles can have nothing on their surface equivalent to our organization; for the light which is generated at their focal point can only fall as luminous rays, without heat.

An aeronaut cannot test the truth of these conjectures, for though he may be suspended above the clouds, beyond the point where the greatest quantity of heat is generated, yet he is still in our atmosphere, and the lighter parts of combustible matter are still ascending there. If he collected the rays of light on a lens, heat would be abundantly perceptible, for his hand alone, when presented to the focus, would present combustible materials on which light could operate, or with which it could unite.

In this view of the subject, therefore, the great ball of fire which is considered as the true sun, is only the luminousness arising from the sudden approximation and union of certain gaseous compounds, driven together by opposite forces to a point where these forces must come in perpetual contact. The dense body—the solid muscles—the *primum mobile*, which in its revolutions produces the friction and pressure, is so immediately parallel with the axes of the illuminated sun and our

earth, that it is hidden from us. We can only, at certain intervals, see a small portion of the opaque body, when the illuminated focus is less dense in particular parts. In these transparent openings, as they may be termed, we get a glimpse of these "spots in the sun."

The world has been so long accustomed to look upon the sun as possessing light and heat in itself, that opinions and suggestions such as these will be rejected. But neither scripture nor philosophy need revolt at these doctrines, for although the manner in which we conceive the sun to dispense light and heat be different from that generally comprehended, yet we acknowledge that it is owing to the impetus which a dense revolving body gives to gaseous compounds, that light and heat are made apparent. The sun is the exciting cause in the first place, and the earth in the second; these two powers in their rotary movements causing light to be set free.

ART. VII.—*Dictionary of the English Language.* By NOAH WEBSTER, LL. D.

It has ever been a just cause of complaint against the English language, that its orthography is varied and unsettled. Hence any effort to reduce the anomalies which abound in it, to something like system, deserves the approbation of every lover of English literature, provided the end is attempted to be gained by suitable and proper means. Many thanks, therefore, are due to Dr. Webster, for the unwearied diligence with which he has pursued this object; and though we do not consider this as one of his happiest efforts, he has accomplished much for which he deserves praise. If we were to instance the point in which we think the doctor has been most successful, we should direct the reader to the *etymology* of his Dictionary; and though we cannot say we think it all sound, we believe he has done that which will perpetuate his name, while philology shall be studied as a science. And we attribute his greater success in this department to the apparent fact, that this has been pursued less with reference to a *preconceived theory*, than his system of orthography. We shall therefore notice some points where we think his orthography is at variance with the true principles of

English spelling, and which seem to have been induced by an adherence to *theory* rather than by deference to *principle*.

But before we proceed to the main object of this article, we beg leave to tarry long enough to venture a remark as to the *cause* of the varieties of orthography which abound in our language. The base of our language, and by far the most important part of it, is Teutonic, and has mostly been subject to the laws which have governed the orthography of the Teutonic languages, while an important part of it has been derived from the Latin, and mainly through the medium of the Romance language. Words of the latter class have generally obeyed the laws which prevailed in the Romance dialects, and the reason for their orthography is to be sought in those dialects. We have, therefore, what for convenience may be denominated a Teutonic and a Latin side to our language, and the reason for the original orthography of words, from either side, is to be sought in the laws which regulated contemporaneous changes in the kindred dialects. But neither of these can properly be called a standard of *English* orthography. Such a standard must lie between the two extremes, and to it we can only refer such words as, borrowed from either side, have become perfectly *Anglicised*. Bearing this in mind, we shall proceed to consider some of the things above referred to.

The first point to which we shall turn our attention, relates to the use of the letter *u* in *honour* and other similar words; and that we may see distinctly the reason why Dr. Webster excludes this letter in that class of words, we will quote his own language from the *Introduction to the Quarto Dictionary*.

"Soon after the revival of letters in Europe, English authors began to borrow words from the French and Italian, and usually with some little alteration of orthography. Thus they wrote *authour*, *embassadour*, *predecessour*, &c., using *our* for the Latin termination *or* and the French *eur*, and writing similar words in like manner, though not of Latin or French original. What motive could induce them to unite these words, *errour*, *honour*, *favour*, *inferiour*, in this manner, following neither the Latin nor the French, I cannot conceive."

These principles are recognised and repeated in an article on *Philology* in the *Knickerbocker* for 1836, page 235, et seq. From the foregoing quotation the following positions are sustained.

1. The practice of spelling these words with *u*, commenced with the revival of English literature; and in the section from which the above is copied the doctor admits that it continued down to the seventeenth century.

2. That this orthography was used, whether the words were borrowed from the French, Italian, or other languages. To this

we may add, that it frequently extended to words from the Teutonic side, as in *neighbour*; Sax. *nehbur*, *nehgbur*; Germ. *nachbar*; Dutch, *nabur*; Sw. *nabo*; Dan. *nabor*; &c.

3. The doctor omits this letter on account of the supposed fact that *our* is neither French nor Latin, and because he cannot imagine the existence of any motive for introducing it.

Upon these we remark, that since this letter was uniformly used, "from the revival of English literature to the seventeenth century," it is to be presumed, in the absence of all proof to the contrary, that it is really part and parcel of the English language, and as such ought to be retained. And farther, the idea entertained by the doctor, that *our* is neither Latin nor French, we take to be altogether erroneous. If we are correct in the foregoing, then upon the principles by which the doctor professes to guide himself, the letter should be retained. These principles are laid down in the *Knickerbocker*, (vol. vii. pp. 356, 357,) where he says, "By research into the history and principles of the language, I have attempted to ascertain what is genuine English, and what is error and corruption; and by moderate reform to rectify what is clearly wrong." Now it is altogether surprising that it did not occur to the doctor, if this letter has been in use so long, and so uniformly as he supposed, and if he was so much at a loss to know how it came there, as that he was wholly unprepared to say that *our* was not "genuine English," that he could not pronounce that "error and corruption," of which he did not know the origin or cause. The doctor, therefore, has made out a case against himself, upon his own principles.

But there is another point of view in which this subject should be considered, by omitting which, the doctor, as we suppose, fell into the error under consideration. We refer to the analogy of the Romance languages. By the "Romance languages," we mean those derived from the Latin, including Provençal, Italian, Spanish, and French. By comparing the changes which the words under consideration have undergone in those languages, it will be seen that a law has operated to change the orthography in this and other similar classes of words in all those dialects. And if we find such a law, governing the whole class, we presume it will not be denied that that orthography alone can be *philologically correct* which is in conformity with it. To the same law the English has had reference, when borrowing words directly from the Latin, and also from the Saxon.

OR.—This termination in Latin embraces two distinct classes of words, those denoting *persons*, as *pastor*, *author*, &c., and those denoting *qualities*, as *honor*, *favor*, &c. Concerning the first of these we have now nothing to say, as the question at

present only affects such words as denote *abstract qualities*. The following synopsis, the materials for which are mainly drawn from the *Grammaire de la Langue Romane*, of M. Raynourd, and from *An Essay on the Origin and Formation of the Romance Languages*, by G. C. Lewis, Esq., shows at a glance the influence of this principle in the various dialects of the Romance.

1. Latin *amor, color, honor, favor, labor, vigor, &c.*
2. The Spanish has retained the Latin orthography, as *amor, &c.*
3. The Italian adds an *e* to the Latin, as *amore, colore, favore, onore, &c.*
4. The Provençal adds an *s* to the Latin, as *amors, colors, honors, favors, &c.*
5. The orthography of the old French was unsettled, vacillating between the Latin and Provençal, as *amor*, or *amors*, *favor*, or *favors*, *honor*, or *honors, &c.*
6. The middle French changed the *o* of the Latin into *ou*, as *amour, favour, colour, honour, &c.*
7. The modern French has changed *ou* into *eu*, as *ameur, honneur, faveur, &c.*, except *labour*, where the orthography of the middle period is retained.
8. With the middle French agrees the English in all the words we have adopted, as *honour, favour, labour, &c.*

To whatever principle the *u* owes its introduction into *honour, &c.*, to the same we may undoubtedly attribute the addition of an *s* in the Provençal, of *e* in the Italian, and the introduction of the *u* in the middle French and English. To the operation of the same principle must we look for the cause of the introduction of the *o* into the Saxon *nehgbur, thu, thusend, thurh, &c.*—English *neighbour, thou, thousand, through, &c.* We see, therefore, that this is not only a law of the Romance languages in this particular class of words, but that it pervades the *English language*, affecting alike words from either the Latin or Teutonic side.

Immediately connected with this point, and bearing directly upon the importance of this orthography, is the question, when this rule first began to exert an influence. It seems to be admitted by Dr. Webster, and is no doubt the fact, that the foregoing class of words came *into* the English *from* the Latin, but *through* the French, and, if so, they came from the middle French, while the orthography was *ou*; and, hence, the *u* is an important item in *philological history*, as it points to the source from which, and marks the channel through which, these words have come. If there were no other reasons for retaining the letter, this alone would be amply sufficient.

We may also obtain further confirmation of this conclusion

from the laws governing the changes of other words derived from the Latin in the Romance languages. *Osus*.—The Latin has a large number of nouns with this termination ; we have a couple of dozen before us, every one of which has undergone some change in the derivative dialects. The first, is the omission of the Latin termination *us*, which is done by all the modern dialects of that language. The following synopsis will show the nature of these changes :—

1. Latin ; *amorusus, cariosus, furiosus, generosus, luxuri-
osus, &c.*

2. The Spanish and Italian have dropped the termination *us*, and substituted an *o*, as *amoroso, carioso, furioso, generoso, luxurioso, &c.*

3. The old Provençal simply omits the Latin termination, as *amoros, carios, furios, generos, luxurios, &c.*

4. The old French dropped the Latin *us*, like the Provençal, but sometimes changed the *s* into *x*, as *amoros*, or *amorox*, *generos*, or *generox*, *furios*, or *furiox*, &c.

5. The middle French changed *o* into *ou*, as *amorous*, or *amorous*, *glorious*, or *gloriorious*, *generous*, or *generous*, &c. The first form of this word was sometimes written with a final *e*, as *gloriorouse*, and the second with *z* instead of *x*, as *amorous*. This orthography is found in a poem of *Raoul de Coucy*, who died A. D. 1249.

6. The English and modern Provençal add an *u*, as *glorious*, *furious*, &c.

7. The modern French have changed *ou* into *eu*, as *glorieux*, *furieux*, &c.

From this table it is made evident that the *u* in *honour*, *favour*, &c., owes its introduction into those words to the cause, whatever it might have been, which introduced it into *amorous*, *curious*, *furious*, *glorious*, *generous*, *injurious*, *imperious*, *laborious*, *luxurious*, &c. &c.

Us—ius.—To the foregoing we must also add those words which, denoting qualities, have been derived from Latin nouns ending in *us* and *ius*.

These words would not allow the dropping of the termination, and we have, therefore, copied their orthography, inserting an *o* to make them correspond with similar words in English. Thus the Latin *arduus, barbarus, ludicrus, odoros, &c.*, become, in English, *arduous, barbarous, ludicrous, odorous, &c.* So, also, the Latin *ensorius, gregarius, pius, impius, serius, vicarius, &c.*, in English are written *ensorious, gregarious, pious, impious, &c.* But the all-pervading character of this principle is still more strikingly confirmed by the fact that, when we could not bring the Latin nominative—the case we have usually followed in these derivations—under this law, we have

taken some one of the oblique cases as the basis of our English word. Thus, Lat. nom. *victor*, gen. *victoris*, Eng. *victorious*; Lat. nom. *saluber*, gen. *salubris*, Eng. *salubrious*; Lat. nom. *uxor*, gen. *uxoris*, Eng. *uxorious*, &c.

It would seem that, if any position in philology be capable of demonstration, the foregoing is sufficient to establish the authority of *honour*, &c., and, if we are not much mistaken in our conjectures, it was the omission of this mode of comparison which prevented Dr. W. from discovering the reason for writing the words in question in this manner, and led him to attempt to expurgate them from our language. If, by omitting this letter, our language could be made uniform, there would be some good ground for the change; but, so far from that, it in fact introduces still greater irregularities, compelling us to omit the *u* in such words as *Saviour*, and the like, where every principle of analogy and propriety is opposed to it. There are also some two or three other points of orthography to which we have not room at this time to allude, but to which we intend a reference at some subsequent period.

ART. VIII.—1. *Defence of Usury.* By JEREMY BENTHAM.
2. *Essay on the Usury Law.* By "A RHODE ISLANDER."

It is our design in the present article to exhibit briefly and perspicuously what we consider to be the true theory of interest. We think that such an exhibition must lead naturally to a correct estimate of the character of those laws which are commonly denominated usury laws; for it may be asserted with confidence, that the superficial notions which are current in regard to these, spring almost wholly from want of acquaintance with the real ground on which interest rests, and the main principles by which it is adjusted.

Interest may be defined as *the price paid for the use of money*. It has been common to speak of the *interest of money*. By some writers the expression is considered inaccurate; for example, by Adam Smith and J. B. Say. The former rather intimates than declares its impropriety;¹ but it is expressly and repeatedly denounced by the latter.² We are told by these

¹ *Wealth of Nations*, book ii. c. 4.

² *Say's Political Economy*, book ii. c. 8, sec. 1.

writers that the proper expression is *interest of stock or of capital*, because, in reality, what is lent is the capital which is bought with the money. This objection is not merely a useless nicety or quibble; it is positively erroneous. For, in the first place, money is sometimes borrowed for other purposes than purchase; secondly, when it is wanted for purchase, it is often expended in purchasing the services of man, or other values which are not capital: and lastly, the interest is not at all affected by the capital which is purchased, inasmuch as, whatsoever may have been the fluctuations of the latter in point of value, the same sum of money must always be returned, together with the stipulated interest. This interest is the interest of the money as much as the price paid for any article is the price of that article, and not the price of something else for which it may be exchanged. Were a man to borrow a horse and exchange it for an ox, he could hardly persuade the owner that it was an ox which he had lent.

It is common to speak of the *price of money*, by which is meant the interest paid for it. This way of speaking is incorrect; for interest is not the price of money, but the price of its use, just as horse hire is not the price of a horse.

Let us look for a moment at price generally, before entering upon a consideration of that particular species of price termed interest.

Man is subject to wants, and possesses capacities of enjoyment. These wants and capacities occasion desires. The necessities, conveniences, and luxuries, which minister to these desires, are said, by political economists, to possess *utility*. In this use of the term utility (a use which some will be reluctant to concede), no distinction is made between laudable and blamable desires. All gratification is denominated useful. Thus Say speaks of "the utility of an object, or, what is the same thing, the desire to obtain it."¹ We readily see what is meant by this language, though, strictly speaking, to call the *utility* of an *object* the same thing as the *desire* of a *person*, is absurd. The author meant, and should have said, instead of "the desire to obtain it," *its capacity of gratifying desire*.

The term *value* is used in two very different senses; at one time meaning value *in use*, at another value *in exchange*, or exchangeable value. There are things of the most precious value in one sense, which have little or none in the other. Air, for example, is of such value in use as to be indispensable to our existence; yet its exchangeable value is generally nothing. Jewels are of little value in use; yet their exchangeable value is very great. The distinction between these two kinds of value

¹ Political Economy, book ii. c. 1.

arises out of the fact that some useful objects are within the reach of all, while others are appropriable and possessed by individuals. The want of the former is never felt ; the want of the latter can, in general, be satisfied only by an exchange of values.

We define *wealth* as an accumulation of exchangeable value. We say *exchangeable*, for the purpose of excluding, among other things, natural and acquired talents. It is maintained by Say, in our opinion incorrectly, that these should be included under the denomination, wealth.¹ But a man of talents is never spoken of as wealthy, unless he has possessions of a different and certainly inferior nature. Wealth is material value. The exercise of talents is, it is true, exchangeable value ; but no accumulation of this value is possible, and hence it can never constitute wealth.

Price is the estimate of one exchangeable value by another. This estimate may be higher or lower than actual exchangeable value. Hence it seems to us erroneous to call price—as Adam Smith, Say, Wayland, and other writers, do—the same as exchangeable value. The owner of an article surely may demand a higher price for a thing than it is really worth in the market ; he surely may sell it at a price below its real worth. In our definition, we say *exchangeable value* ; for, as we have before observed, value is of two kinds—value in use, and value in exchange. Air, light, water, &c., though of indispensable utility, have not commonly any price affixed to them. We say *not commonly*, and this restrictive expression is of importance. Multitudes, as well as we, have bought a draught of water at the summit of a mountain ; the prisoner will readily pay his keeper a high price for unwonted enjoyment of sunshine and the open air ; and, indeed, scarcely any thing can be named to which a price may not be affixed under certain circumstances.

Money being the acknowledged material standard of value, by price is generally meant an estimate in money ; and this idea of estimation in money is usually included in the definition of price, as, e. g., by Say and Wayland. But, in our opinion, it is more philosophical to consider price as the estimate of one value by comparison with any other. Otherwise no foundation is left for the really valid distinction drawn by Smith, Say, and others, between *real* and *nominal* price, i. e., the price in actual value, and the price in money ; for if, as Say states, “the price of an article is the quantity of money it may be worth,”² when this quantity of money is the same, the price must be the same, which he shows not to be the case, since money may be

¹ Political Economy, Introduction, p. 41, Am. ed.

² Political Economy, book ii. c. 3.

worth more at one time than another. We take occasion to say here, that, whenever we use the term price alone, real price is meant.

Adam Smith pronounces labour to be the original source of all exchangeable value. "Labour," he says, "was the first price, the original purchase money, paid for all things." This is egregious error. There are many exchangeable values with which labour has had nothing to do. A coal mine, for example, is often discovered upon a gentleman's estate. The value of that coal mine before the coal is extracted (a real, exchangeable value) was never paid for by the labour of any one. There are innumerable other values of this description, which, in distinction from artificial values, we may term natural values. What price was ever paid for these? They are granted to man without cost. A far greater number of objects, however, are invested with all their value, or at least have much added to that which they originally possessed, by human agency in the application of power, either mental or physical, and, if physical, either animate or inanimate. All power is value, and all value is power. It is by the mutual co-operation of values, and their operation upon each other, that every additional value is created. Valuable materials and valuable power are granted to us by the Great Author of Nature, and we are urged by our own interest in the gratification of our desires to make an industrious and wise disposal of these means of happiness.

As, with Adam Smith, labour is the sole source of value, so it is the sole measure of price. In carrying out this notion, he is led to the exhibition of a fine piece of absurdity. He says, in one place: "Labour is the sole measure of the exchangeable value of all commodities."² A few pages further on, it occurs to him that it is common to speak of the *price of labour*. He defines the real price of this as "the quantity of the necessities and conveniences of life which are given for it."³ So, then, labour is the real price of the necessities and conveniences of life, and the necessities and conveniences of life are the real price of labour! We shall hardly gain any vantage ground by definition in a circle like this.

Price is distinguished into *natural* and *market* or *current* price, by Smith, Say, and others. What Smith means by *natural* price is nothing more nor less than the *cost of production*, as we are inclined to believe, though his confused and varying statements will not allow certainty on this point. He says that when a commodity is sold at its natural price, it is "sold precisely for what it is worth, or for what it really cost the person

¹ Wealth of Nations, book i. c. 5.

² Wealth of Nations, book i. c. 5.

³ Ibid.

who brings it to market."¹ He includes, however, in this cost all the labour expended, either by others, or by the person himself, in producing the commodity, and bringing it to market.

It is apparent from what we have said, that Smith makes *value*, *cost*, and *price*, all one. They are all measured, according to him, by the amount of labour involved. It is an indisputable corollary from these positions, that no increase of value ever took place on this earth, or is possible. According to him, the natural price of every thing is the same as its cost, its cost the same as its value, its value the same as the value of the labour expended in its production; and the natural price, cost, or value of labour is what is consumed in its performance, or the subsistence of the labourer accumulated by former labour. Clearly, then, as much value is always consumed on one side as is created on the other. Nor will the result be altered in cases when prices vary from what Smith calls the natural price; for the value created by labour will still be the same, and what is gained by one party, from the variation in price, must be lost by another.

It is strange that Adam Smith should not have been struck with some of the absurdities arising from his positions. He gravely asserts that labour never varies in value; that, when a man supposes labour to be of higher value at one time, or place, than at another, "in reality it is goods which are cheap in the one case, and dear in the other."² He does not, however, appear to be aware of an obvious but absurd inference from this statement, viz., that all products on which the same amount of labour has been bestowed must be of equal value, so that it is of no consequence to enquire whether the labour was wisely bestowed or not.

In these remarkable notions concerning labour and value, Smith has been followed generally by Ricardo and others in England and the United States.

It is our firm belief that there is really a valid distinction between *natural* and *market* price; but we think that it has not yet been developed. Let us attempt a more accurate analysis.

We have said that all additional value is created by the mutual operation of previously existing values. These previously existing values are *property*, so far as it has been possible to make them so. Thus a man's mental and physical energy constitute a value which is his own property. So, too, material substances which possess principles of energy themselves, or on which human or other energy is exerted, are values which have been appropriated so far as possible. There is no occasion for investigating here the manner in which that appro-

¹ Wealth of Nations, book i. c. 7.

² Ibid., book i. c. 5.

priation has been made. Its validity is generally acknowledged. All these values, thus the objects of property, have a price set upon them. Now, in our opinion, a proper definition of *natural price* is, *such amount of value as is fairly referable to the justly appropriated productive agency that, in connection with other agency, procured the article upon which the price is set.* We will present a simple illustration. If two men expend an equal quantity of labour alone upon any article in which they had before an equal right of property, and their labour is equally valuable, the natural price to be paid by one to the other, for exclusive possession of the result, would be one half the value of that result. It is clear that this natural price may be either below, equal to, or above the value possessed before the labour was exerted upon it. If the labour be so directed as to diminish the original value, the natural price of the result must be less than the original value; if so as not to alter it at all, the same as that value; if, as is commonly the case, so as to increase the value, the natural price must rise above it.

In most, if not all, cases of actual occurrence, this natural price depends on such intricate and delicate circumstances, that it cannot be ascertained with precision. Who can, with unerring discernment, refer the different component parts of any value to the different agencies from which they sprang?

We come now to *market* or *current price*. The signification of these terms is evident. They denote the price which is, or can be, obtained for a thing from buyers generally; its actual common price. The laws which regulate market price are very different from those which regulate what we have termed natural price, and the two accordingly almost always differ.

In market price a distinction is to be observed between *cash* and *credit* price. The latter is always higher than the former; in part on account of the risk which credit involves, and in part on account of the *actual loss* of value to the seller from the delay to which he is subjected before he can enjoy the use of the price. "The later the payment is, the less it is," says Ulpian, a celebrated Roman jurist.¹

Aside from this distinction, the chief influences which cause market price to vary from natural price, are comprehended under the general principles termed, by writers on political economy, the principle of supply and demand. While the natural price continues the same, the operation of this principle is as follows:—Whatever increases the proportion of the supply of any article to the demand for it, diminishes its market price; whatever increases the proportion of the demand to the supply, increases its market price. The causes which operate to aug-

¹ Leg. 12, ff. De verb. signif.

ment or lessen the intensity of demand, or supply, are very various. It would be too long an investigation to trace them here. The different proportions of supply and demand effect alterations in the market price through *competition*. When the supply is greater than the demand, the competition of sellers lowers prices; when the demand is greater than the supply, the competition of buyers raises it. The competition of sellers often reduces the market price below what we have called the natural price; the competition of buyers often raises it above the natural price. This reduction or elevation, however, is but temporary, since, when the market price is high, there is an inducement to effort for the purpose of increasing the supply, and when it is low the supply is gradually diminished, productive agency being directed to some more profitable result.

There are cases in which the free operation of these principles is very much restricted, as, e. g., in the case of monopolies, whether natural, legal, customary, or other. The price of certain Spanish and French wines, for instance, is very exorbitant, because they can be produced only in particular vineyards or districts, the ownership of which may be called a natural monopoly of the wines. Were it not for this monopoly, the price would be speedily reduced by competition. Legal and other monopolies, of every description, the number of which, in most civilized countries, is very great, have an analogous tendency. The price which, as before said, is sometimes paid for air, water, or light, is a monopoly price. This tendency of all monopolies to elevate price is, to a greater or less extent, checked by other influences.

There is one important fact which may seem inexplicable on the principles we have stated concerning demand and supply, and which is, we believe, really inexplicable in consistency with the statements of Smith, Say, and other writers. It is well known that increased demand for an article sometimes reduces its price; and this, though the proportion of the supply to the demand may remain exactly the same, and though, therefore, on the principles of the writers referred to, the price also should remain exactly the same. Thus a mechanic in a populous village, who enjoys what is vulgarly called a *good run of custom*, will sell the articles which he manufactures at a considerably lower price than a fellow-mechanic does in a less thriving village where there is less demand for them. How can we account for this fact? On recurring to our remarks concerning the operations of supply and demand, it may be seen that we threw in a preliminary restriction upon the universal application of the principles we were about to state, by saying, "*Where the natural price continues the same*, the operation of these principles is as follows." It is this restriction which permits a con-

sistent explanation of the fact just noticed, which, so far as we can see, is inexplicable on the unlimited principles of Smith, Say, and others, who represent that increased demand, when the supply is proportionably increased, produces no effect at all upon price. We have described price as being the value demanded in exchange for other value, and natural price as being such amount of value as is fairly referable to the justly appropriated productive agency employed in procuring that for which the price is paid. Since natural price is founded only on productive agency which is appropriable (appropriable value and exchangeable value being the same), it necessarily follows that if the appropriable agency in the production of any article be diminished by the use of productive agency not appropriable, the natural price of that article is diminished in proportion. Such diminution of appropriable agency, for example, is effected by the very important arrangement denominated *division of labour*. The appropriable agency termed labour remaining the same, by the agency of mere classification a much greater product is effected. The natural price of the product therefore falls. The case is the same as to all improvements in the mere modes of applying productive agency. When any principle whatever, be it a principle of mind, or a principle of matter, which is not appropriable, or, in other words, which possesses no exchangeable value, is made use of in production to the diminution of necessary appropriable agency, natural price is proportionably diminished. The instance which we adduced, relating to the mechanic, may therefore be explained by the consideration that the greater the number of articles which he manufactures the less appropriable productive agency is consumed in the manufacture of any one. This truth, which is familiarly known among all classes of people, is referable to various causes. An important one is, that *practice* makes the same powers more efficient. Others will at once suggest themselves to our readers. In this way, then, the natural price is diminished, and, if the influences which create the variation between the natural and market price remain the same, the market price must be likewise diminished. It is clear, too, that, even though additional influence be exerted to elevate the market price, it will still be depressed, if that influence is more than counterbalanced by the influence which reduces the natural price.

It is important to observe, however, that even when an improvement in production is effected, the market price sometimes continues the same, because the improvement is kept secret by the producer. For example, he who discovers some important chemical principle may apply it to production, and refuse to share his discoveries with any one. All power which is kept secret falls of course under the head of appropriated power ;

whether justly appropriated or not, may be made a question. Such cases belong to the class of *monopolies*. Cases in which the advantage of any useful discoveries is limited by law to the discoverer for a certain period, are evidently *legal monopolies*.

Say employs a whole chapter in elucidating a valid, and, in truth, valuable, distinction between what he calls *real* and *relative* variations in price.¹ The principles which we have laid down respecting natural and market price, enable us to condense his prolix explanation into a very brief and simple statement. What he calls *real* variation in price is a variation in market price on account of a variation in what we have termed natural price; what he calls *relative* variation in price is a variation in market price, while the natural price remains the same. As we have said, we consider this distinction a valuable one; but we cannot regard the terms by which it is designated as appropriate. The variation in market price, which Say terms *real*, is as truly *relative* as that which he calls *relative* by way of distinction, and that which he calls *relative* as truly *real* as that to which he confines the term *real*. Both are *real*, both *relative*, variations in price; which, as we have defined it, is the estimate of exchangeable value. The distinction would, in our opinion, be better denoted, by applying to these variations the same epithets which we have applied to price itself, i. e., by calling one *natural*, the other *market*, variation. By natural decrease of price human welfare is positively augmented, no party suffering loss; by natural increase of price, if this ever occur, human welfare is diminished; the effect of market increase or decrease of price is merely to transfer benefit from one party to another.

In particular cases price is affected by a multitude of influences which it would be of little use to consider at length, had we space for the purpose. These influences may be comprised under the head of *undue advantage* exercised by one party over the other in any transaction of sale; such as the seller's profiting by the buyer's ignorance of the market price, of the actual quality of the article sold, &c., or, *vice versâ*, the buyer's taking the same advantage over the seller. The price thus occasioned is certainly not natural price, nor is it, properly speaking, market or current price.

There is, of course, a distinction between the price of any thing *outright* and the price of its *use*. This price of use is generally denoted by distinct terms, such as *wages*, *rent*, *interest*, &c. Wages are the price paid for the use of a man's ability, mental or physical. Rent is the price paid for the use

¹ Pol. Econ., book ii. c. 3.

of land, or of a house, &c. Horse hire is the price paid for the use of a horse.

We have considered the subject of price somewhat at length, because a comprehension of the general principles which influence all price cannot but be highly serviceable in the investigation of that species of price denominated *interest*. This we have defined as the *price paid for the use of money*. The use of money has an exchangeable value, and interest is the estimate put upon that value.

This species of price differs from price generally, in the circumstance that it is ordinarily stated in the form of a *percentage* on the very article for the use of which the price is paid. It results from this circumstance, that one distinction which we have mentioned as valid in relation to price generally, viz., that between *real* and *nominal* price, does not hold in the sense explained, in relation to interest. For though the money, the use of which is the subject of this species of price, should vary in value, the *price itself*, being a percentage on the money, varies accordingly. Thus, if the sum of one hundred dollars come to possess double the value which it does now, and the value of its use is consequently doubled, any percentage on one hundred dollars will likewise be doubled in value. The price keeps an equal pace, in increase or decrease of value, with the article for which it is paid. The distinction between *natural* and *market* price, however, is as valid in this case as in any other. The natural price of the use of money is that rate of interest at which the productive agency employed in acquiring the use purchased is fairly recompensed; its market price is that rate of interest, either above, equal to, or below, the former, which can be readily obtained from borrowers.

As in other cases, so in this, it is the *market* price alone which is of much practical importance. The natural price of the use of money is perhaps more difficult to determine than the natural price of any other article. The market rate of interest is influenced just in the same way as the market price of any other commodity. We will consider, somewhat particularly, the principal grounds of its fluctuation.

It is to be observed, in the first place, that interest, like other prices, is sometimes a *credit* price, and sometimes a *cash* price. Cash price is not so common in purchasing the *use* of a thing as in purchasing a thing itself; but yet the practice occurs very often. Thus, the price paid for the use of a horse may be a cash price; by which is here meant a price paid when the use of the horse commences. The rent of a house may be paid on taking possession. A man's wages may be stipulated for and received in advance. So, indeed, as to all prices of use, interest as well as others. This may sound strange to many at first. It

is, however, indisputably so. What is called *discount* involves the principle of cash interest. For instance, a man carries to a bank a note for one thousand dollars, payable at the end of six months, and receives cash for it, the interest for the six months being deducted. If interest be reckoned at six per cent. per annum, he receives nine hundred and seventy dollars. What is this operation but the payment of cash interest for a loan? The applicant borrows one thousand dollars, pays thirty dollars in cash as interest, and furnishes a satisfactory guaranty for the repayment of the principal at a stated future period. All transactions of discount are but the payment of cash price for the use of money. There is one considerable distinction, however, between the loan of money and most other loans, which makes the price of the former, in general, a *credit price* in a peculiar sense. There is not only risk, as in other cases of the price of use, where it is not cash price, that the *price* will never be paid, but there is also much more risk than in ordinary cases of other loans, that the thing borrowed will itself never be returned. When a house is hired, the owner knows that, even if the rent be not paid, he cannot lose his right of property in the house. That is his so long as it exists at hire. So, too, in general, when a man lends a horse, he knows that there is little danger of his losing the animal itself, except by dishonest procedure, and, wherever he is carried, if the owner can find him and identify him, his property will be restored. In the case of wages, in which a man lends his physical or mental abilities, there is, of course, no risk at all of what is lent. When money is borrowed, however, it is commonly so disposed of that the principal is as much hazarded as the interest. There is no right of property attaching to the particular pieces of money lent. Such peculiar risk has its influence upon the rate of interest.

Hence it is, that interest is generally highest in countries where the rights of property are least respected. It is generally high, for example, in despotic countries, where no man can rely even on continued possession of what he actually holds, still less on an enforcement of his claims upon what has left his hands. Where popular violence bears great sway, men refuse to lend money except at very high interest. In Europe, in the middle ages, interest was more exorbitant than it would otherwise have been, because of the great risk respecting repayment, which arose from the common practice of both governments and people to disregard the rights of lenders. Any thing which tends to guaranty good faith between debtor and creditor tends to lower credit prices.

There are numerous special circumstances which add to risk in particular cases, and, consequently, in those cases enhance the rates of interest. Among these circumstances are, the cha-

racter of the borrower for probity and punctuality, the manner in which the money is to be invested, &c. &c. Risks at sea are peculiarly dangerous. Accordingly the interest of money to be invested in marine ventures is commonly very high. Money lent on what is called a *post-obit* bond usually bears high interest. An heir, for example, borrows money on the condition of repaying it with interest when he comes into possession of the expected inheritance. The bond which he gives for the performance of this condition is called a *post-obit* bond. Clearly there is great risk in a loan upon such a bond. The heir may die sooner than the person from whom the inheritance would fall to him. The property may, for some reason, be otherwise bestowed by the will of the owner. It is customary to speak of the increase on the score of risk, as an increase which the lender makes in order to *indemnify* himself for that risk. The expression is inaccurate. A risk cannot be *indemnified*. An indemnity is a recompense for *loss*. When a man is indemnified, he has no cause of complaint. How then is a high rate of interest an indemnity? If the lender is not repaid with the interest stipulated, is it any satisfaction or solace to him, that, *if he had been paid* in accordance with the bond he holds, he would have been well paid? True, when a man makes many separate loans, he may speak of high interest as in some sense an indemnity; for what he receives from one quarter may recompense a loss in another. But this is not what is generally intended by the expression; for it is used in relation to all loans at great risk, without reference to the question whether other loans are made by the same party. To speak of high interest as *insurance* against risk, is equally objectionable.

The increase of interest on account of risk is, in honest truth, referable to the principle of a *wager*. The interest must be high enough to tempt the lender to encounter a great hazard. For the chance of an unusual profit he consents to an unusual risk of all.

Let us now turn from the consideration of the effect produced on interest by the risk of non-payment, to the more fundamental principles which regulate its market rate. As is the fact in regard to price generally, the main causes of the elevation or depression of the market rate of interest, while the natural rate continues the same, may be comprehended under the one great principle of *demand and supply*, the operation of which is the same in this case as in others.

In our opinion, the representations of Smith and Say in regard to this subject are extremely defective and incorrect. These writers give very different accounts of the *sources of supply* in the case of loans; but, though Say's statements are

certainly nearer the truth than those of Smith, we think both have fallen far short of it. Smith says that the quantity of money to be lent is regulated "by the value of that *part of the annual produce*, which, as soon as it comes either from the ground or from the hands of the productive labourers, is destined not only for replacing a capital, but such a capital as the owner does not care to be at the trouble of employing himself."¹ This is a very inadequate statement. Can no money be lent but what is derived from the annual produce of labour? The absurdity of such a restriction on the supply of money is manifest. Cannot the very property from which the annual produce accrues be sold, and the sum received for it be then lent? Will not a man's capital command money as well as his revenue?

As has been already suggested, Say's account of the matter is nearer the truth than that we have just considered. Indeed, his language in stating generally the source of supply for the purpose of loans is perfectly correct and adequate, if taken in a larger sense than that to which he unreasonably restricts it. He declares the source of supply to be *disposable capital*, i. e., as he defines it, "so much of capital as the owners have both the power and the will to dispose of."² He proceeds, however, to limit this capital in an unjustifiable manner. He says:—"A capital already vested and engaged in production, or otherwise, is no longer in the market, unless the employment be one from which capital may be easily disengaged." The sole specifications of *disposable capital* which he presents are, "Capital lent to a trader, and liable to be withdrawn at short notice," especially "capital employed in the discount of bills of exchange," "capital employed by the owner on his own account in a trade that may be soon wound up, in that of a grocer, for instance," and of course capital actually held in the form of money. He expressly affirms, that "capital embarked in the construction of a mill or other fabric, or even in a movable of small dimensions, is fixed capital," and cannot be considered as affecting the rate of interest. In regard to money, he makes two precisely opposite assertions. As we have intimated above, he says in one passage:²—"Of all values the one *most immediately disposable* is that of money." Only three or four pages further on, he says in a note, that gold and silver "form an item of capital, but *not of disposable or lendable capital*; for they are already employed and not in search of employment." No more direct self-contradiction is possible.

In considering these statements of Say, we remark, in the

¹ Wealth of Nations, book ii. c. 4.

² Pol. Econ., book. ii. c. 8, sect. 1.

³ Ibid.

first place, that we dislike the use of the expression *disposable capital*. It is too general in its meaning for the application which is made of it. Disposable means any thing than *can* be disposed of, and hence, *disposable capital* includes not only such capital as the owner desires to dispose of, (which is the sense given to it by Say or his translator,) but all such as they could dispose of if they would. Now, in this sense all capital is disposable; for what capital is there which a man cannot transfer to another? Thus, strictly speaking, though disposable capital is the source of supply for pecuniary loans, the supply itself consists of only a portion of that capital, viz., such portion as the owners are willing to devote to loans.

Say lays considerable stress in this connection on a distinction between *fixed* and *circulating* capital. This distinction, as laid down by Adam Smith,¹ (who does not, however, apply it to this subject,) may be expressed by saying, that fixed capital is what does not leave its owner's hands, while circulating capital is what furnishes a revenue only by being transferred. A man's farm and agricultural implements are said to fall under the former designation; a merchant's goods, and sums paid in wages, under the latter. We do not know any considerable practical value which this distinction would possess, could it be maintained. Nor do we think it of a well-marked character. What is called fixed capital may change hands, and yield a profit to the former owner from the transfer. What is called circulating capital may be held in the same hands for an indefinite period of time. What can be the use of a distinction so contingent? Look, for example, at an application which is made of it by Smith himself. Labouring cattle are a fixed capital; cattle bought in and fattened for sale are a circulating capital; cattle kept for increase, or for their milk, are a fixed capital. Now, suppose they are kept with no definite exclusive purpose; suppose their owner is ready to sell them if he can get a good price for them, and meanwhile uses them as labouring cattle, or derives a profit from their milk; what species of capital are they in this case? The distinction drawn is not one in the things themselves; it is only a distinction in the designs of the owner; and the things are one species of capital or another, according to the contingent fluctuations of those designs. A bull raised for labour is fixed capital; had the same animal been raised for sale, it would have been circulating capital; the sale of it as circulating capital to a man who intended to employ it in the increase of his stock of cattle, would have changed it at once into fixed capital.

It is to this circulating capital that Say restricts the expres-

¹ Wealth of Nations, book ii. c. 1.

sion, disposable capital. In his representation the two terms are synonymous.

In our opinion, as we have said, the account which Say gives of the topic under consideration, falls far short of the truth. We take the broad position, that there is no species of capital which is not properly *disposable* capital, and may not affect the market rate of interest. Any capital which the owner does not wish to employ himself may be the foundation of a loan at interest. For example, a man possesses a farm which he cannot conveniently cultivate himself. He says to a neighbour, who is less pressed with occupation than himself, "You shall have my farm for five thousand dollars, and you may postpone payment as suits your convenience, if you will give me your note for the sum with interest." Such a transaction might occur in regard to any and every item of what Smith, Say, and others, term fixed capital, which could be found in the whole world. Of ten men living together in the same city, nine might, in this way, put all their capital, of whatsoever species, into the hands of the tenth, in the shape of loans on interest; nor would it be necessary to the transaction that a single cent's worth of what Say calls disposable capital should be concerned, except the pen, ink, and paper with which the transfers were executed. It would be but an idle objection to the propriety of our example, to say, that, in the case supposed, no loan of money in the form of money would take place. The question is merely whether money would be at interest. Most certainly it would be so, as really as in any case. To remove the slightest ground of objection, however, let us suppose that the tenth of the ten men mentioned possesses one thousand dollars in gold and silver, and that the capital of each of the nine is one thousand dollars, but is vested in other property than money, which property they are desirous of selling. The moneyed man may go to the first of the nine, and purchase his property, paying him his one thousand dollars. He may then say to him, "If you will lend me that money, I will pay you interest for it at the rate of ten per cent. per annum." The sum may be lent, just as money is usually lent. The moneyed man may then go to the second of the nine, and pursue the same course, and so throughout the whole number. In this case but one thousand dollars of what is called circulating or disposable capital would be concerned, and nine thousand dollars would actually be loaned in money. Clearly the transaction would be precisely the same as the former in the result to the nine men; the sole difference between the two cases is, that, in the one we have just stated, the tenth man would be obliged to possess one thousand dollars in cash, while, in the first case, his property might be what is termed fixed capital, or, indeed, he might not be worth any thing at all.

The supply of capital for loans, then, depends on the amount of property, of any description, which its owners are willing to trust in the possession of others.

The *demand* for capital, on the other hand, is regulated mainly by the *profits which attend its employment*. It is an accurate remark of David Hume, that "no man will accept of low profits where he can have high interest, and no man will accept of low interest where he can have high profits."¹ The profits of business and the interest of money, from their reciprocal operation upon each other, tend to the same level. The high rate of profits on capital in the early times of modern mercantile enterprise, was one important cause of the exorbitant rates of interest which were exacted. The annual profit made by Venice on all her mercantile capital, in the early part of the fifteenth century, was forty per cent.² The profits of business are very high in Turkey, in China, and the East generally; the rate of interest is likewise enormous. In the United States profits of business are commonly higher than in most European countries; and capital is, therefore, commonly loaned at higher rates of interest.

Not only is the demand for loans of capital peculiarly pressing in the United States, on account of the high rates of interest, but the supply of capital for loans is probably much less in proportion to the entire national capital than in any other country, on account of the structure and condition of society. In the old countries an immense proportion of the national capital exists in large masses in the hands of a few, and those few have generally little inclination to employ it themselves; in our country, capital is more equally diffused, and the owner more generally employs it himself, instead of confiding it to other hands. On this account interest is higher than it would otherwise be; since, as we have represented, interest is regulated mainly by the amount of capital which the owners are willing to lend, considered in reference to the demand. It is to be observed, however, that this same condition of society operates to diminish the demand for loans.

It is very evident, from what we have said, that the plenty or scarcity of money, in itself considered, has no effect whatsoever upon interest. Money may be very plenty, and be all used for other purposes than loans, because men wish to make use of their property themselves. Money may be really very scarce, and yet there may be a great deal offered on loan. Accordingly, it is often observed that, when the rates of interest are excessively high, and men can with difficulty obtain the slightest loan,

¹ Essays, part ii. essay iv.

² Muratori, Script. Rer. Ital. t. xxii. p. 958.

money often exists in abundance, but is hoarded, or otherwise disposed of, instead of being lent. So, too, it is by no means true that loans are always found difficult to be obtained just in proportion to the rise of prices generally, though this rise is a sure indication of scarcity of money. The rate of interest depends on other contingencies than the scarcity or plenty of any single article.

There are several things, which have not yet been noticed, that affect the rate of interest. As to moral considerations, such as *benevolence* on one side, or *dishonesty* on the other, they cannot be estimated, and, besides, do not fall within our scope. The *duration* of a loan is rightly stated by Say to be a circumstance of some weight in determining interest.¹ A man will not generally lend a sum for twenty years at so low a rate as he will for one year. When the lender can reclaim his loan at pleasure, as is virtually the case in regard to government stocks, his terms will be still more favourable to the borrowing party. The *infamy* of interest has often enhanced its rate. Lenders need considerable inducement to encounter it. This infamy has been of different degrees in different periods and places, and has affected rates of interest accordingly. Moreover, all regulations of law or custom, which tend in any degree to create a *monopoly* of loans, tend likewise to enhance rates of interest.

The principles we have laid down, evince the absurdity of judging, as some men would have us, whether a country is prosperous or not by remarking whether the rate of interest is low or not in that country. Even Hume says: "Interest is the barometer of the state, and its lowness is a sign, almost infallible, of the flourishing condition of a people."² Adam Smith, also, expatiates at length on the connection between low interest and national advancement. If this rule of estimation be accurate, the old countries of Europe are in a much more prosperous condition than the United States. The truth is, that interest is low in places where the stagnation of enterprize, from whatever cause the stagnation results, renders the demand for money small in comparison with the supply. Thus interest was never so low in France as in 1812, a year of extreme national distress. Interest is highest in those portions of our country which are in the most thriving condition. An elevation of the rates of interest is perfectly consistent with actual advancement in wealth; for such elevation may arise from an increase of demand for capital exceeding the proportion in which the capital itself is increased.

¹ Political Economy, book ii. c. 8, sec. 1.

² Essays, part ii. essay 4th.

A decrease in the rates is possible, in perfect consistency with growth in prosperity ; for the supply of money for loans may be augmented in greater proportion than the national wealth. High profits will, other things being equal, cause high rates of interest. Now, high profits, in such business as is carried on, are perfectly consistent with national impoverishment, as well as consequent on national advancement. In Turkey, and in the United States, money bears a high rate of interest. Are the reasons of this fact the same in both countries ? So far is the rate of interest from being, as Hume terms it, a national barometer, that no conclusion whatever can be drawn from it alone in regard to a people's condition.

ART. IX.—*The Martyr's Triumph, the Buried Valley, and Other Poems.* By GRENVILLE MELLEN. Boston: 1833.

Among the numerous poets who have strung their lyres on the banks of the Hudson and amidst the valleys of New England, there is none who, in our estimation, has breathed sweeter and purer strains than Grenville Mellen. We have just passed a delightful session in the perusal of the collection of his effusions, contained in the volume whose title we have transcribed ; and, grateful for the enjoyment he has yielded us, we are desirous of returning the obligation by a public acknowledgment. But this, although one, is not the only reason of our present undertaking. We wish to try whether we cannot, by analysing the character of Mr. Mellen's poetry, discover the sources from which our pleasure flowed. We are induced to make this effort from the conviction that the productions of our bard, although in general courteously and kindly treated by the writers of poetical criticism, have never yet had that degree of consideration paid to them which we think they deserve. There are many poets of the day with not half the merit of Grenville Mellen, who have received a thousand times more notice. Modest as a man, and as a writer despising affectations and the whole train of *ad captandum* peculiarities, which are so frequently the resources of poets destitute of powers truly valuable and capable of affording genuine pleasure ; and above all, less industrious than many of his contemporaries in *boring* for editorial

notices, he has never been held forth as the poetical lion of the day, a station which, during the last ten years, has been occupied in succession by more than a dozen editorial pets, whose pretensions to renown the judgment of the world could never be brought to confirm.

In holding forth the claims of Mr. Mellen to poetical distinction, we would not allege that he is superior to all his contemporaries, nor would we even deny that some of them have produced verses which he has not yet equalled. But were it not invidious to adduce names, we could particularize even more than the number we have mentioned, whose *greatness* the editorial trumpets have long and loudly sounded without being able to awaken a responsive echo in the public mind; whereas, if they had only expended a moiety of such labour and zeal in behalf of Mellen's productions, the world would have felt and acknowledged the justice of their encomiums. It is this carelessness in properly discriminating the objects of praise that has brought the poetical opinions of journalists at the present day into such low repute, that the eulogy of some of them has become more fatal to young authors than their censure.

That Grenville Mellen charmed us in the perusal of his poems, we have avowed. In what his powers of charming consisted, it required some reflection to ascertain, and will require some to elucidate. There is in these poems no unusual sublimity to awaken surprise—no extreme pathos to communicate the luxury of grief—no chivalrous narrative to stir the blood to adventure—no high-painted ardour in love to make us enraptured with beauty; nor is there even the glowing *ore rotundo* of sounding versification, whose pomp and music sometimes atone for the absence of more valuable characteristics. Yet we were charmed, for we love purity of sentiment, and we found it; we love amiability of heart, and here we could perceive it in every stanza. Here is to be found no attempt to harrow up the feelings by overcharged pictures of human suffering, or to awaken indignation and disgust by a violent sketching of turpitude and crime. No loathsome leprosy, no scene of wanton barbarity is found here to shock the nerves of the reader; nor is there a thought or a phrase at which modesty might blush. The muse of Grenville Mellen delights in the beauties, not in the deformities, of nature; she is more inclined to celebrate the virtues than denounce the vices of man. It is true that she inculcates moral duty by showing the evils of disregarding it, as well as by showing the blessings it confers on its votaries. Mellen is, however, a poet too true to nature to conceal the shades that occasionally obscure her fairest scenes, or the deserts which lie beside her flowery plains and fruit-

ful valleys. Still he is more prone to view the brightness than the gloominess of things; and is therefore more to our taste. Even when he has to lament misfortune and to deplore the sufferings of men, he never fails to mingle consolation with grief. He always, apparently from an innate goodness of heart, qualifies his pictures of distress by introducing into them some of the smiles of hope. His Martyr *triumphs* in death, and a conspicuous feature in his "Buried Valley," is the cottage which remained safe amidst the surrounding devastation. The following pleasing description of the owner of that cottage, soothes the feelings even amidst the agitation occasioned by contemplating the catastrophe to which he was subjected:—

"Stranger! yon mansion where you gaze,
Under that mount of other days,
Where human voice from other walls
In faintest echo never falls—
That only cot for rugged miles
Which rises midst these giant piles,
Heard once the household song of mirth
Around its rude and humble hearth.
It rose with quiet roof and lowly
O'er kindly hearts and spirits holy.
The father of the little flock
Saw worship in the rill and rock—
And taught his children lessons high,
Drawn from this broad immensity!
A silent pilgrimage he trod,
With but his Bible and his God.
Familiar voices that impart
A solace to the sternest heart,
And are its glory when they rise,
The quick untutored melodies
Of kind and peaceful spirits, given
Each to its home, and all to Heaven—
These were his music—and he went
Along his lighted path, content;
Howe'er the checkered moments ran,
They found him still an 'honest man.'"

The condition of man is often the theme of Mr. Mellen's song. But it is of man in the abstract, in his relation to the universe, not man in society, where he is an artificial being, the offspring of education, the pupil of habit—enslaved by custom and restrained by law. We have little of the manners of daily life, as they now exist, portrayed in the volume before us; but we have the characteristics of the natural man, and chiefly those of the better kind. We have his faith, his hope, his love, and his charity, drawn in radiant colours, and spoken of in exulting strains. The music of Mellen is, in truth, very like the lady he so beautifully describes in the following lines:—

"There was a music in her soul;
 That kind of low-voiced harmony, that wells
 From the clear fountain of the spirit, when
 It overflows and pours along the heart.
 Oh! I have listened to the artless tones
 That come upon the ear of confidence,
 Rich in their own simplicity, and heard,
 In all its proud imperial dignity,
 The story of her thoughts; and when there came
 The fire of Heaven down into her mind,
 And kindled up its altar—and the light
 Illumined all her nature—till your gaze
 Sank in the halo that enshrined her form!

"Her presence was a garden—and the air
 Seemed purer round you as you stood by her;
 And flowers, and all things bright, encompassed you,
 Until you found it happiness to stay,
 And felt it almost misery to part.
 There was a freshness in her words;
 Something that was so new—so passing pure,
 In all its sweet, unpractised singleness,
 Rung musically forth, like the small shout
 Of birds that shoot straight up into the blue,
 When all the air is tenderness and dew!
 There was a wreathing of kind words and looks,
 Which your soul loved to help her spirit twine
 Around your own, because it was a joy!
 Hers was an infant one arranged in smiles,
 And fresh with fascination, all her own!"

In the same strain of purity, beauty, and delicacy, is the description of two lovers, in a poem entitled "A Dream of the Sea:"—

"And there were two locked in each other's arms;
 And they were lovers!—
 O God! how beautiful!—laid cheek to cheek,
 And heart to heart upon that splendid deep,
 And bridal bed of pearls!—a burial
 Worthy of two so young and innocent!
 And they did seem to lie there like two gems—
 The fairest in the halls of ocean—both
 Sepulcher'd in love—a tearless death—one look—
 One wish—one smile—one mantle for the shroud—
 One hope—one kiss—and that not yet quite cold!
 How sweet to die in such fidelity!
 Ere yet the curse has ripened——

Again I stood beside the lovely pair;
 The storm and conflict had passed wildly on.
 I stood—and shrieked—and laughed—and yet no voice,
 That I could hear, came in my madness there!
 It hardly seemed that they were dead—so calm,
 So beautiful—the sea-stars round them shone,
 Like emblems of their souls—so cold and pure!
 The bending grass wept silent over them,

Truer than any friend on earth—their tomb
 The jewelry of ocean, and their dirge
 The everlasting music of its roar !”

The heart-warm benevolence of our poet, which shows itself in every subject on which he employs his song, is another, and, indeed, one of the principal charms of the volume. Whether the joy of bridal feelings, or grief for the loss of beloved objects—whether innocence or guilt—humility or ambition—be the themes of his verse—an earnest and unsophisticated benevolence breathes through all his compositions, and communicates to every well-disposed reader feelings of the most genial and agreeable character, which, when once experienced, he will wish to experience again. The subject of the leading poem of the volume, although one calculated to excite regret and sorrowful emotions, is yet so contrived as to bring into full relief the more amiable feelings of our nature. It is on the martyrdom of an early professor of the Christian faith, Saint Alban of England. The persecuting spirit of superstition, and the sufferings of the faithful and the virtuous, are necessarily exhibited; but the kind-hearted poet has redeemed these harsher views of our nature and condition, by showing forth, in the course of his narrative, the more amiable traits of our character, as displayed in the works of mercy, charity, and heroic devotion to the cause of truth. The very title of the poem, “The Martyr’s Triumph,” proves the unwillingness of the author to exhibit virtue suffering without hope. The martyr dies, but he dies triumphant.

The story on which this production is founded may be told in a few words. A preacher of Christianity, flying from persecution, seeks refuge at the residence of Alban, who is yet a professor of paganism. Alban, from motives of compassion, grants him shelter and concealment, at the risk of his own safety. The reasonings of the refugee soon effect the conversion of his protector. At length the persecuting authorities discover the Christian’s place of concealment, and officers are sent to apprehend him. At this juncture the poet says of the holy fugitive :—

“Firm as his everlasting faith he stood—
 That earth-forsaken man ! his pallid brow
 Bathed in the risen morning as a flood,
 Never so glorious and so calm as now !
 ‘It is the trial hour,’ he cried, ‘and I
 Am ready to be offered—lead the way—
 I’ll forth and meet them—for ’t is but to die !
 And oh ! it seems but weary to delay
 When on my sight unbars this near Eternity !”

Alban, however, prevails on him to consult safety in flight, and accompanies him to a postern gate where they separate :—

"In haste his hair-cloth from his shoulders flung,
 One glance that kindling eye on Alban bent;
 'Brother, we meet again,' the quick words rung;
 And on his sounding pathway swift he went
 Into the forest solitudes. But ere
 Its deeps closed round him, that repentant son,
 With bounding step, and cheek unblenched by fear,
 His march of wo already had begun—
 He stood, in his rude cloak, the revellers among."

Alban informs the officers of the pilgrim's escape, and avows not only his own agency in it, but his conversion to Christianity. He is therefore seized and carried before the governor's tribunal, and condemned to the stake. The following stanzas, descriptive of the martyr's triumph in death, conclude the poem:—

"Not yet, not yet the martyr dies. He sees
 His triumph on its way. He hears the crash
 Of the loud thunder round his enemies,
 And dim through tears of blood he sees it dash
 His dwelling and its idols. Joy to him!
 The Lord—the Lord hath spoken from the sky!
 The loftier glories on his eye-balls swim!
 He hears the trumpet of Eternity!
 Calling his spirit home—a clarion voice on high!

"Yet, yet one moment linger! Who are they
 That sweep far off along the quivering air?
 It is God's bright, immortal company—
 The martyr pilgrim and his band are there!
 Shadows with golden crowns and sounding lyres,
 And the white royal robes are issuing out,
 And beckon upwards through the wreathing fires,
 The blazing pathway compassing about,
 With radiant heads unveiled, and anthem's joyful shout!

"He sees, he hears! upon his dying gaze,
 Forth from the throng one bright-haired angel near,
 Stoops his red pinion through the mantling blaze—
 It is the Heaven-triumphing wanderer!
 'I come—we meet again!'—the martyr cries,
 And smiles of deathless glory round him play—
 Then on that flaming cross he bows—and dies!
 His ashes eddy on the sinking day,
 While through the roaring oak, his spirit wings its way!"

In the piece entitled "The Bridal," there are some exquisite passages. We cannot forbear quoting the following:

"Young beauty at the altar! Ye may go
 And rifle earth of all its loveliness,
 And of all things created hither bring
 The rosier and the richest—but, alas!
 The world is all too poor to rival this!
 Ye summon nothing from the place of dreams,
 The orient realm of fancy, that can cope,

In all its passionate devotedness,
 With this chaste, silent picture of the heart !
 Youth, bud-encircling youth, and purity,
 Yielding their bloom and fragrance up in tears."

But it is in the poem entitled "The Rest of Empires," that we met with the reading that delighted us most of any in this collection. Indeed, we know not when we have perused a modern poem more to our satisfaction. Mr. Mellen seems to have written it with all the feeling of his heart. It is on a subject altogether adapted to a heart like his. It is in celebration of the blessings of peace ; and fortunately the unusually long period during which the leading nations of the earth have kept their swords in the sheath, gave him ample opportunity for contrasting the humanity of the present era with that of the terrible one which preceded it, when the wild game of war was played by the most enlightened nations, with a reckless disregard of human life and suffering, painful to contemplate. We shall treat our readers to the following portion of this poem, in which the bard laments the proneness of the elder masters of song to employ their fascinating art in celebrating warriors, and rendering the bloody occupation attractive by immortalizing the deeds of conquerors. He exultingly contrasts such prostitution of the influence of poetry with the laudable mode in which she now so frequently employs her powers—in celebrating the blessings and the glories of peace :—

"We have been taught in oracles of old,
 Of the enskyed divinity of song ;
 That poetry and music, hand in hand,
 Came in the light of inspiration forth,
 And claimed alliance with the rolling heavens.
 And were those peerless bards whose strains have come
 In an undying echo to the world,
 Whose numbers floated round the Grecian isles,
 And made melodious all the hills of Rome,—
 Were they inspired ?—Alas ! for poetry !
 That her great ministers, in early time,
 Sang for the brave alone—and bade the soul
 Battle for Heaven in the ranks of war !
 It was the treason of the godlike art
 That pointed glory to the shield and spear,
 And left the heart to moulder in its mail !
 It was the menial service of the bard—
 It was the basest homage of his powers—
 In latter times to consecrate a feast,
 And sing of gallantry in hall and bower,
 To courtly knights and ladies.

But other times have strung new lyres again,
 And other music greets us. Poetry
 Comes robed in smiles, and in low-breathing sounds

Takes counsel like a friend in our still hours;
 And points us to the stars—the waneless stars—
 That whisper an hereafter to our souls.
 It breathes upon our spirit a rich balm;
 And, with its tender tones and melody,
 Draws mercy from the warrior—and proclaims
 A morn of bright and universal love
 To those who journey with us through the vale;
 It points to moral greatness—deeds of mind,
 And the high struggles, worthy of a man—
 No wild Cadwallo, with his wilder strain,
 Pouring his war-songs upon helmed ears—
 We have sounds stealing from the far retreats
 Of the bright company of gifted men,
 Who pour their mellow music round our age,
 And point us to our duties and our hearts:
 The poet's constellation beams around—
 A pensive Cowper lives in all his lines,
 And Milton hymns us on to hope and Heaven!"

It would be untrue to say that there are no faults in these poems. Mr. Mellen's chief blemish as a poet is his frequent indulgence in the abstractions of the Lake school, and occasionally also in its conceits. For instance, he opens a poem in celebration of the settlement of Boston, as follows:—

"O throned enchanter of the proudest clime,
 Clothed with thy sceptre wand—relentless time!"

A clime clothed with a sceptre wand is an idea equally absurd and unintelligible.

Speaking of the present enlightened age he says:—

"Lo! now the light of letters!—The hushed world
 Sleeps in a moral beauty. Force, outhurl'd
 Far from her godless throne, now dreams in dust,
 O'er all that made her hated and accurst."

Not to animadvert on the false rhyme which we have marked in italics, and of which too many examples occur in this volume, we must observe that the idea of "the world *sleeping* in a moral beauty," is one of those specimens of incomprehensibility which poets of the *Shelley* school mistake for sublimity, and is of the same order of offence against good taste with those far-fetched images so much employed by the metaphysical poets of the seventeenth century, and which Dr. Johnson has so ably exposed in his criticism on the works of Cowley. But enough of censure. There is in this volume a sufficiency of poetical excellence to outweigh, in our estimation, tenfold its blemishes. It exhibits an accuracy of thinking, a tone of morality, a spirit of benevolence, a liveliness of fancy, and often a fluency of expression, which clearly prove the author to be a man of superior intellect, and of true poetical powers.

ART. X.—*Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.*

By J. G. LOCKHART. Parts I. to IV. Philadelphia: 1837.

The good which men do while living is often buried with their bones when they die—is the sentiment of one of nature's profoundest disciples. But there are cases where this cardinal rule finds glorious exceptions; and that of Walter Scott is one. Schooled and trained under an unerring guidance, he spent his life in divulging truths of the heart, to which every human breast, susceptible of being provoked into emotion by the workings of an intelligent mind, must respond. His inspiration was not of that kind which is evoked from the action of a momentary *furor* escaping through the ventage of the pen; it was subdued by study, until fancy herself was made, by the governance of the great master, the docile handmaid of the *vraisemblable*. He wrote not for fame, but from nature;—he felt the impulse of a power within him, which he thought it impious to neglect, or to control; and obeying the solemn *afflatus*, he wreaked upon expression the thoughts which, to use his own language, "sometimes made his heart feel too big for his bosom." When such a man dies, every one who can boast the inheritance of a soul is impressed with a sense of mourning. The tear which nations accord to the brave who fall in the thickest of the fight on the field of battle, is not withheld when the literary victor yields up his laurel crown to the last enemy. *Then*, indeed, does a fountain of enjoyment shrink away from the earth, whose waters have been a solace and a nourishment, even when their source was unknown—until that which was at first the Rare and the Unexpected becomes the Revered and the Indispensable.

For some years before the decease of Scott, the cloud which had hung about the identity of the Wizard of the North had disappeared. It rode no longer in darkness around his name; and he had blazed forth upon the world, though late in his day of life, with an intensity of lustre, heightened by the length of time during which the effulgence had been obscured. The effect upon the reading communities of two hemispheres, intellectually considered, was not unlike that produced in the natural horizon, as described by the minstrel of Eden—where the troops of dusky rack are dispersed from the mountain top—the north wind is subdued to repose, and the radiant sun extends his evening beams—a sweet farewell, awakening the birds that were about to fold their painted wings for the rest of the even-song; reviving the fields, and lifting up from hill and valley their ringing utterances of joy. When Scott emerged from the sunset of his *incognito*, he was verging toward the grand

climacteric of his earthly existence ; and those who were rapt in the grandeur and multitude of his creations, soon heard that his mind was waning ; and they had scarcely learned to rejoice in his name, when it was struck from the roll of the living. Thus he flashed upon the view, and faded from the great army of his admirers, like a star which falls, the more dazzling and bright because it is never to rise again :

“ Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say—it lightens.”

For the true estimation of such a person, both as an author and a man, his history, from first to last, can afford the only proper guide. A pious duty was assigned to Mr. Lockhart in this work ; and he has fulfilled it with an unwavering purpose of impartiality. He seems to have borrowed no wrongful bias from the natural impulses of human affection, or from those vivid remembrances which are supposed to perform the office of favour to friends departed, and disfavour to enemies. He could not choose but admire—for who does not?—the subject of his memoirs ; but he has evidently chastened his feelings in many places, where the common sentiments of our nature, and the latitude conceded to deserved social attachments, might have reasonably allowed them “ free way.” The ample materials which he had at command, and which have combined to place before us a work of most embarrassing richness with respect to the task of selection from a mass, where nothing can be found which is not replete with interest—conspired to render his labour as a biographer far lighter, we should imagine, than a similar effort in other hands would generally be. His previous practice and reputation as an eclectic *littérateur*—his intimate and kindred associations with the illustrious deceased—his ability as a reviewer, capable of bringing main points, and consolidating essential facts and incidents together—all were auspicious aids in his enterprize ; and while they cheered him in it, both by the action of memory and hope, furnished him also with a sacred sense of reverence for the departed, which might almost be compared with that divine energy which would sustain a man under the firm belief that he was in very deed the amanuensis of a disembodied spirit, whose eye surveyed all that he did. The numerous sources whence he derived the copious amount of personal and literary history with which his pages are adorned, are enumerated in the preface—and include among them some of the most eminent names in the British realms.

Before proceeding to sum up and analyse the events and influences by whose effect the strong and highly gifted mind of Scott was urged upon its brilliant career, it will be proper in us

to offer sundry quotations from that brief but simple autobiography with which Mr. Lockhart has most judiciously permitted the subject of his memoirs to open the work. Mingled with this, however, it will be necessary that we should avail ourselves of such an epitome as we may supply from authentic, though limited records, on the same theme. The last London edition that has reached us of the *Lays of the Last Minstrel*, contains a well-written abbreviation of his story, which compares favourably with his own historic register, begun at Ashestiel, in April, 1808. He commences the direct record of his family thus:—

“Every Scotsman has a pedigree. It is a national prerogative as unalienable as his pride and his poverty. My birth was neither distinguished nor sordid. According to the prejudices of my country, it was esteemed *gentle*, as I was connected, though remotely, with ancient families both by my father's and mother's side. My father's grandfather was Walter Scott, well known in Teviotdale by the surname of *Beardie*. He was the second son of Walter Scott, first Laird of Raeburn, who was third son of Sir William Scott, and the grandson of Walter Scott, commonly called in tradition *Auld Watt*, of Harden. I am therefore lineally descended from that ancient chieftain, whose name I have made to ring in many a ditty, and from his fair dame, the Flower of Yarrow—no bad genealogy for a Border minstrel. *Beardie*, my great-grandfather aforesaid, derived his cognomen from a venerable beard, which he wore unblemished by razor or scissors, in token of his regret for the banished dynasty of Stewart. It would have been well that his zeal had stopped there. But he took arms, and intrigued in their cause, until he lost all he had in the world, and, as I have heard, ran a narrow risk of being hanged, had it not been for the interference of Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth. *Beardie*'s elder brother, William Scott of Raeburn, my great-granduncle, was killed about the age of twenty-one, in a duel with Pringle of Crichton, grandfather of the present Mark Pringle of Clifton. They fought with swords, as was the fashion of the time, in a field near Selkirk, called from the catastrophe the *Raeburn Meadow-spot*. Pringle fled from Scotland to Spain, and was long a captive and slave in Barbary. *Beardie* became, of course, *Tutor of Raeburn*, as the old Scottish phrase called him, that is, guardian to his infant nephew, father of the present Walter Scott of Raeburn. He also managed the estates of Makerstoun, being nearly related to that family by his mother, Barbara MacDougal. I suppose he had some allowance for his care in either case, and subsisted upon that and the fortune which he had by his wife, a Miss Campbell of Silvercraigs, in the west, through which connection my father used to call *cousin*, as they say, with the Campbells of Blythswood. *Beardie* was a man of some learning, and a friend of Dr. Pitcairn, to whom his politics probably made him acceptable. They had a Tory or Jacobite club in Edinburgh, in which the conversation is said to have been maintained in Latin. Old *Beardie* died in a house still standing at the north-east entrance to the churchyard of Kelso, about”

Three sons were left by this lineal *Beardie*. Of Walter, the eldest, the male heirs are long since extinct—and if any of the female descendants of the family remain, they are now settled in America. Robert Scott, grandfather of the novelist, was originally a seaman, but afterwards adopted the profession of a

drover, in which he amassed a handsome fortune. By his marriage he acquired a part of Dryburg, in 1826 the property of the Earl of Buchan, and which comprehended the ruins of Dryburg Abbey. This estate would have devolved upon the father of the author but for the silliness of a granduncle, who became bankrupt, and the whole patrimony was sold for a trifle. We find the following sketch of his father in the words of the eminent son himself:—

“Walter Scott, my father, was born in 1729, and educated to the profession of a writer to the Signet. He was the eldest of a large family, several of whom I shall have occasion to mention with a tribute of sincere gratitude. My father was a singular instance of a man rising to eminence in a profession for which nature had in some degree unfitted him. He had indeed a turn for labour, and a pleasure in analysing the abstruse feudal doctrines connected with conveyancing, which would probably have rendered him unrivalled in the line of a special pleader, had there been such a profession in Scotland; but in the actual business of the profession which he embraced, in that sharp and intuitive perception which is necessary in driving bargains for himself and others, in availing himself of the wants, necessities, caprices, and follies of some, and guarding against the knavery and malice of others, uncle Toby himself could not have conducted himself with more simplicity than my father. Most attorneys have been suspected, more or less justly, of making their own fortune at the expense of their clients—my father's fate was to vindicate his calling from the stain in one instance, for in many cases his clients contrived to ease him of considerable sums. Many worshipful and benighted names occur to my memory, who did him the honour to run in his debt to the amount of thousands, and to pay him with a lawsuit, or a commission of bankruptcy, as the case happened. But they are gone to a different accounting, and it would be ungenerous to visit their disgrace upon their descendants. My father was wont also to give openings, to those who were pleased to take them, to pick a quarrel with him. He had a zeal for his clients which was almost ludicrous: far from coldly discharging the duties of his employment towards them, he thought for them, felt for their honour as for his own, and rather risked disobliging them than neglecting any thing to which he conceived their duty bound them. If there was an old mother or aunt to be maintained, he was, I am afraid, too apt to administer to their necessities from what the young heir had destined exclusively to his pleasures. This ready discharge of obligations, which the civilians tell us are only natural and not legal, did not, I fear, recommend him to his employers. Yet his practice was, at one period of his life, very extensive. He understood his business theoretically, and was early introduced to it by a partnership with George Chalmers, writer to the Signet, under whom he had served his apprenticeship.

“His person and face were uncommonly handsome, with an expression of sweetness of temper, which was not fallacious; his manners were rather formal, but full of genuine kindness, especially when exercising the duties of hospitality. His general habits were not only temperate, but severely abstemious; but upon a festival occasion, there were few whom a moderate glass of wine exhilarated to such a lively degree. His religion, in which he was devoutly sincere, was Calvinism of the strictest kind, and his favourite study related to church history. I suspect the good old man was often engaged with Knox and Spottiswoode's

folios, when, immured in his solitary room, he was supposed to be immersed in professional researches. In his political principles he was a steady friend to freedom, with a bias, however, to the monarchical part of our constitution, which he considered as peculiarly exposed to danger during the later years of his life. He had much of ancient Scottish prejudice respecting the forms of marriages, funerals, christenings, and so forth, and was always vexed at any neglect of etiquette upon such occasions. As his education had not been upon an enlarged plan, it could not be expected that he should be an enlightened scholar, but he had not passed through a busy life without observation; and his remarks upon times and manners often exhibited strong traits of practical though untaught philosophy."

In April, 1758, his father married Anne Rutherford, the eldest daughter of Dr. John Rutherford, a pupil of Boerhaave, and a professor of medicine in the University of Edinburgh. This gentleman was twice married; and his first wife (of whom the mother of our author, at the time when he recorded the fact, was the only surviving child) was the daughter of Sir John Swinton of Swinton, "a family which produced many distinguished warriors during the middle ages, and which for antiquity and honourable alliances may rank with any in Britain." This is the language used by the famous issue himself—and illustrates his partiality for the claim of *gentle* birth, to which it seems he was well entitled. Mr. Cunningham speaks of him, in a passage employed in the preface to the Lay, to which we have alluded, as "a proud man: not a proud poet, or historian, or novelist; but he loved to be looked upon as a gentleman of old family, who built Abbotsford, and laid out its gardens, and planted its avenues, rather than a genius whose works influenced mankind and diffused happiness among millions." Speaking of his father's family, our autobiographer observes that it was very numerous—"no fewer, I believe, than twelve children"—a number, one would fancy, not so *very* high as to puzzle the memory for precision in the case. The eldest brother was Robert Scott, who was in the king's service under Captain (afterwards Admiral) Dixon, and shared the danger of most of Rodney's battles. He was not only a sea-warrior, but a poet; since, according to his brother's account, "he had a strong turn for literature, read poetry with taste and judgment, and composed verses himself which gained him great applause among his messmates." Marine criticism, however, is not the most final or decisive in the world; for it is exercised upon a theatre where yarns and ballads pluck the brightest honours. There are few *Dibbins*, indeed, to act as umpires in literary achievements at sea. The *ipse dixit* of his near kinsman, therefore, is worth more for the sea-faring Scott than all the suffrages of his fellow-rovers on the wave. After the peace of Paris, promotion at sea being out of the question, except among

those who had great interest, Robert entered the East India Company's service, and after two voyages died in the East. John, a second brother, major in the second battalion, seventy-third regiment, died, yet a young man, in May, 1816. The only sister of the novelist, Anne Scott, also died young. After suffering much from various accidents—for her existence seems to have been a peculiarly hapless one—the remote cause of her death was her cap accidentally taking fire, by which her head was dreadfully burnt, and from the fearful effects of which she never recovered. She was the junior of the great minstrel by about a year. A year lower in the list in the sequence of age was Thomas Scott, a man of fine humour and talent, who died in Canada, while holding the office of paymaster of the seventy-fifth regiment.

Having now brought the history of his immediate family down to himself, we give the annals of the author partly in his own words, and, where the text is too copious, by synopsis. It will be seen, as the reader proceeds, that hours of sickness and suffering awaited the early career of the romancer, insomuch that he may be said to have experienced in the two extremes of his life—in youth as well as in his decline—that feebleness and incertitude of duration which usually pertain alone to the evening of age. Those physical afflictions which break down the pride of manly hearts, and fill them with the tender thoughts and affections of juvenile days, appear to have had no other effect upon young Scott, when they visited him in the flower of his prime, than to turn the eye of his spirit inward; to reveal to him, perhaps, dim foreshadowings of his future power and greatness, and—should the contingency of long life be vouchsafed to him—gorgeous types of glory to come; and to impress him with a feeling, that, as life to him was *peculiarly* uncertain, it behoved him to improve the time while it was as yet called to-day. Doubtless he applied to himself, in spirit at least, that exquisite moral of the *Hydriotaphia*:—"If we begin to die when we live, and long life be but a prolongation of death, our life is a sad composition; we live with death, and die not in a moment." May it not have been from a wavering apprehension that he lived, as it were, "to die daily," that he so redeemed his time? But we detain the reader from his records.

"I was born, as I believe, on the 15th August, 1771, in a house belonging to my father, at the head of the College Wynd. It was pulled down, with others, to make room for the northern front of the new college. I was an uncommonly healthy child, but had nearly died in consequence of my first nurse being ill of a consumption, a circumstance which she chose to conceal, though to do so was was murder to both herself and me. She went privately to consult Dr. Black, the celebrated professor of chemistry, who put my father on his guard. The woman was dismissed, and I was consigned to a healthy peasant, who is still alive to

boast of her *laddie* being what she calls a *grand gentleman*. I showed every sign of health and strength until I was about eighteen months old. One night, I have been often told, I showed great reluctance to be caught and put to bed, and after being chased about the room, was apprehended and consigned to my dormitory with some difficulty. It was the last time I was to show such personal agility. In the morning I was discovered to be affected with the fever which often accompanies the cutting of large teeth. It held me three days. On the fourth, when they went to bathe me as usual, they discovered that I had lost the power of my right leg. My grandfather, an excellent anatomist as well as physician, the late worthy Alexander Wood, and many others of the most respectable of the faculty, were consulted. There appeared to be no dislocation or sprain; blisters and other topical remedies were applied in vain. When the efforts of regular physicians had been exhausted, without the slightest success, my anxious parents, during the course of many years, eagerly grasped at every prospect of cure which was held out by the promise of empirics, or of ancient ladies or gentlemen who conceived themselves entitled to recommend various remedies, some of which were of a nature sufficiently singular. But the advice of my grandfather, Dr. Rutherford, that I should be sent to reside in the country, to give the chance of natural exertion, excited by free air and liberty, was first resorted to, and before I have the recollection of the slightest event, I was, agreeably to his friendly counsel, an inmate in the farm-house of Sandy-Knowe.

"An odd incident is worth recording. It seems my mother had sent a maid to take charge of me, that I might be no inconvenience in the family. But the damsel sent on that important mission had left her heart behind her, in the keeping of some wild fellow, it is likely, who had done and said more to her than he was like to make good. She became extremely desirous to return to Edinburgh, and as my mother made a point of her remaining where she was, she contracted a sort of hatred to poor me, as the cause of her being detained at Sandy-Knowe. This arose, I suppose, to a sort of delirious affection, for she confessed to old Alison Wilson, the housekeeper, that she had carried me up to the Craigs, meaning, under a strong temptation of the devil, to cut my throat with her scissors, and bury me in the moss. Alison instantly took possession of my person, and took care that her confidant should not be subject to any farther temptation, so far as I was concerned. She was dismissed, of course, and I have heard became afterwards a lunatic.

"It is here at Sandy-Knowe, in the residence of my paternal grandfather, already mentioned, that I have the first consciousness of existence; and I recollect distinctly that my situation and appearance were a little whimsical. Among the odd remedies recurred to to aid my lameness, some one had recommended that so often as a sheep was killed for the use of the family, I should be stripped, and swathed up in the skin warm as it was flayed from the carcass of the animal. In this Tartar-like habiliment I well remember lying upon the floor of the little parlour in the farm-house, while my grandfather, a venerable old man with white hair, used every excitement to make me try to crawl. I also distinctly remember the late Sir George MacDougal of Makerstoun, father of the present Sir Henry Hay MacDougal, joining in this kindly attempt. He was, God knows how, a relation of ours, and I still recollect him in his old-fashioned military habit, (he had been colonel of the Greys,) with a small cocked hat, deeply laced, an embroidered scarlet waistcoat, and a light-coloured coat, with milk-white locks tied in a military fashion, kneeling on the ground before me, and dragging his watch along the carpet to induce me to follow it. The benevolent old soldier and the

infant wrapped in his sheep-skin would have afforded an odd group to uninterested spectators. This must have happened about my third year, for Sir George MacDougal and my grandfather both died shortly after that period."

He lived at Sandy-Knowe for some years, during which time the heat of the American war attained its highest intensity; and we regret to see in his record, that he "was as anxious to hear of the defeat of General Washington as if he had had some deep and personal cause of antipathy to him." The political sentiments of the *boy* were tinged therefore with toryism—nor is it unnatural that they should have been. Surrounded with memorials of the departed grandeur of kingly legitimates on every hand; imbibing, from every page and ruin and tower that met his eye, a reverential feeling for the remnants of regal blazon, or the registers of monarchical domination, it is no marvel that his sympathies should have been captivated by lore so eventful, and objects so impressive. His was a peculiar spirit for the reception of the seeds of toryism; they fell on good ground, and brought forth abundantly. This sentiment grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength; and let us not complain of his memory, if it urged his genius to efforts which otherwise might have remained to this hour unattempted in prose or rhyme. Respecting his prejudice against Washington he observes:—"I know not how this was combined with a very strong prejudice in favour of the Stuart family, which I had originally imbibed from the tales and songs of the Jacobites"—which latter propensity, he informs us, was deeply confirmed by the stories he heard of the cruel executions at Carlisle, and in the Highlands, after the battle of Culloden. One or two of his distant relations had been killed on that occasion; and a Mr. Curl, husband to an aunt of his, had seen them executed. This increased his impressions of hatred against the name of Cumberland. He proceeds to give the subjoined account of the first impulses given to his mind towards romance and border chivalry. The recital is of high interest, as serving to show the gradations by which the stormy soul of battle-minstrelsy acquired dominion over his mind.

"The local information, which I conceive had some share in forming my future taste and pursuits, I derived from the old songs and tales which then formed the amusement of a retired country family. My grandmother, in whose youth the old Border depredations were matter of recent tradition, used to tell me many a tale of Watt of Harden, Wight Willie of Aikwood, Jamie Tellfer of the fair Dodhead, and other heroes—merry-men all of the persuasion and calling of Robin Hood and Little John. A more recent hero, but not of less note, was the celebrated *Diel of Littledean*, whom she well remembered, as he had married her mother's sister. Of this extraordinary person I learned many a story, grave and gay, comic and warlike. Two or three old books which lay in the window-seat were explored for my amusement in the tedious winter

days. Automathes and Ramsay's Tea-table Miscellany were my favourites, although at a later period an odd volume of Josephus' Wars of the Jews divided my partiality.

"My kind and affectionate aunt, Miss Janet Scott, whose memory will ever be dear to me, used to read these works to me with admirable patience, until I could repeat long passages by heart. The ballad of Hardyknute I was early master of, to the great annoyance of almost our only visiter, the worthy clergyman of the parish, Dr. Duncan, who had not patience to have a sober chat interrupted by my shouting forth this ditty. Methinks I now see his tall thin emaciated figure, his legs cased in clasped gambadoes, and his face of a length that would have rivalled the Knight of La Mancha's, and hear him exclaiming, 'One may as well speak in the mouth of a cannon as where that child is.' With this little acidity, which was natural to him, he was a most excellent and benevolent man, a gentleman in every feeling, and altogether different from those of his order who cringe at the tables of the gentry, or domineer and riot at those of the yeomanry."

At the tender age of four years, he was taken to Bath in England, with the hope that his lameness might be alleviated by drinking its waters. He had become, by this time, from his own exertions, change of air, and of place, a sturdy child—*non sine diis animosus infans*, as he happily applies the idea. He lived at Bath a year, without the least benefit; but his residence was marked by many circumstances calculated to cheer him, and to beget a love of the exciting and the ideal in a youthful mind. His uncle, Captain Robert Scott, arrived at that famous resort—took him to all the amusements of the appreciation of which his juvenile tastes were capable, and, beyond all, to the theatre. Here his fancy reigned and revelled; and, yielding himself wholly up to the illusion of one of Shakspeare's plays ("As You Like It"), he became noisy, and, during the quarrel between Orlando and his brother in the first scene, screamed out, "Ar'nt they brothers?" Every thing about Bath seemed to warm his apt imagination. The glitter of the toy-shop—the beauties of the Parade, with the sparkling waters of the Avon winding around it—the lowing of the cattle from the opposite hills—these, at that early date, left pictures in his brain, and remembered sounds in the ear of his soul, which never ceased nor faded in the lapse of years. It were worth the labour—a philosophy which the doctors have not yet mastered in all their intellectual analyses—to show how these early acquired thoughts lie dormant in the spirit until each becomes a nucleus around which other brilliant conceptions rally and bear fruit. Nothing but the strong force of boyish recollection ever enabled the divine mind of Goldsmith, when his heart had been torn and wrung by rough contact with the world—when guile had whispered the leprous words of temptation in his ear, and been withstood as by miracle—to place upon his page such a picture as this:—

"Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose ;
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below ;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young ;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool ;
The playful children, just let loose from school ;
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring wind,
And the loud laugh that showed the vacant mind ;
These all, *in sweet confusion*, sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nighingale had made !"

And this delicious strain arose from memories that had been covered, for long and many years, with tumultuous thoughts, with the suggestions of wayward passion, the fears of future success, and the thousand daily imaginations provoked by a hap-hazard existence in an overgrown and bustling metropolis—then, at some happy season, when the muse asserted her pliant hour of dominion, the verse flowed forth, to live in many a heart. Such is the force, the duration, of early sights and voices; treasured by the sensitive, the observant, and the good, who sympathize with excelling nature, and walk, like children, by her pure direction.

We cannot, of course, follow the young wizard step by step through the mazes of his juvenility. He did too much after he came to man's estate, which claims our attention, to allow us to loiter by the way. And yet the influences which bend the mind—the inceptive efforts, the first triumphs of genius—the tardy encouragements, or generous incentives which impel or retard its journey toward the pinnacles of ambition—are intensely interesting. It is like prying into the mysteries of an Indian juggler, who seems a god to the benighted dwellers on the banks of the Ganges ; and not to know them—not to be at last aware of the intellectual *modus operandi* by which so many thousands have been cheered and delighted—is to feel that sort of unsatisfied dismay experienced by the auditors of Prospero in the *Tempest*, when he abjures the rude magic which vexed sea and sky with meeting warfare ; which revived the dead in their cerements ; when he breaks his wand of wonder, and buries his book of necromancy beyond the plummet's visitation. In brief, in the case of Scott, the reading world have felt his witchery ; they would know *how* it was put in action, and whence its grand essentials were derived.

It was while at Bath, that the young Scott first acquired the rudiments of reading at a day school ; and there a thirst for the acquisition of knowledge, and the gratification of a romantic curiosity, was begun. The then remote benefits of its indulgence have now been felt by the world. While we write, we

question not that hundreds, nay, perhaps thousands, on this vast continent are perusing the works of the great novelist. The traveller on the wide inland lakes of the northwest, leans aside, in a nook of the steamer, and reads of the heroes, the warriors, and the eminent of yore, revived by the genius of Scott—but whose ashes have vanished in the indistinctness of the dust, and whose very monuments are ruins. On the far rivers of the west, where the smoke of the “spirit-craft,” as the Indians term them, canopies the unbroken forests for hundreds of miles, the tourist peruses the wizard’s page; and, seated at many an uplifted casement where the evening sunshine comes in, throughout the towns that skirt the Atlantic and dot the far interior, how numerous are they who, doubtless at this very moment, are enwrought in the interest of some class of the giant brood of Waverly—until the red west shall pale its fires, and the glorious page grow dim!

After his return to Edinburgh, the juvenile romancer spent the time which ensued from his fourth to his eighth year in alternate residence at that capital and Sandy-Knowe. At that period, sea-bathing having been prescribed, he was transported to Prestonpans, where an old gentleman, Captain Dalgetty by name—a military veteran, who had been in all the German wars—became his companion, and shed into his young ear a thousand tales of broils, and battailous emprise. The news of Burgoyne’s defeat in America, which the shrewd youth had predicted, though doubtless against his wishes, shook his intimacy with the autumnal warrior. Another person, a friend of the autobiographer’s father, was also encountered at the same place—and afterwards sat for the portrait of Jonathan Oldbuck. He familiarized his young acquaintance with some of Shakespeare’s famous characters; and thus, little by little, his imaginative attainments came thronging in upon his mind.

When he removed from Prestonpans, it was to his father’s house in St. George’s square, Edinburgh; and this became the principal place of his residence until his marriage in 1797. While here, engaged a part of the time in drudgery ill suited to his talent, how many pictures must have arisen to the eye of his fancy, of his early residence at Sandy-Knowe—of the sheen of Leader Water—the sweet vale of the Tweed—the Border fortlet, Smailholme Tower—and the thousand legends which he learned by the bright “evening fire!” The power of these over his thoughts may be seen in “Marmion.” At his Edinburgh home, however, in the outset of his career, the spell of literary acquisition was constantly upon him. His eager soul coveted and mastered every book within the reach of his hand. Pope’s translation of Homer, and the songs of Allan Ramsay, were among the *first* of his poetic readings. These gave him his

primal, exquisite sense of the *heroic* and the *natural*, and laid perhaps the early foundations of that perfected taste which led him to become the pre-eminent expositor of both. The common interest felt by children for the wonderful and the terrible grew upon his comprehension, until Romance, with him, was but another name for Life.

The career of Scott, as a student, was commenced at the grammar or high school of Edinburgh, in 1779. The principal, Mr. Luke Frazer, under whom he spent three years, in liberal acquirement, was a good Latin scholar, and a worthy person. He then entered the Rector's class, taught by Dr. McAdam—and the road to learning which he travelled under that teacher, was *McAdamized* much to his satisfaction. After having finished his course in the class superintended by this gentleman, he should have proceeded at once to college, but his delicate health made a sojourn in the country necessary. He, therefore, repaired to Kelso near the Tweed, where a kind aunt had her residence. Here his intercourse with nature was renewed; and influences were at work around him, without whose subtle, but imperceptible action, all the lore of the schools, exerted to make him a poet and a novelist, had been in vain. He attended for about four hours a day upon the village grammar school—hearing the inferior classes in the character of usher, and indulging in puns against the grand bashaw of the institution, one *Launcelot Whale*, whose ichthyological name gave rise to many attempts at the double meaning of which it was found susceptible. Master and pupil pleased each other, and the latter was extremely grateful for the benefits accruing to himself from the connection. What he did beside is best told in his own words.

"In the mean while my acquaintance with English literature was gradually extending itself. In the intervals of my school hours I had always perused with avidity such books of history or poetry or voyages and travels as chance presented to me—not forgetting the usual, or rather ten times the usual, quantity of fairy tales, Eastern stories, romances, &c. These studies were totally unregulated and undirected. My tutor thought it almost a sin to open a profane play or poem; and my mother, besides that she might be in some degree tramelled by the religious scruples which he suggested, had no longer the opportunity to hear me read poetry as formerly. I found, however, in her dressing-room (where I slept at one time) some odd volumes of Shakspeare, nor can I easily forget the rapture with which I sat up in my shirt reading them by the light of a fire in her apartment, until the bustle of the family rising from supper warned me it was time to creep back to my bed, where I was supposed to have been safely deposited since nine o'clock. Chance, however, threw in my way a poetical preceptor. This was no other than the excellent and benevolent Dr. Blacklock, well known at that time as a literary character. I know not how I attracted his attention, and that of some of the young men who boarded in his family; but so it was that I became a frequent and favoured guest. The kind old man

opened to me the stores of his library, and through his recommendation I became intimate with Ossian and Spenser. I was delighted with both, yet I think chiefly with the latter poet. The tawdry repetitions of the Ossianic phraseology disgusted me rather sooner than might have been expected from my age. But Spenser I could have read for ever. Too young to trouble myself about the allegory, I considered all the knights and ladies and dragons and giants in their outward and exoteric sense, and God only knows how delighted I was to find myself in such society. As I had always a wonderful facility in retaining in my memory whatever verses pleased me, the quantity of Spenser's stanzas which I could repeat was really marvellous. But this memory of mine was a very fickle ally, and has, through my whole life, acted merely upon its own capricious motion, and might have enabled me to adopt old Beattie of Meikledale's answer, when complimented by a certain reverend divine on the strength of the same faculty :—'No, sir,' answered the old Borderer, 'I have no command of my memory. It only retains what hits my fancy, and probably, sir, if you were to preach to me for two hours, I would not be able when you finished to remember a word you had been saying.' My memory was precisely of the same kind; it seldom failed to preserve most tenaciously a favourite passage of poetry, a playhouse ditty, or, above all, a Borderraid ballad; but names, dates, and the other technicalities of history, escaped me in a most melancholy degree. The philosophy of history, a much more important subject, was also a sealed book at this period of my life; but I gradually assembled much of what was striking and picturesque in historical narrative; and when, in riper years, I attended more to the deduction of general principles, I was furnished with a powerful host of examples in illustration of them. I was, in short, like an ignorant gamester, who kept up a good hand until he knew how to play it."

The same ardent species of passion which he felt for Spenser, is traced to other sources of the eventful and the romantic, in the paragraphs ensuing.

"Among the valuable acquisitions I made about this time was an acquaintance with Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, through the flat medium of Mr. Hoole's translation. But, above all, I then first became acquainted with Bishop Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*. As I had been from infancy devoted to legendary lore of this nature, and only reluctantly withdrew my attention, from the scarcity of materials and the rudeness of those which I possessed, it may be imagined, but cannot be described, with what delight I saw pieces of the same kind which had amused my childhood, and still continued in secret the Delilahs of my imagination, considered as the subject of sober research, grave commentary, and apt illustration, by an editor who showed his poetical genius was capable of emulating the best qualities of what his pious labour preserved. I remember well the spot where I read these volumes for the first time. It was beneath a huge platanus tree, in the ruins of what had been intended for an old-fashioned arbour in the *garden* I have mentioned. The summer day sped onward so fast, that, notwithstanding the sharp appetite of thirteen, I forgot the hour of dinner, was sought for with anxiety, and was still found entranced in my intellectual banquet. To read and to remember was in this instance the same thing, and henceforth I overwhelmed my schoolfellows, and all who would hearken to me, with tragical recitations from the ballads of Bishop Percy. The first time, too, I could scrape a few shillings together, which were not common

occurrences with me, I bought unto myself a copy of these beloved volumes, nor do I believe I ever read a book half so frequently, or with half the enthusiasm. About this period, also, I became acquainted with the works of Richardson, and those of Mackenzie—(whom in later years I became entitled to call my friend)—with Fielding, Smollet, and some others of our best novelists.

“To this period, also, I can trace distinctly the awaking of that delightful feeling for the beauties of natural objects which has never since deserted me. The neighbourhood of Kelso, the most beautiful, if not the most romantic village in Scotland, is eminently calculated to awaken these ideas. It presents objects, not only grand in themselves, but venerable from their association. The meeting of two superb rivers, the Tweed and the Teviot, both renowned in song—the ruins of an ancient Abbey—the more distant vestiges of Roxburgh Castle—the modern mansion of Ffleurs, which is so situated as to combine the ideas of ancient baronial grandeur with those of modern taste—are in themselves objects of the first class; yet are so mixed, united, and melted among a thousand other beauties of a less prominent description, that they harmonize into one general picture, and please rather by unison than by concord. I believe I have written unintelligibly upon this subject, but it is fitter for the pencil than the pen. The romantic feelings which I have described as preponderating in my mind, naturally rested upon and associated themselves with these grand features of the landscape around me; and the historical incidents, or traditional legends connected with many of them, gave to my admiration a sort of intense impression of reverence, which at times made my heart feel too big for its bosom. From this time the love of natural beauty, more especially when combined with ancient ruins, or remains of our fathers’ piety or splendour, became with me an insatiable passion, which, if circumstances had permitted, I would willingly have gratified by travelling over half the globe.”

Returning to college at Edinburgh, he found himself behind all his fellow-students—made certain futile attempts to acquire the Greek, the very alphabet of which language he scarcely mastered, and soon forgot—and finally, much in the condition of his prototype, the bard of Avon, possessing “little Latin and less Greek,” about 1785–6 he entered into indentures with his father, and, as he himself expresses it, upon the dry and barren wilderness of forms and conveyances.

From this period may be dated the commencement of that combination of causes which united in Scott, the habitude of close and constant application in the manual labour of writing, with that extravagant taste for “all kinds of out-of-the-way reading,” which constantly swayed his purpose in every moment of leisure. His *profession* was then that of a writer, but one merely with the hand, or with a pen not urged to its purpose by his mind. He was the copier or transcriber—not the *composer*, then—and he remembers on one occasion the writing of an hundred and twenty folio pages, without intermitting his task for food or rest. Reading and writing, therefore, became with him, ever after, both business and pleasure. Duty and delight were well fulfilled in his labours—and nothing but

such a junction of motive and effect could have sustained the author of *Waverly* under his almost incredible performances.

While pausing for a moment at a point of our author's history, where the bent of his intellect and the force of his habits were established, it is proper to indulge in a few thoughts with respect to the merits of his first literary undertakings. These were accomplished in mature years;—but from the time that he entered the office of his father, until that auspicious hour when, like the ancient hills in the promise of the prophet, he “broke forth into singing,” the leaven of that unquenchable inspiration which illumined his spirit while it kindled his heart, was at work within him. With chosen companions, he sought the rural retreats of which the suburbs of Edinburgh are so prolific; communion with nature was relished with a sharpness of appetite increased by the feverish employment of the town; and many were the occasions when, his labour done, he sallied forth, ready to exclaim:

“Away!—I will not be to-day
The drudging slave of toil and care;
Away—from dust and desk away—
I'll be as idle as the air.”

Wherever he went, he was accompanied with a multitude of thoughts. Nature—holy nature—spoke to his ear with her thousand voices; the fancies of Tasso, Ariosto, Tressan's romances, the *Bibliothèque Bleue*, and *Bibliothèque de Romans*, mingling with the impressions of Border tales—of ballads—of translations, and poetry of all sorts, fired his mind, and impelled his exhaustless taste into new fields of exploration. These increased his poetic temperament, until its irrepressible current welled forth to the view of the world a new Helicon. From the days of his school-tide, until two thirds of his famous novels had appeared, this spirit never was weakened. Its first manifestation, naturally, was in verse. All the minstrelsy of the Border, and the lays of many lands beside, had been garnered in his memory; these provoked new combinations of mind; association, curiosity, and a love of the marvellous, fed the flame. The education and talent of his mother had made the inculcation of romance a pleasure to its young recipient from parental lips—and doubtless often, when a tiny urchin on her knee,

—he dried each tear,
As her sweet legend fell upon his ear.

The poetry of Scott in America has been well nigh supplanted, and the honours which it should confer upon his name exceedingly dimmed, by the surpassing success and reputation of his romances. This ought not so to be. The *flower* of his thought

was displayed in his poetry—but the golden harvest—"the full corn in the ear" may be reaped from his novels. Yet his verse denotes such purity of feeling—such catholic sentiments—such stores of knowledge—and, if we may so speak, such an *omnipresence* of imagination—that it deserves to be primarily considered in the present connection. In it the earliest force of external nature and passing events was registered, and shone. To convey an idea of what we mean by the phrase just employed, we feel bound to offer, with a slight preface, some of the evidences which are so copiously at hand.

Scott's first essays in verse were translations from the German ballads—those mysterious compositions which are full, either of diablerie or blessedness, linking the habitants of earth, by supernatural agencies, to hell or heaven. These were the chambers of imagery into which the young Idealist first retreated—and he brought from thence treasures, new and old. Following Goethe's "Goetz of Berlichingen," translated from the German, he sent forth the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," his "Sir Tristrem," and those famous contributions to Monk Lewis's *Tales of Wonder*, "The Baron of Smailhome," and "The Fire King," which soon reduced the author of Monk Ambrosio "to the predicament of a sorcerer who has evoked a demon so much more powerful than himself as to deprive him of his wand." Then came the firstlings of his own muse. With the spell of Mnemosyne upon him, no labour was too great for his intellect or his hand. He would travel leagues, and gossip with old gray crones by a peasant's fire by the hour, to get one new incident in a Border story that he might weave into song. In this way he gleaned his profound knowledge of the chivalric legends of his country, by whose revival, with his own colouring and garniture, he has made her vales and hills immortal.

That charm of Scott's poetry, which is the most readily perceptible, is the exuberance of his fancies. He seemed when he wrote to belie the axiom that only one thought can exist at once in the mind. Aside from the pathos, the music, the depth, the enthusiasm, and originality of his verse—all of which exist in it to a degree that should rank him in our view as the equal of any of his age in descriptive power and bursts of fervour and strength, though not in sustained force or fire—he possessed that faculty of crowding his pictures—of "bringing remembrance full upon the eye," which few have compassed since the days of Milton—and none surpassed. This is not the place to speak critically of the metrical productions of our author—yet we cannot refrain from offering a few passages to illustrate our meaning from the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. We select the mission of William of Deloraine to Melrose. Let the reader regard for a moment the extended landscape and distance taken

in, step by step, in the verse, as if he were in very deed accompanying the adventurous horseman.

"Soon in his saddle sate he fast,
And soon the steep descent he past;
Soon crossed the sounding barbican,
And soon the Teviot side he won.
Eastward the wooded path he rode;
Green hazels o'er his basnet nod:
He passed the Peel of Goldiland,
And crossed old Bothwick's roaring strand.
Dimly he viewed the Moathill's mound,
Where Druid shades still fitted round:
In Hawick twinkled many a light;
Behind him soon they set in night;
And soon he spurred his courser keen
Beneath the tower of Hazeldean.

"He turned him now from Teviot side,
And, guided by the twinkling rill,
Northward the dark ascent did ride,
And gained the moor at Horseliehill;
Broad on the left before him lay,
For many a mile, the Roman way.

"A moment now he slack'd his speed,
A moment breathed his panting steed;
Drew saddlegirth and corstleband,
And loosened in the sheath his brand.
On Mintocrag the moonbeams glint,
Where Barnhill hewed his bed of flint;
Who flung his outlaw'd limbs to rest,
Where falcons hang their giddy nest,
Mid cliffs, from whence his eagle eye,
For many a league, his prey could spy;
Cliffs, doubling, on their echoes borne,
The terrors of the robber's horn;
Cliffs, which, for many a later year,
The warbling Doric reed shall hear,
When some sad swain shall teach the grove,
Ambition is no cure for love.

"Unchallenged, thence past Deloraine
To ancient Riddell's fair domain,
Where Aill from mountains freed,
Down from the lakes did raving come;
Each wave was crested with tawny foam,
Like the mane of a chestnut steed.
In vain! no torrent, deep or broad,
Might bar the bold mosstrooper's road."

The sketch of Melrose, also, is executed in the most perfect style of the descriptive art:—

"If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.

When the broken arches are black in night,
 And each shafted oriel glimmers white ;
 When the cold light's uncertain shower
 Streams on the ruined central tower ;
 When buttress and buttress, alternately,
 Seemed framed of ebon and ivory ;
 When silver edges the imagery,
 And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die ;
 When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
 And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
 Then go—but go alone the while—
 Then view Saint David's ruined pile ;
 And, home returning, soothly swear,
 Was never scene so sad and fair !”

The opening of the tomb, by the warrior, in Melrose Abbey, also exemplifies the *accuracy* of Scott's imagination :—

“With beating heart to the task he went ;
 His sinewy frame o'er the grave-stone bent ;
 With bar of iron heaved amain,
 Till the toil drops fell from his brows like rain.
 It was by dint of passing strength,
 That he moved the massy stone at length.
 I would you had been there to see,
 How the light broke forth so gloriously ;
 Streamed upwards to the chancel roof,
 And through the galleries far aloof !
 No earthly flame e'er blaz'd so bright ;
 It shone like heaven's own blessed light ;
 And issuing from the tomb,
 Showed the monk's cowl and visage pale,
 Danced on the dark-brow'd warrior's mail,
 And kissed his waving plume.”

We need ask no one to admire such poetry as this ; and would merely remark that every American reader familiar with the prose rather than the verse of Scott, should make it a point to acquaint himself equally with both.

No writer in the English tongue, we venture to believe, (that walking library, Democritus Junior of “Anatomy” memory, excepted,) ever treasured up in his recollection such a universe of reading as the author of Waverley. His passion for books can be described in no other way than by calling it an insatiate and inextinguishable *hunger*. His intercourse with all classes of persons, gentle and simple, gave him that knowledge of men which mere books (so goes the truism) can never afford. Imagination supplied the rest—and when his first essays in poetry were attempted, he had laid broad and deep the foundations of his fame. His veneration for great deeds and heroic achievements grew by what it fed on ; and the “merveilles of Panim-land,” the tales and legends of the wondrous East—the sandal-shoon, the dark-browed pilgrim with the palm-branch in

his hand, bending at the sound of the Ave bell—these, in his pages, with auxiliar personages, friars, “and clerks good plenty, there you mote espy.” How they teem with men of mark and renown! Richard of the Lion-Heart, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, Front de Bœuf, De Bracy and the rest—stalking before the mind’s eye with nodding plumes and shining mail! And Scott wrote of them as one who knew them—proving, in his descriptions, how thoroughly he avoided the fault upon which the keen-sighted Roman poet, in less than three lines, discourses a volume:

Sed veluti tractata notam labemque remittunt
Atramenta, ferè scriptores carmine fædo
Splendida facta linunt.¹

There is no conception of a hero more full of poetry, in its best spirit, than can be found in that of the Templars with which the chivalric romances of Scott abound. There is a pomp and glory thrown around them, which sometimes would seem to make them more than mortal. They rush to the combat, and drag the reader with them into the thickest of the fight. He shares in the turmoil—he lists to the clink and fall of swords—he sees some stalwart knight hew down whole hecatombs of men, and hears the lances of hostile warriors ringing against his gleaming harness—a tempestuous and thrilling music! Where, for example, can there be found a scene more stirring to the blood, than that in *Ivanhoe*, where the fair Jewess, Rebecca, reports to the sick knight from the grated walls of his castellated prison, the tidings of a conflict, that with eyes of anxious love she is watching below. To us, it is much like beholding a battle afar off, with the natural eye. The charge—the retreat—the doubtful sight of victory—the chief warriors, standing proudly eminent in shape and gesture, above their battailous legions—the tall plumes waving in the breeze—the spirited chargers rushing to the encounter—all combine together, in one tumultuous, animated picture, which kindles every nerve. Deep study alone, aside from his gorgeous imagination, could not have empowered the author of *Waverley* thus to domineer so pleasingly over the fancies of mankind. It was his knowledge, combined with his genius, which made his pictures so like to life, and rendered their beauty perfect. We think of them with the kind of delight with which we can imagine the glories of the hanging gardens of ancient Babylon, the grandeur of Alcairo, or the rich tales of Arabian enchantment. Scott founded his stories of chivalry upon historic truth; and then they rose into the serener air of romance, beautiful, but seemingly solid creations, shining with the fret-work of his exhaustless imagination.

¹ Hor. Ep. ad Aug. lib. ii.

Thus the rainbow, to use a simile, is said to gather within its span a radiance and a grace, which are heightened by the seeming fact that it rests upon the stanch and solid earth, with her perpetual foundations. The secret of Scott's art, therefore, in writing chivalrous romances, was that he knew the knightly or heroic race, from first to last; from the history of those who fought at Thebes and Ilium, to all that glitters,

“—and resounds,
In fable or romance, of Uther's son,
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
And all who since, baptised or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont, or Montalban,
Damasco or Marocco, or Trebisonde,
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric's shore,
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabia.”

And if the writer of *Waverley* was esteemed *au fait* in the depicting of kingly and knightly characters; if his fancy roamed at will amid courts and tournaments, and, among gallant cavaliers, where “the rustling of silks and the creaking of shoes betray their fond hearts to woman”—what applause shall we not award to his masterly delineations of lowly life? Who that has read the *Heart of Mid Lothian* can forget the journey of Jeannie Deans to London and Windsor, to intercede for the pardon of an erring sister condemned to die? It is one of the sweetest pictures of human affection, and pure, feminine virtue, ever offered to the eye. She implores with the queen herself for a lease of life to the daughter of an humble pair in Scotland, “who had never ceased, at night or morning, to pray that the *throne* might be established in righteousness.” The long journey—the generous aid of the good Duke of Argyll—the granted pardon—the grateful proffers of profound simplicity, anxious to testify its sense of an indescribable favour—all present a tableau so touching and so true, that the eye of the reader is filled from the well-springs of his heart, as he bends over the page. Let any one, disposed for meditation, think for a moment, in some hour of repose, of the numerous creations, humble and high, which the native country of the great novelist has, of itself, afforded him. The fairy Lady of the Lake; the grotesque and studious Dominie Sampson, uttering “pro-di-gi-ous!” as he strides; Bertram; Guy Mannering; Julia; the hag, Meg Merrilies; the chief, Rob Roy; Di Vernon; Old Mortality, companion of graves, and to whom, so to speak, the worm was a familiar; Lady Margaret, the stately one; the Black Dwarf; Habbakuk Mucklewraith, with his “God’s will be done!” the gloomy Ravenswood, and Bothwell on his sable steed! But the number is legion.

To repeat, with any thing like minuteness, the details of this work, would employ not merely the space of an article in our number—but the number itself, entire. We feel bound, therefore, to suspend the comments suggested ever and anon as we read, by our strong admiration of the subject in every point of view, and regale the reader with quotations—referring him, for the full feast, of whose quality we give but a meagre antepast in our side-table selection, to one of the best biographies ever written.

The popularity of Scott's poetry was unbounded; and the profits of each successive edition of whatever he wrote, were enormous. The poetical temperament, which many stupid people console their own mediocrity by representing as averse to the business details of life, and inimical to the prosperity of those who possess it, was in him a constant spur to "the main chances" of his pursuit. He was, in fact, a shrewd literary merchant—and he coined money by his writings. His history affords an evidence, if any were wanting, that the silly and sentimental dictum, "poets and authors must of necessity be poor," is as false as it is ridiculous. Refer to the lives of half the eminent poets and writers that the world has produced, and we find that they lived in luxury, and enjoyed the abundant means which well-directed talent seldom fails to bestow. Somehow or other, assertions to the contrary have become proverbs; and it is of no avail to tell those who retail them, how Horace lived on his estate; how Shakspeare retired in the harvest time of his manhood, on an independent fortune; or how half the bards since his day have flourished like the green bay tree, in comfort and even affluence. If we point to the splendid mansions of a Rogers or a Beckford, or to the oriental voluptuousness which Byron drew around him, or to the independent circumstances of a numerous class of authors of the present day, they are spoken of as "exceptions to the rule;" though it is undeniable that the exceptions are far more numerous than the instances of the rule itself. It is quite time that these outcries should cease. Whenever we hear or see any one connected with literature indulging in them, we set him down for one who courts a mawkish sympathy, at the expense of truth—in short, "an ill bird that defiles its own nest."

To show how Scott stood with the trade, even in the early period of his literary career, we subjoin one paragraph:—

"He was at this time in frequent communication with several leading booksellers, each of whom would willingly have engrossed his labours; but from the moment that his literary undertakings began to be serious, he seems to have resolved against forming so strict a connection with any one publisher as might at all interfere with the freedom of his transactions. I think it not improbable that his interest as the partner of Ballantyne may have had some influence on this part of his conduct; at

all events, there can be little doubt that the hope of sharing more and more in the profits of Scott's original works induced the competing booksellers to continue and extend their patronage of the Edinburgh printer, who had been introduced to their notice as the personal friend of the most rising author of the day. But nevertheless I can have no doubt that Scott was mainly guided by his love of independence. It was always his maxim, that no author should ever let any one house fancy that they had obtained a right of monopoly over his works—or, as he expressed it in his language of the Scottish feudalists, 'that they had completely thirled him to their mill;' and through life, as we shall see, the instant he perceived the least trace of this feeling, he asserted his freedom, not by word, but by some decided deed, on whatever considerations of pecuniary convenience the step might make it necessary for him to trample. Of the conduct of Messrs. Longman, who had been principally concerned in the *Minstrelsy*, the *Lay*, *Sir Tristrem*, and the *Ballads*, he certainly could have had no reason to complain; on the contrary, he has in various places attested that it was liberal and handsome beyond his expectation; but, nevertheless, a negotiation which they now opened proved fruitless, and ultimately they had no share whatever in the second of his original works."

Of his personal appearance, in May, 1807, Miss Seward gives this description :—

"On Friday last," she says, "the poetically great Walter Scott came 'like a sunbeam to my dwelling.' This proudest boast of the Caledonian muse is tall, and rather robust than slender, but lame in the same manner as Mr. Haley, and in a greater measure. Neither the contour of his face nor yet his features are elegant; his complexion healthy, and somewhat fair, without bloom. We find the singularity of brown hair and eyelashes, with flaxen eyebrows, and a countenance open, ingenuous, and benevolent. When seriously conversing or earnestly attentive, though his eyes are rather of a lightish gray, deep thought is on their lids: he contracts his brow, and the rays of genius gleam aslant from the orbs beneath them. An upper lip too long prevents his mouth from being decidedly handsome, but the sweetest emanations of temper and heart play about it when he talks cheerfully or smiles; and in company he is much oftener gay than contemplative. His conversation—an overflowing fountain of brilliant wit, apposite allusions, and playful archness—while on serious themes it is nervous and eloquent; the accent decidedly Scottish, yet by no means broad. On the whole, no expectation is disappointed which his poetry must excite in all who feel the power and graces of human inspiration. . . . Not less astonishing than was Johnson's memory is that of Mr. Scott; like Johnson, also, his recitation is too monotonous and violent to do justice either to his own writings or those of others. The stranger guest delighted us all by the unaffected charms of his mind and manners. Such visits are among the most high-prized honours which my writings have procured for me."

With Scott, business was a species of delight—and the picking up of knowledge, by correspondence, excursions in the country, and quaint and curious reading, was mere pastime. This irregular mode of acquisition never clouded his mind, and he seems to have considered it as perhaps the best, judging from the course which he pursued in the education of his children. His biographer informs us that he never did show much

concern about a systematic regulation of instruction in their case.

"It seemed, on the contrary," he adds, "as if he attached little importance to any thing else, so he could perceive that the young curiosity was excited—the intellect, by whatever springs of interest, set in motion. He detested and despised the whole generation of modern children's books, in which the attempt is made to convey accurate notions of scientific minutiae; delighting cordially, on the other hand, in those of the preceding age, which, addressing themselves chiefly to the imagination, obtain through it, as he believed, the best chance of stirring our graver faculties also. He exercised the memory, by selecting for tasks of recitation passages of popular verse the most likely to catch the fancy of children; and gradually familiarised them with the ancient history of their own country, by arresting attention, in the course of his own oral narrations, on incidents and characters of a similar description. Nor did he neglect to use the same means of quickening curiosity as to the events of sacred history. On Sunday he never rode—at least not until his growing infirmity made his pony almost necessary to him—for it was his principle that all domestic animals have a full right to their sabbath of rest; but after he had read the church service, he usually walked with his whole family, dogs included, to some favourite spot at a considerable distance from the house—most frequently the ruined tower of Elibank—and there dined with them in the open air on a basket of cold provisions, mixing his wine with the water of the brook beside which they all were grouped around him on the turf; and here, or at home, if the weather kept them from their ramble, his Sunday talk was just such a series of biblical lessons as that which we have preserved for the permanent use of rising generations, in his *Tales of a Grandfather*, on the early history of Scotland. I wish he had committed that other series to writing too;—how different that would have been from our thousand compilations of dead epitome and imbecile cant! He had his Bible, the Old Testament especially, by heart; and on these days inwove the simple pathos or sublime enthusiasm of Scripture, in whatever story he was telling, with the same picturesque richness as he did, in his week-day tales, the quaint Scottish of Pitscottie, or some rude romantic old rhyme from Barbour's Bruce or Blind Harry's Wallace."

It was upon Scott's suggestion that the London Quarterly Review was established. He had not been treated fairly in the Edinburgh; and the house of Constable, to which that journal was the primary source of wealth and authority, had also used him disingenuously with reference to certain heavy literary undertakings. The following letter, written to an intimate friend, and accredited *savant*, shows the conception of a work which still survives in palmy prosperity, a match if not more of that famous rival, with "wings of saffron and of blue."

"To George Ellis, Esq., Claremont.

"ASHESTIEL, Nov. 2, 1808.

"Dear Ellis,—We had, equally to our joy and surprise, a flying visit from Heber, about three weeks ago. He staid about three days—but, between old stories and new, we made them very merry in their passage. During his stay, John Murray, the bookseller in Fleet street, who has more real knowledge of what concerns his business than any of his

brethren—at least than any of them that I know—came to canvass a most important plan, of which I am now, in ‘dern privacie,’ to give you the outline. I had most strongly recommended to our lord advocate to think of some counter measures against the Edinburgh Review, which, politically speaking, is doing incalculable damage. I do not mean this in a mere party view;—the present ministry are not all that I could wish them—for (Canning excepted) I doubt there is among them too much *self-seeking*, as it was called in Cromwell’s time; and what is their misfortune, if not their fault, there is not among them one in the decided situation of paramount authority, both with respect to the others and to the crown, which is, I think, necessary, at least in difficult times, to produce promptitude, regularity, and efficiency in measures of importance. But their political principles are sound English principles, and, compared to the greedy and inefficient horde which preceded them, they are angels of light and of purity. It is obvious, however, that they want defenders both in and out of doors. Pitt’s

—‘Love and fear glued many friends to him;
And now he’s fallen, those tough commixtures melt.’

Were this only to effect a change of hands, I should expect it with more indifference; but I fear a change of principles is designed. The Edinburgh Review tells you coolly, ‘We foresee a speedy revolution in this country as well as Mr. Cobbett;’ and, to say the truth, by degrading the person of the sovereign—exalting the power of the French armies, and the wisdom of their councils—holding forth that peace (which they allow can only be purchased by the humiliating prostration of our honour) is indispensable to the very existence of this country—I think that, for these two years past, they have done their utmost to hasten the accomplishment of their own prophecy. Of this work nine thousand copies are printed quarterly, and no genteel family *can* pretend to be without it, because, independent of its politics, it gives the only valuable literary criticism which can be met with. Consider, of the numbers who read this work, how many are there likely to separate the literature from the politics—how many youths are there upon whose minds the flashy and bold character of the work is likely to make an indelible impression; and think what the consequence is likely to be.

“Now, I think there is balm in Gilead for all this; and that the cure lies in instituting such a Review in London as should be conducted totally independent of bookselling influence, on a plan as liberal as that of the Edinburgh, its literature as well supported, and its principles English and constitutional. Accordingly, I have been given to understand that Mr. William Gifford is willing to become the conductor of such a work, and I have written to him, at the lord advocate’s desire, a very voluminous letter on the subject. Now should this plan succeed, you must hang your birding-piece on its hooks, take down your old Anti-jacobin armour, and ‘remember your swashing blow.’ It is not that I think this projected Review ought to be exclusively or principally political—this would, in my opinion, absolutely counteract its purpose, which I think should be to offer to those who love their country, and to those whom we would wish to love it, a periodical work of criticism conducted with equal talent, but upon sounder principle than that which has gained so high a station in the world of letters. Is not this very possible? In point of learning, you Englishmen have ten times our scholarship; and as for talent and genius, ‘Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than any of the rivers in Israel?’ Have we not yourself and your

cousin, the Roses, Malthus, Matthias, Gifford, Heber, and his brother? Can I not procure you a score of blue-caps who would rather write for us than for the Edinburgh Review if they got as much pay by it? 'A good plot, good friends, and full of expectation—an excellent plot, excellent friends!'

"Heber's fear was, lest we should fail in procuring regular steady contributors; but I know so much of the interior discipline of reviewing, as to have no apprehension of that. Provided we are once set a going by a few dashing numbers, there would be no fear of enlisting regular contributors; but the amateurs must bestir themselves in the first instance. From government we should be entitled to expect confidential communication as to points of fact, (so far as fit to be made public,) in our political disquisitions. With this advantage, our good cause, and St. George to boot, we may at least divide the field with our formidable competitors, who, after all, are much better at cutting than parrying, and whom uninterrupted triumph has as much unfitted for resisting a serious attack, as it has done Bonaparte for the Spanish war. Jeffrey is, to be sure, a man of most uncommon versatility of talent, but what then?

'General Howe is a gallant commander,
There are others as gallant as he.'

Think of this, and let me hear from you very soon on the subject. Canning is, I have good reason to know, very anxious about the plan. I mentioned it to Robert Dundas, who was here with his lady for two days on a pilgrimage to Melrose, and he approved highly of it. Though no literary man, he is judicious, *clair-voyant*, and uncommonly sound-headed, like his father, Lord Melville. With the exceptions I have mentioned, the thing continues a secret."

The first number of the Quarterly contained three articles from Scott's pen. The work *took*, and won a swift way to fame. Meantime his reputation was constantly rising. Of his popularity some idea may be formed by the sale of "The Lady of the Lake."

"The quarto edition of 2050 copies disappeared instantly, and was followed in the course of the same year by four editions in octavo, viz., one of 3000, a second of 3250, and a third and a fourth each of 6000 copies; thus, in the space of a few months, the extraordinary number of 20,000 copies were disposed of. In the next year (1811) there was another edition of 3000 copies; there was one of 2000 in 1814; another of 2000 in 1815; one of 2000 again in 1819; and two, making between them 2500, appeared in 1825: since which time the Lady of the Lake, in collective editions of his poetry, and in separate issues, must have circulated to the extent of at least 20,000 copies more."

No man ever had greater occasion than Constable to regret a breach with a friend. He lamented Scott's just estrangement with profound bitterness. That author, however, never *would* be fettered by the trade. Though perfectly and thoroughly honourable, he loved to coquet with the purchasers of his literary wares—and always acted upon the maxim,

"The real value of a thing,
Is just as much as it will bring."

In the annexed fragment of a letter from Scott to Canning, we see how the shot of Byron in the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," smote the minstrel of the north.

"By the way, is the ancient ****, whose decease is to open our quest, thinking of a better world? I only ask because about three years ago I accepted the office I hold in the court of session, the revenue to accrue to me only on the death of the old incumbent. But my friend has since taken out a new lease of life, and unless I get some Border lad to cut his throat, may, for aught I know, live as long as I shall;—such odious deceivers are these invalids. Mine reminds me of Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea, and will certainly throttle me if I can't somehow dismount him. If I were once in possession of my reversionary income, I would, like you, bid farewell to the drudgery of literature, and do nothing but what I pleased, which might be another phrase for doing very little. I was always an admirer of the modest wish of a retainer in one of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays—

'I would not be a serving man
To carry the cloak-bag still,
Nor would I be a falconer,
The greedy hawks to fill;
But I would live in a good house,
And have a good master too,
And I would eat and drink of the best,
And no work would I do.'

In the mean time, it is funny enough to see a whelp of a young Lord Byron abusing me, of whose circumstances he knows nothing, for endeavouring to scratch out a living with my pen. God help the bear if, having little else to eat, he must not even suck his own paws. I can assure the noble imp of fame it is not my fault that I was not born to a park and £5000 a year, as it is not his lordship's merit, although it may be his great good fortune, that he was not born to live by his literary talents or success."

The manner in which the two poets afterwards became friends, deserves a record. Speaking of the great metropolis, in 1812, Mr. Lockhart observes:—

"Lord Byron was, I need not say, the prime object of interest this season in the fashionable world of London; nor did the Prince Regent owe the subsequent hostilities of the noble poet to any neglect on his part of the brilliant genius which had just been fully revealed in the *Childe Harold*. Mr. Murray, the publisher of the romaunt, on hearing, on the 29th of June, Lord Byron's account of his introduction to his royal highness, conceived that, by communicating it to Scott, he might afford the opportunity of such a personal explanation between his two poetical friends, as should obliterate on both sides whatever painful feelings had survived the offensive allusions to *Marmion* in the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers;" and this good-natured step had the desired consequences. Mr. Moore says that the correspondence 'began in some enquiries which Mr. Scott addressed to Lord Byron on the subject of his interview with royalty;' but he would not have used that expression, had he seen the following letter:—

“‘*To the Right Honourable Lord Byron, &c. &c.*
Care of John Murray, Esquire, Fleet street, London.

“‘EDINBURGH, July 3d, 1812.

“‘My lord,—I am uncertain if I ought to profit by the apology which is afforded me, by a very obliging communication from our acquaintance, John Murray of Fleet street, to give your lordship the present trouble. But my intrusion concerns a large debt of gratitude due to your lordship, and a much less important one of explanation, which I think I owe to myself, as I dislike standing low in the opinion of any person whose talents rank so highly in my own, as your lordship's most deservedly do.

“‘The first *count*, as our technical language expresses it, relates to the high pleasure I have received from the Pilgrimage of Childe Harold, and from its precursors; the former, with all its classical associations, some of which are lost on so poor a scholar as I am, possesses the additional charm of vivid and animated description, mingled with original sentiment;—but besides this debt, which I owe your lordship in common with the rest of the reading public, I have to acknowledge my particular thanks for your having distinguished by praise, in the work which your lordship rather dedicated in general to satire, some of my own literary attempts. And this leads me to put your lordship right in the circumstances respecting the sale of *Marmion*, which had reached you in a distorted and misrepresented form, and which, perhaps, I have some reason to complain, were given to the public without more particular enquiry. The poem, my lord, was *not* written upon contract for a sum of money—though it is too true that it was sold and published in a very unfinished state, which I have since regretted, to enable me to extricate myself from some engagements which fell suddenly upon me, by the unexpected misfortunes of a very near relation. So that, to quote statute and precedent, I really come under the case cited by Juvenal, though not quite in the extremity of the classic author—

Esurit, intactam Paridi nisi vendit Agaven.

And so much for a mistake into which your lordship might easily fall, especially as I generally find it the easiest way of stopping sentimental compliments on the beauty, &c., of certain poetry, and the delights which the author must have taken in the composition, by assigning the readiest reason that will cut the discourse short, upon a subject where one must appear either conceited or affectedly rude and cynical.

“‘As for my attachment to literature, I sacrificed for the pleasure of pursuing it very fair chances of opulence and professional honours, at a time of life when I fully knew their value, and am not ashamed to say, that in deriving advantages in compensation from the partial favour of the public, I have added some comforts and elegances to a bare independence. I am sure your lordship's good sense will easily put this unimportant egotism to the right account, for—though I do not know the motive would make me enter into controversy with a fair or an *unfair* literary critic—I may be well excused for a wish to clear my personal character from any tinge of mercenary or sordid feeling in the eyes of a contemporary of genius. Your lordship will likewise permit me to add, that you would have escaped the trouble of this explanation, had I not understood that the satire alluded to had been suppressed, not to be reprinted. For in removing a prejudice on your lordship's own mind, I had no intention of making any appeal by or through you to the public, since my own habits of life have rendered my defence as to avarice or rapacity rather too easy.

“‘Leaving this foolish matter where it lies, I have to request your lordship's acceptance of my best thanks for the flattering communication

which you took the trouble to make Mr. Murray on my behalf, and which could not fail to give me the gratification which I am sure you intended. I dare say our worthy bibliopolist overcoloured his report of your lordship's conversation with the prince regent, but I owe my thanks to him, nevertheless, for the excuse he has given me for intruding these pages on your lordship. Wishing you health, spirit, and perseverance to continue your pilgrimage through the interesting countries which you have still to pass with Childe Harold, I have the honour to be, my lord, your lordship's obedient servant,

WALTER SCOTT.

"P. S. Will your lordship permit me a verbal criticism on Childe Harold, were it only to show I have read his Pilgrimage with attention? "*Nuestra Dama de la Pena*" means, I suspect, not our Lady of Crime or Punishment, but our Lady of the Cliff; the difference is, I believe, merely in the accentuation of "*peña*."

"Lord Byron's answer was in these terms:—

"*To Walter Scott, Esq., Edinburgh.*

"ST. JAMES'S STREET, July 6, 1812.

"Sir,—I have just been honoured with your letter. I feel sorry that you should have thought it worth while to notice the evil works of my nonage, as the thing is suppressed *voluntarily*, and your explanation is too kind not to give me pain. The satire was written when I was very young and very angry, and fully bent on displaying my wrath and my wit, and now I am haunted by the ghosts of my wholesale assertions. I cannot sufficiently thank you for your praise; and now, waiving myself, let me talk to you of the prince regent. He ordered me to be presented to him at a ball: and after some sayings peculiarly pleasing from royal lips, as to my own attempts, he talked to me of you and your immortalities; he preferred you to every bard past and present, and asked which of your works pleased me most. It was a difficult question. I answered, I thought the Lay. He said his own opinion was nearly similar. In speaking of the others, I told him that I thought you more particularly the poet of *princes*, as *they* never appeared more fascinating than in Marmion and the Lady of the Lake. He was pleased to coincide, and to dwell on the description of your Jameses as no less royal than poetical. He spoke alternately of Homer and yourself, and seemed well acquainted with both; so that (with the exception of the Turks and your humble servant) you were in very good company. I defy Murray to have exaggerated his royal highness's opinion of your powers, nor can I pretend to enumerate all he said on the subject; but it may give you pleasure to hear that it was conveyed in language which would only suffer by my attempting to transcribe it; and with a tone and taste which give me a very high idea of his abilities and accomplishments, which I had hitherto considered as confined to *manners*, certainly superior to those of any living gentleman.

"This interview was accidental. I never went to the levee; for, having seen the courts of Mussulman and catholic sovereigns, my curiosity was sufficiently allayed; and, my politics being as perverse as my rhymes, I had, in fact, no business there. To be thus praised by your sovereign must be gratifying to you; and if that gratification is not alloyed by the communication being made through me, the bearer of it will consider himself very fortunately, and sincerely, your obliged and obedient servant,

BYRON.

"P. S. Excuse this scrawl, scratched in a great hurry, and just after a journey."

How beautifully does the following incident display the good-heartedness, and childlike simplicity, of the Wizard's mind! It is related by Ballantyne, the printer, who seems to have been from first to last, judging from their correspondence, the most intimate and familiar friend that Scott ever possessed. Ballantyne called on him one evening, and found on his table a copy of the *Giaour*, which he seemed to have been reading. He adds:—

"Having an enthusiastic young lady in my house, I asked him if I might carry the book home with me, but chancing to glance on the autograph blazon, '*To the Monarch of Parnassus, from one of his subjects,*' instantly retracted my request, and said I had not observed Lord Byron's inscription before. 'What inscription,' said he; 'O yes, I had forgot, but inscription or no inscription, you are equally welcome.' I again took it up, and he continued, 'James, Byron hits the mark where I don't even pretend to fledge my arrow.' At this time he had never seen Byron, but I knew he meant soon to be in London, when, no doubt, the mighty consummation of the meeting of the two bards would be accomplished; and I ventured to say that he must be looking forward to it with some interest. His countenance became fixed, and he answered impressively, 'O, of course.' In a minute or two afterwards he rose from his chair, paced the room at a very rapid rate, which was his practice in certain moods of mind, then made a dead halt, and bursting into an extravaganza of laughter, 'James,' cried he, 'I'll tell you what Byron should say to me when we are about to accost each other—

"Art thou the man whom men famed Grizzle call?"

And then how germane would be my answer—

"Art thou the still more famed Tom Thumb the small?"

"This," says the printer, "is a specimen of his peculiar humour; it kept him full of mirth for the rest of the evening."

The "mighty consummation" here spoken of may best be told in the words of one of the eminent parties.

"It was" (says Scott) "in the spring of 1815 that, chancing to be in London, I had the advantage of a personal introduction to Lord Byron. Report had prepared me to meet a man of peculiar habits and a quick temper, and I had some doubts whether we were likely to suit each other in society. I was most disagreeably disappointed in this respect. I found Lord Byron in the highest degree courteous, and even kind. We met for an hour or two almost daily, in Mr. Murray's drawing-room, and found a great deal to say to each other. We also met frequently in parties and evening society, so that for about two months I had the advantage of a considerable intimacy with this distinguished individual. Our sentiments agreed a good deal, except upon the subjects of religion and politics, upon neither of which I was inclined to believe that Lord Byron entertained very fixed opinions. I remember saying to him that I really thought that if he lived a few years he would alter his sentiments. He answered, rather sharply, 'I suppose you are one of those who prophesy I shall turn methodist.' I replied, 'No—I don't expect your conversion to be of such an ordinary kind. I would rather look to see you retreat upon the catholic faith, and distinguish yourself by

the austerity of your penances. The species of religion to which you must, or may, one day attach yourself, must exercise a strong power on the imagination.' He smiled gravely, and seemed to allow I might be right.

"On politics, he used sometimes to express a high strain of what is called Liberalism; but it appeared to me that the pleasure it afforded him, as a vehicle for displaying his wit and satire against individuals in office, was at the bottom of this habit of thinking, rather than any real conviction of the political principles on which he talked. He was certainly proud of his rank and ancient family, and, in that respect, as much an aristocrat as was consistent with good sense and good breeding. Some disgusts, how adopted I know not, seemed to me to have given this peculiar (and, as it appeared to me) contradictory cast of mind: but, at heart, I would have termed Byron a patrician on principle.

"Lord Byron's reading did not seem to me to have been very extensive either in poetry or history. Having the advantage of him in that respect, and possessing a good competent share of such reading as is little read, I was sometimes able to put under his eye objects which had for him the interest of novelty. I remember particularly repeating to him the fine poem of Hardyknute, an imitation of the old Scottish ballad, with which he was so much affected that some one who was in the same apartment asked me what I could possibly have been telling Byron by which he was so much agitated.

"I saw Byron for the last time in 1815, after I returned from France. He dined, or lunched, with me at Long's, in Bond street. I never saw him so full of gaiety and good-humour, to which the presence of Mr. Mathews, the comedian, added not a little. Poor Terry was also present. After one of the gayest parties I ever was present at, my fellow-traveller, Mr. Scott of Gala, and I set off for Scotland, and I never saw Lord Byron again. Several letters passed between us—one perhaps every half year. Like the old heroes in Homer, we exchanged gifts. I gave Byron a beautiful dagger mounted with gold, which had been the property of the redoubted Elfi Bey. But I was to play the part of Diomed in the Iliad, for Byron sent me, some time after, a large sepulchral vase of silver. It was full of dead men's bones, and had inscriptions on two sides of the base. One ran thus:—'The bones contained in this urn were found in certain ancient sepulchres within the long walls of Athens, in the month of February, 1811.' The other face bears the lines of Juvenal—'*Expende—quot libras in duce summo invenies?—Mors sola fatetur quantula sint hominum corpuscula.*'

"To these I have added a third inscription, in these words—'The gift of Lord Byron to Walter Scott.' There was a letter with this vase, more valuable to me than the gift itself, from the kindness with which the donor expressed himself towards me. I left it naturally in the urn with the bones; but it is now missing. As the theft was not of a nature to be practised by a mere domestic, I am compelled to suspect the inhospitality of some individual of higher station, most gratuitously exercised certainly, since, after what I have here said, no one will probably choose to boast of possessing this literary curiosity.

"We had a good deal of laughing, I remember, on what the public might be supposed to think, or say, concerning the gloomy and ominous nature of our mutual gifts.

"I think I can add little more to my recollections of Byron. He was often melancholy—almost gloomy. When I observed him in this humour, I used either to wait till it went off of its own accord, or till some natural and easy mode occurred of leading him into conversation,

when the shadows almost always left his countenance, like the mist arising from a landscape. In conversation he was very animated.

"I met with him very frequently in society; our mutual acquaintances doing me the honour to think that he liked to meet with me. Some very agreeable parties I can recollect—particularly one at Sir George Beaumont's—where the amiable landlord had assembled some persons distinguished for talent. Of these I need only mention the late Sir Humphrey Davy, whose talents for literature were as remarkable as his empire over science. Mr. Richard Sharpe and Mr. Rogers were also present.

"I think I also remarked in Byron's temper starts of suspicion, when he seemed to pause and consider whether there had not been a secret, and perhaps offensive, meaning in something casually said to him. In this case, I also judged it best to let his mind, like a troubled spring, work itself clear, which it did in a minute or two. I was considerably older, you will recollect, than my noble friend, and had no reason to fear his misconstruing my sentiments towards him, nor had I ever the slightest reason to doubt that they were kindly returned on his part. If I had occasion to be mortified by the display of genius which threw into the shade such pretensions as I was then supposed to possess, I might console myself that, in my own case, the materials of mental happiness had been mingled in a greater proportion.

"I rummage my brains in vain for what often rushes into my head unbidden—little traits and sayings which recall his looks, manner, tone, and gestures; and I have always continued to think that a crisis of life was arrived in which a new career of fame was opened to him, and that had he been permitted to start upon it, he would have obliterated the memory of such parts of his life as friends would wish to forget."

A reference to the biography itself by our reader, will show the impossibility of conveying, in the limited space of a review, the almost endless treasury of literary refreshment and interest which it affords. Details, sketches, plans, performance and correspondence, rich in expositions of the genius and the goodness of Scott, are constantly to be found. The genuine sweetness of his temper, which cheered him under a thousand enterprizes, and opened the avenues to innumerable hearts, gave him also a knowledge of humanity by which he never failed largely to profit. Thus he was infinitely the superior of Byron in enforcing the *bienséances* of life. It was a subject of true regret with him, that the author of Childe Harold should have so "outlawed himself into too great a resemblance with the pictures of his own imagination." But this was Byron's proud aim and end. He considered that vice, shining with the blood-red halo of guilty success around it, had a certain *grandeur*, which awed while it charmed the reading multitude. But Scott knew how to paint virtue in such bright and winning colours, that he who saw them might know they would not lose their tinct, and exclaim in the words of Milton, "how awful goodness is!" There is an awe in rectitude, which charms for ever; and indeed there is nothing like goodness. Beauty withereth, as the flower fadeth; but the fair form which

ministers, like an attendant angel on earth, to the happiness of associates, and awakens the love of kindred and friends, for benevolence and uprightness is remembered, when the death-mould is fretting the cheek once blushing in the glow of life and innocence. What a contrast is there between the women that the pencil of Waverley has sketched in undying lineaments, and those voluptuous, impure creations with which the canvass of Byron is too frequently crowded! Scott knew how to paint villains, and persons of the baser sort, of both sexes, it is true: but he never set them up for a mark of admiration, or as models of their time. He says himself that he was reckoned a good hit enough at a pirate, an outlaw, or a smuggling bandit—but no one ever thought of identifying *him* with such precious individuals. The worst design he remembers was a scheme with the Duke of Buccleugh, in the rough times, of repairing to Hermitage Castle, and living, like Robin Hood and his greenwood outlaws, at the expense of all around them. But that plan presupposed a grand *bouleversement* of society.

In the prosecution of his literary aims, no man, in any employment, ever displayed more shrewdness and good sound sense than Scott. Let any financier look over the *modus operandi* of his undertakings, and see how profoundly they were matured—how scrupulously honourable he was in their fulfilment, and how sharp-sighted in securing the *quid pro quo*. His works were the source of a magnificent fortune; but as the bookselling interest, like all others, has its vicissitudes, we suppose that the Edinburgh mischances must be attributed to a natural fatality—and the necessary share which Scott had in them, to "*the doom of genius!*" Such is the salvo of cant which indifferent spirits lay to themselves, when they see talent subjected to the common revulsions of this working-day world.

To show his acuteness, we annex one of his letters to his confidential friend, respecting the publication of the *Tales of My Landlord*. Jedediah Cleishbotham understood his men—and knew his game.

"To Mr. John Ballantyne, Hanover street, Edinburgh.

"ABBOTSFORD, April 29, 1816.

"Dear John,—James has made one or two important mistakes in the bargain with Murray and Blackwood. Briefly as follows:—

"1st. Having only authority from me to promise 6000 copies, he proposes they shall have the copyright *for ever*. I will see their noses cheese first.

"2dly. He proposes I shall have twelve months' bills—I have always got six. However, I would not stand on that.

"3dly. He talks of volumes being put into the publishers' hands to

consider and decide on. No such thing; a bare perusal at St. John street¹ only.

"Then for omissions—It is not stipulated that we supply the paper and print of successive editions. This must be nailed, and not left to understanding. Secondly, I will have London bills as well as Blackwood's.

"If they agree to these conditions, good and well. If they demur, Constable must be instantly tried; giving half to the Longmans, and *we* drawing on *them* for that moiety, or Constable lodging *their* bill in our hands. You will understand it is a four volume touch—a work totally different in style and structure from the others; a new cast, in short, of the net which has hitherto made miraculous draughts. I do not limit you to terms, because I think you will make them better than I can do. But he must do more than others, since he will not or cannot print with us. For every point but that, I would rather deal with Constable than any one; he has always shown himself spirited, judicious, and liberal. Blackwood must be brought to the point *instantly*; and *whenever* he demurs, Constable must be treated with, for there is no use in suffering the thing to be blown on. At the same time, you need not conceal from him that there were some proposals elsewhere, but you may add, with truth, I would rather close with him. Yours truly, W. S.

"P. S.—I think Constable should jump at this affair; for I believe the work will be very popular."

How these tales *told* with the great world of London, the subjoined epistle fully discloses. A bookseller's verdict, thus rendered, is worth that of a whole regiment of non-paying arbiters, for it is doubly grateful: "it blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

"To Walter Scott, Esq., Edinburgh.

"ALBEMARLE STREET, 14th December, 1816.

"Dear sir,—Although I dare not address you as the author of certain 'Tales,' (which, however, must be written either by Walter Scott or the devil,) yet nothing can restrain me from thinking it is to your influence with the author that I am indebted for the essential honour of being one of their publishers, and I must intrude upon you to offer my most hearty thanks—not divided, but doubled—alike for my worldly gain therein, and for the great acquisition of professional reputation which their publication has already procured me. I believe I might, under any oath that could be proposed, swear that I never experienced such un-mixed pleasure as the reading of this exquisite work has afforded me; and if you could see me, as the author's literary chamberlain, receiving the unanimous and vehement praises of every one who has read it, and the curses of those whose needs my scanty supply could not satisfy, you might judge of the sincerity with which I now entreat you to assure him of the most complete success. Lord Holland said, when I asked his opinion—'Opinion! We did not one of us go to bed last night—nothing slept but my gout.' Frere, Hallam, Boswell,² Lord Glenbervie, William Lamb,³ all agree that it surpasses all the other novels. Gifford's esti-

¹ "James Ballantyne's dwelling-house was in this street, adjoining the Canongate of Edinburgh."

² "The late James Boswell, Esq., of the Temple—second son of *Bozzy*."

³ "The Honourable William Lamb—now Lord Melbourne.

mate is increased at every reperusal. Heber says there are only two men in the world—Walter Scott and Lord Byron. Between you, you have given existence to a THIRD. Ever your faithful servant,

“JOHN MURRAY.”

The author's answer to his publisher, which we must needs give in due order, displays that peculiar skill which he had of preserving a kind of demi-transparent cloud around his paternity. His motto was not fairly *stat nominis umbra*, for some curious and interested eyes peered through the shadow, as through a glass darkly. His epistle deserves reverence as a pattern of the equivocal:—

“To John Murray, Esq., Albemarle street, London.

“EDINBURGH, 18th December, 1816.

“My dear sir,—I give you heartily joy of the success of the Tales, although I do not claim that paternal interest in them which my friends do me the credit to assign me. I assure you I have never read a volume of them until they were printed, and can only join with the rest of the world in applauding the true and striking portraits which they present of old Scottish manners. I do not expect implicit reliance to be placed on my disavowal, because I know very well that he who is disposed not to own a work must necessarily deny it, and that otherwise his secret would be at the mercy of all who chose to ask the question, since silence in such a case must always pass for consent, or rather assent. But I have a mode of convincing you that I am perfectly serious in my denial—pretty similar to that by which Solomon distinguished the fictitious from the real mother—and that is, by reviewing the work, which I take to be an operation equal to that of quartering the child. But this is only on condition I can have Mr. Erskine's assistance, who admires the work greatly more than I do, though I think the painting of the second tale both true and powerful. I knew Old Mortality very well; his name was Paterson, but few knew him otherwise than by his nickname. The first tale is not very original in its concoction, and lame and impotent in its conclusion. My love to Gifford. I have been over head and ears in work this summer, or I would have sent the Gypsies; indeed I was partly stopped by finding it impossible to procure a few words of their language.

“Constable wrote to me about two months since, desirous of having a new edition of Paul; but not hearing from you, I conclude you are still on hand. Longman's people had then only sixty copies.

“Kind compliments to Heber, whom I expected at Abbotsford this summer; also to Mr. Croker and all your four o'clock visitors. I am just going to Abbotsford to make a small addition to my premises there. I have now about seven hundred acres, thanks to the booksellers and the discerning public. Yours truly,

WALTER SCOTT.

“P S.—I have much to ask about Lord Byron, if I had time. The third canto of the Childe is inimitable. Of the last poems, there are one or two which indicate rather an irregular play of imagination. What a pity that a man of such exquisite genius will not be contented to be happy on the ordinary terms! I declare my heart bleeds when I think of him, self-banished from the country to which he is an honour.”

We would fain dwell upon those delightful digressions by

which Mr. Lockhart constantly varies his biography, and solaces the mind of his readers—but we must pursue the thread which binds our laurel bouquet together, ere it prove interminable.

The literary triumphs of Scott had not as yet fully contented his spirit. He looked forward to his future labours with a teeming mind; and a desire for the best opportunities to carry out his views prompted him to address the ensuing note to a distinguished and noble countryman:

"To the Duke of Buccleuch, &c. &c.

EDINBURGH, 11th December, 1816.

"My dear lord duke,—Your grace has been so much my constant and kind friend and patron through the course of my life, that I trust I need no apology for thrusting upon your consideration some ulterior views which have been suggested to me by my friends, and which I will either endeavour to prosecute, time and place serving, or lay aside all thoughts of, as they appear to your grace feasible, and likely to be forwarded by your patronage. It has been suggested to me, in a word, that there would be no impropriety in my being put in nomination as a candidate for the situation of a baron of exchequer, when a vacancy shall take place. The difference of the emolument between that situation and those which I now hold, is just £400 a year, so that, in that point of view, it is not a very great object. But there is a difference in the rank, and also in the leisure afforded by a baron's situation; and a man may, without condemnation, endeavour, at my period of life, to obtain as much honour and ease as he can handsomely come by. My pretensions to such an honour (next to your grace's countenancing my wishes) would rest very much on the circumstance that my nomination would vacate two good offices (clerk of session and sheriff of Selkirkshire) to the amount of £1000 and £300 a year; and, besides, would extinguish a pension of £300 which I have for life, over and above my salary as clerk of session, as having been in office at the time when the judicature act deprived us of a part of our vested fees and emoluments. The extinction of this pension would be just so much saved to the public. I am pretty confident also that I should be personally acceptable to our friend the chief baron. But whether all or any of these circumstances will weigh much in my favour, must solely and entirely rest with your grace, without whose countenance it would be folly in me to give the matter a second thought. *With* your patronage, both my situation and habits of society may place my hopes as far as any who are likely to apply; and your interest would be strengthened by the opportunity of placing some good friend in Selkirkshire, besides converting the Minstrel of the Clan into a baron—a transmutation worthy of so powerful and kind a chief. But, if your grace thinks I ought to drop thoughts of this preferment, I am bound to say that I think myself as well provided for by my friends and the public as I have the least title to expect, and that I am perfectly contented and grateful for what I have received. Ever your grace's faithful and truly obliged servant,

WALTER SCOTT."

This negotiation proved abortive; and we find no indication that it was a subject of after-regret to the applicant. He had better things in store. Rob Roy was on the tapis. We cannot

resist the presentation of the following scraps of business diplomacy :—

“ ‘ To Mr. John Ballantyne, Hanover street, Edinburgh.

“ ‘ ABBOTSFORD, Monday, [April, 1817.]

“ ‘ Dear John,—I have a good subject for a work of fiction *in petto*. What do you think Constable would give for a smell of it? You ran away without taking leave the other morning, or I wished to have spoken to you about it. I don't mean a continuation of Jedediah, because there might be some delicacy in putting that by the original publishers. You may write if any thing occurs to you on this subject. It will not interrupt my History. By the way, I have a great lot of the Register ready for delivery, and no man asks for it. I shall want to pay up some cash at Whitsunday, which will make me draw on my brains. Yours truly,
‘ W. SCOTT.’

“ ‘ To the same.

“ ‘ ABBOTSFORD, Saturday, May 3, 1817.

“ ‘ Dear John—I shall be much obliged to you to come here with Constable on Monday, as he proposes a visit, and it will save time. By the way, you must attend that the usual quantity of stock is included in the arrangement—that is £600 for 6000 copies. My sum is £1700 payable in May—a round advance, by'r Lady, but I think I was entitled to it, considering what I have twined off hitherto on such occasions.

“ ‘ I make a point on your coming with Constable, health allowing. Yours truly.
W. S.’

“ The result of this meeting is indicated in a note scribbled by John Ballantyne at the bottom of the foregoing letter, before it was seen by his brother the printer.

“ ‘ Half-past 3 o'clock, Tuesday.

“ ‘ Dear James,—I am this moment returned from Abbotsford, with entire and full success. Wish me joy. I shall gain above £600—Constable taking my share of stock also. The title is *Rob Roy—by the author of Waverley* !!! Keep this letter for me.
J. B.’

“ On the same page there is written, in fresher ink, which marks, no doubt, the time when John pasted it into his collection of private papers now before me—‘ N. B.—I did gain above £1200.—J. B.’ ”

His retreat at Abbotsford was visited by many distinguished persons, attracted thither by the fame which rendered its location “ a Mecca of the mind.” Among those who tarried for a while, during the summer and autumn of 1817, were Washington Irving and Lady Byron. “ Scott,” says his biographer, “ had received ‘ the History of New York by Knickerbocker,’ shortly after its appearance in 1812, from an accomplished American traveller, Mr. Brevoort; and the admirable humour of this early work had led him to anticipate the brilliant career which its author has since run. Mr. Thomas Campbell being no stranger to Scott's high estimation of Irving's genius, gave him a letter of introduction, which, halting his chaise on the high-road above Abbotsford, he modestly sent down to the house ‘ with a card, on which he had written, that he was on

his way to the ruins of Melrose, and wished to know whether it would be agreeable to Mr. Scott to receive a visit from him in the course of the morning.' Scott's family well remember the delight with which he received the announcement—he was at breakfast, and sallied forth instantly, dogs and children after him as usual, to greet the guest, and conduct him in person from the highway to the door. The account of Irving's reception, and the whereabouts of his host, are admirably told in his *Sketch of Abbotsford*." To ourselves, who have had opportunities of appreciating the delightful society of Irving, the inference is clear that the period he passed with Scott could not have been more prolific of enjoyment to himself than to his celebrated friend.

Time and space would fail to quote what we desire from the work before us. We cannot resist the inclination, however, to give the following exquisite stanzas, composed in the fall of 1817, which remind us of the melody of Burns' lyre. Of them, Mr. Lockhart observes :—

"They mark the very spot of their birth—namely, the then naked height overhanging the northern side of the Cauldshiels Loch, from which Melrose Abbey to the eastward, and the hills of Ettrick and Yarrow to the west, are now visible over a wide range of rich woodland—all the work of the poet's hand :—

'The sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill,
In Ettrick's vale, is sinking sweet ;
The westland wind is hush and still—
The lake lies sleeping at my feet.
Yet not the landscape to mine eye
Bears those bright hues that once it bore :
Though evening, with her richest dye,
Flames o'er the hills of Ettrick's shore.

'With listless look along the plain
I see Tweed's silver current glide,
And coldly mark the holy fane
Of Melrose rise in ruin'd pride.
The quiet lake, the balmy air,
The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree—
Are they still such as once they were,
Or is the dreary change in me ?

'Alas ! the warp'd and broken board,
How can it bear the painter's dye !
The harp of strain'd and tuneless chord,
How to the minstrel's skill reply !
To aching eyes each landscape lowers,
To feverish pulse each gale blows chill ;
And Araby's or Eden's bowers
Were barren as this moorland hill.'"

Other Americans, beside Irving, visited Scott. Of these, in a letter to Southey, he speaks thus :—

"To Robert Southey, Esq., Keswick, Cumberland.

"ABBOTSFORD, 4th April, 1819.

"My dear Southey,—Tidings from you must be always acceptable, even were the bowl in the act of breaking at the fountain—and my health is at present very *totterish*. I have gone through a cruel succession of spasms and sickness, which have terminated in a special fit of the jaundice, so that I might sit for the image of Plutus, the god of specie, so far as complexion goes. I shall like our American acquaintance the better that he has sharpened your remembrance of me, but he is also a wondrous fellow for romantic lore and antiquarian research, considering his country. I have now seen four or five well-lettered Americans, ardent in pursuit of knowledge, and free from the ignorance and forward presumption which distinguish many of their countrymen. I hope they will inoculate their country with a love of letters, so nearly allied to a desire of peace, and a sense of public justice, virtues to which the great transatlantic community is more strange than could be wished. Accept my best and most sincere wishes for the health and strength of your latest pledge of affection. When I think what you have already suffered, I can imagine with what mixture of feelings this event must necessarily affect you; but you need not to be told that we are in better guidance than our own. I trust in God this late blessing will be permanent, and inherit your talents and virtues. When I look around me, and see how many men seem to make it their pride to misuse high qualifications, can I be less interested than I truly am, in the fate of one who has uniformly dedicated his splendid powers to maintaining the best interests of humanity? I am very angry at the time you are to be in London, as I must be there in about a fortnight, or so soon as I can shake off this depressing complaint, and it would add not a little that I should meet you there. My chief purpose is to put my eldest son into the army. I could have wished he had chosen another profession, but have no title to combat a choice which would have been my own had my lameness permitted. Walter has apparently the dispositions and habits fitted for the military profession, a very quiet and steady temper, an attachment to mathematics and their application, good sense, and uncommon personal strength and activity, with address in most exercises, particularly horsemanship.

"—I had written thus far last week, when I was interrupted first by the arrival of our friend Ticknor with Mr. Cogswell, another well-accomplished Yankee—(by the by, we have them of all sorts, *e. g.*, one Mr. *****, rather a fine man, whom the girls have christened, with some humour, the Yankee Doodle *Dandie*.) They have had Tom Drum's entertainment, for I have been seized with one or two successive *crises* of my cruel malady, lasting in the utmost anguish from eight to ten hours. If I had not the strength of a team of horses, I could never have fought through it, and through the heavy fire of medical artillery, scarcely less exhausting—for bleeding, blistering, calomel, and ipecacuanha, have gone on without intermission—while, during the agony of the spasms, laudanum became necessary in the most liberal doses, though inconsistent with the general treatment. I did not lose my senses, because I resolved to keep them, but I thought once or twice they would have gone overboard, top and top-gallant. I should be a great fool, and a most ungrateful wretch, to complain of such inflictions as these. My life has been, in all its private and public relations, as fortunate perhaps as ever was lived, up to this period; and whether pain or misfortune may lie behind the dark curtain of futurity, I am already a sufficient debtor to the bounty of Providence to be resigned to it. Fear

is an evil that has never mixed with my nature, nor has even unwonted good fortune rendered my love of life tenacious; and so I can look forward to the possible conclusion of these scenes of agony with reasonable equanimity, and suffer chiefly through the sympathetic distress of my family.

—"Other ten days have passed away, for I would not send this Jeremiah to tease you while its termination seemed doubtful. For the present,

‘The game is done—I’ve won, I’ve won,
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.’

I am this day, for the first time, free from the relics of my disorder, and, except in point of weakness, perfectly well. But no broken-down hunter had ever so many sprung sinews, welks, and bruises. I am like Sancho after the doughty affair of the Yanguesian Carriers, and all through the unnatural twisting of the muscles under the influence of that *Goule* the cramp. I must be swathed in Goulard and rosemary spirits—*probatum est*.

"I shall not fine and renew a lease of popularity upon the stage. To write for low, ill-informed, and conceited actors, whom you must please, for your success is necessarily at their mercy, I cannot away with. How would you, or how do you think I should, relish being the object of such a letter as Kean wrote t’other day to a poor author, who, though a pedantic blockhead, had at least the right to be treated like a gentleman by a copper-laced, twopenny tear-mouth, rendered mad by conceit and success? Besides, if this objection were out of the way, I do not think the character of the audience in London is such that one could have the least pleasure in pleasing them. One half come to prosecute their debaucheries so openly that it would degrade a bagnio. Another set to snooze off their beefsteaks and port wine; a third are critics of the fourth column of the newspaper; fashion, wit, or literature, there is not; and, on the whole, I would far rather write verses for mine honest friend Punch and his audience. The only thing that could tempt me to be so silly, would be to assist a friend in such a degrading task who was to have the whole profit and shame of it.

"Have you seen decidedly the most full and methodized collection of Spanish romances (ballads) published by the industry of Depping (Altenburgh, and Leipsic), 1817? It is quite delightful. Ticknor had set me agog to see it, without affording me any hope it could be had in London, when, by one of those fortunate chances which have often marked my life, a friend, who had been lately on the continent, came unexpectedly to enquire for me, and plucked it forth *par manière de cadeau*. God prosper you, my dear Southey, in your labours; but do not work too hard—*experto crede*. This conclusion, as well as the confusion of my letter, like the bishop of Grenada’s sermon, savours of the apoplexy. My most respectful compliments attend Mrs. S. Yours truly,

"WALTER SCOTT.

"P. S. I shall long to see the conclusion of the Brazil history, which, as the interest comes nearer, must rise even above the last noble volume. Wesley you alone can touch; but will you not have the hive about you? When I was about twelve years old, I heard him preach more than once, standing on a chair, in Kelso churchyard. He was a most venerable figure, but his sermons were vastly too colloquial for the taste of Saunders. He told many excellent stories. One I remember, which he said had happened to him at Edinburgh. ‘A drunken dragoon (said Wesley) was commencing an assertion in military fashion, G—d eter-

nally d—n me, just as I was passing. I touched the poor man on the shoulder, and, when he turned round fiercely, said calmly, you mean *God bless you.*' In the mode of telling the story he failed not to make us sensible how much his patriarchal appearance, and mild yet bold rebuke, overawed the soldier, who touched his hat, thanked him, and, I think, came to chapel that evening."

The gradations by which Scott ascended from triumph to triumph, until he stood on the topmost pinnacle of his ambition, we have no room to trace. His trip to London—his being *lionized* wherever he went—these are known; for when he reached his eminence, every footstep had some "soft recorder." We love to note his simple and unadulterated affections, diffused with fine familiarity among his family, and to discover the paternal care with which he regarded them. There is something peculiarly admirable in the following pictures and counsels addressed to his son:—

"To Cornet Walter Scott, 18th Hussars, Cork.

"ABBOTSFORD, August 1, 1819.

"Dear Walter,—I was glad to find you got safe to the hospitable quarters of Piccadilly, and were put on the way of achieving your business well and expeditiously. You would receive a packet of introductory letters by John Ballantyne, to whom I addressed them.

"I had a very kind letter two days ago from your colonel. Had I got it sooner, it would have saved some expense in London, but there is no help for it now. As you are very fully provided with all these appointments, you must be particular in taking care of them, otherwise the expense of replacing them will be a great burden. Colonel Murray seems disposed to show you much attention. He is, I am told, rather a reserved man, which indeed is the manner of his family. You will, therefore, be the more attentive to what he says, as well as to answer all advances he may make to you with cordiality and frankness; for, if you be shy on the one hand, and he reserved on the other, you cannot have the benefit of his advice, which I hope and wish you may gain. I shall be guided by his opinion respecting your allowance: he stipulates that you shall have only two horses (not to be changed without his consent), and on no account keep a gig. You know of old how I detest that mania of driving wheelbarrows up and down, when a man has a handsome horse, and can ride him. They are both foolish and expensive things, and, in my opinion, are only fit for English bagmen; therefore gig it not, I pray you.

"In buying your horses you will be very cautious. I see Colonel Murray has delicacy about assisting you directly in the matter—for he says very truly that some gentlemen make a sort of traffic in horse flesh—from which his duty and inclination equally lead him to steer clear. But he will take care that you don't buy any that are unfit for service, as in the common course they must be approved by the commandant as *chargers*. Besides which, he will probably give you some private hints, of which avail yourself, as there is every chance of your needing much advice in this business. Two things I preach on my own experience. 1st, Never to buy an aged horse, however showy. He must have done work, and, at any rate, will be unserviceable in a few years. 2dly, To buy when the horse is something low in condition, that you may the better see all his points. Six years is the oldest at which I would purchase.

You will run risk of being jockeyed by knowing gentlemen of your own corps parting with their *experienced* chargers to *oblige* you. Take care of this. Any good-tempered horse learns the dragoon duty in a wonderfully short time, and you are rider enough not to want one quite broke in. Look well about you, and out into the country. Excellent horses are bred all through Munster, and better have a clever young one than an old regimental brute foundered by repeated charges and bolts. If you see a brother officer's horse that pleases you much, and seems reasonable, look particularly how he stands on his forelegs, and for that purpose see him in the stable. If he shifts and shakes a little, have nothing to say to him. This is the best I can advise, not doubting you will be handsomely excised after all. The officer who leaves his corps may be disposing of good horses, and perhaps selling reasonable. One who continues will not, at least should not, part with a good horse without some great advantage.

"You will remain at Cork till you have learned your regimental duty, and then probably be despatched to some outquarter. I need not say how anxious I am that you should keep up your languages, mathematics, and other studies. To have lost that which you already in some degree possess—and that which we don't practise we soon forget—would be a subject of unceasing regret to you hereafter. You have good introductions, and don't neglect to avail yourself of them. Something in this respect your name may do for you—a fair advantage, if used with discretion and propriety. By the way, I suspect you did not call on John Richardson.

"The girls were very dull after you left us; indeed the night you went away Anne had the hysterics, which lasted some time. Charles also was down in the mouth, and papa and mamma a little grave and dejected. I would not have you think yourself of too great importance neither, for the greatest personages are not always long missed, and, to make a bit of a parody,

'Down falls the rain, up gets the sun,
Just as if Walter were not gone.'

We comfort ourselves with the hopes that you are to be happy in the occupation you have chosen, and in your new society. Let me know if there are any well-informed men among them, though I don't expect you to find out that for some time. Be civil to all till you can by degrees find out who are really best deserving.

"I enclose a letter from Sophia, which doubtless contains all the news. St. Boswell's Fair rained miserably and disappointed the misses. The weather has since been delightful, and harvest advances fast. All here goes its old round; the habits of age do not greatly change, though those of youth do. Mamma has been quite well, and so have I; but I still take calomel. I was obliged to drink some claret with Sir A. Don, Sir John Shelley, and a funny little Newmarket quizzzy, they called Cousins, whom they brought here with them the other day, but I was not the worse. I wish you had Sir J. S. at your elbow when you are buying your horses; he is a very knowing man on the turf. I like his lady very much. She is perfectly feminine in her manners, has good sense, and plays divinely on the harp; besides all which, she shoots wild boars, and is the boldest horsewoman I ever saw. I saw her at Paris ride like a lapping in the midst of all the aide-de-camps and suite of the Duke of Wellington.

"Write what your horses come to, &c. Your outfit will be an expensive matter; but once settled it will be fairly launching you into life in the way you wished, and I trust you will see the necessity of pru-

dence and a gentlemanlike economy, which consists chiefly in refusing oneself trifling indulgences until we can easily pay for them. Once more, I beg you to be attentive to Colonel Murray and to his lady. I hear of a disease among the moorfowl. I suppose they are dying for grief at your departure. Ever, my dear boy, your affectionate father,
 "WALTER SCOTT."

The reader will join with us in relishing the description which ensues, of a representation of one of Sir Walter's dramatised works at the Edinburgh theatre, and the solemnly jocose letter of Cleishbotham. There is such consummate shrewdness and mock-dignity in the epistle, that its histrionic recipient should treasure it with that feeling of regard due to a manuscript leaf of a Waverly novel. The play came off on the evening of the 15th of February, 1819. Mr. Lockhart remarks,—

"The drama of *Rob Roy* will never again be got up so well, in all its parts, as it then was by William Murray's company; the manager's own *Captain Thornton* was excellent—and so was the *Dugald Creature* of a Mr. Duff—there was also a good *Mattie*, (about whose equipment, by the by, Scott felt such interest that he left his box between the acts to remind Mr. Murray that 'she must have a mantle with her lanthorn'); but the great and unrivaled attraction was the personification of *Bailie Jarvie* by Charles Mackay, who, being himself a native of Glasgow, entered into the minutest peculiarities of the character with high *gusto*, and gave the west country dialect in its most racy perfection. It was extremely diverting to watch the play of Scott's features during this admirable realisation of his conception; and I must add, that the behaviour of the Edinburgh audience on all such occasions, while the secret of the novels was preserved, reflected great honour on their good taste and delicacy of feeling. He seldom, in those days, entered his box without receiving some mark of general respect and admiration; but I never heard of any pretext being laid hold of to connect these demonstrations with the piece he had come to witness, or, in short, to do or say any thing likely to interrupt his quiet enjoyment of the evening in the midst of his family and friends. The *Rob Roy* had a continued run of forty-one nights, during February and March; and it was played once a week, at least, for many years afterwards. Mackay, of course, always selected it for his benefit; and I now print from Scott's MS. a letter, which, no doubt, reached the mimic Bailie in the handwriting of one of the Ballantynes, on the first of these occurrences.

"To Mr. Charles Mackay, Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh. Private.

"Friend Mackay,—My lawful occasions having brought me from my residence at Glandercleuch to this great city, it was my lot to fall into company with certain friends, who impetrated from me a consent to behold the stage-play, which hath been framed forth of an history entitled *Rob (seu potius Robert) Roy*, which history, although it existeth not in mine erudite work, entitled *Tales of my Landlord*, hath nathless a near relation in style and structure to those pleasant narrations. Wherefore, having surmounted those arguments whilk were founded upon the unseemliness of a personage in my place and profession appearing in an open stage-play house, and having buttoned the terminations of my cravat into my bosom, in order to preserve mine incognito, and indued an outer coat over mine usual garments, so that the hue thereof might

not betray my calling, I did place myself (much elbowed by those who little knew whom they did incommode) in that place of the theatre called the two-shilling gallery, and beheld the show with great delectation, even from the rising of the curtain unto the fall thereof.

"Chiefly, my facetious friend, was I enamoured of the very lively representation of Bailie Nicol Jarvie, in so much that I became desirous to communicate to thee my great admiration thereof, nothing doubting that it will give thee satisfaction to be apprised of the same. Yet further, in case thou shouldst be of that numerous class of persons who set less store by good words than good deeds, and understanding that there is assigned unto each stage-player a special night, called a benefit (it will do thee no harm to know that the phrase cometh from two Latin words, *bene* and *facio*), on which their friends and patrons show forth their benevolence, I now send thee mine in the form of a five-ell web (*hoc jocose*, to express a note for £5), as a meet present for the Bailie, himself a weaver, and the son of a worthy deacon of that craft. The which propine I send thee in token that it is my purpose, business and health permitting, to occupy the central place of the pit on the night of thy said beneficiary or benefit.

"Friend Mackay! from one whose profession it is to teach others, thou must excuse the freedom of a caution. I trust thou wilt remember that, as excellence in thine art cannot be attained without much labour, so neither can it be extended, or even maintained, without constant and unremitted exertion; and farther, that the decorum of a performer's private character (and it gladdeth me to hear that thine is respectable) addeth not a little to the value of his public exertions.

"Finally, in respect there is nothing perfect in this world,—at least I have never received a wholly faultless version from the very best of my pupils,—I pray thee not to let Rob Roy twirl thee around in the ecstasy of thy joy, in regard it oversteps the limits of nature, which otherwise thou so sedulously preservest in thine admirable national portraiture of Bailie Nicol Jarvie. I remain thy sincere friend and well-wisher,

"JEDEDIAH CLEISHBOTHAM."

We ask a repetition of the pardon just desired, to enable us to produce a sketch of the novelist's bodily state, when the most finished novel that ever came from his pen—the *Bride of Lammermoor*—was written. That superior work—can it be believed?—was dictated (as *Paradise Lost* was said to have been by the divine Milton to his daughters) and taken down, *mot par mot*, by attentive and obliging friends. This was in April, 1819. According to his biographer—

"The accounts of Scott's condition, circulated in Edinburgh in the course of this April, were so alarming that I should not have thought of accepting his invitation to revisit Abbotsford, unless John Ballantyne had given me better tidings, about the end of the month. He informed me that his 'illustrious friend' (for so both the Ballantynes usually spoke of him) was so much recovered as to have resumed his usual literary tasks, though with this difference—that he now, for the first time in his life, found it necessary to employ the hand of another. I have now before me a letter of the 8th April, in which Scott says to Constable—'Yesterday I began to dictate, and did it easily and with comfort. This is a great point—but I must proceed by little and little; last night I had a slight return of the enemy, but baffled him;' and he again writes to the bookseller on the 11th—'John Ballantyne is here, and returns with

copy, which my increasing strength permits me to hope I may now furnish regularly.'

"The *copy* (as MS. for the press is technically called) which Scott was thus dictating, was that of the *Bride of Lammermoor*; and his amanuenses were William Laidlaw and John Ballantyne, of whom he preferred the latter, when he could be at Abbotsford, on account of the superior rapidity of his pen, and also because John kept his pen to the paper without interruption—and though with many an arch twinkle in his eyes, and now and then an audible smack of his lips, had resolution to work on like a well-trained clerk; whereas good Laidlaw entered with such keen zest into the interest of the story as it flowed from the author's lips, that he could not suppress exclamations of surprise and delight—'Gude keep us a'!—the like o' that!—oh sirs! oh sirs!' and so forth—which did not promote despatch. I have often, however, in the sequel, heard both these secretaries describe the astonishment with which they were equally affected when Scott began this experiment. The affectionate Laidlaw beseeching him to stop dictating, when his audible suffering filled every pause, 'Nay, Willie,' he answered, 'only see that the doors are fast. I would fain keep all the cry as well as all the wool to ourselves; but as to giving over work, that can only be when I am in woollen.' John Ballantyne told me that after the first day he always took care to have a dozen of pens made before he seated himself opposite to the sofa on which Scott lay, and that, though he often turned himself upon the pillow with a groan of torment, he usually continued the sentence in the same breath. But when dialogue of peculiar animation was in progress, spirit seemed to triumph altogether over matter; he arose from his couch and walked up and down the room, raising and lowering his voice, and as it were acting the parts. It was in this fashion that Scott produced the far greater portion of the *Bride of Lammermoor*—the whole of the *Legend of Montrose*—and almost the whole of *Ivanhoe*. Yet, when his health was fairly re-established, he disdained to avail himself of the power of dictation, which he had thus put to the sharpest test, but resumed, and for many years resolutely adhered to, the old plan of writing every thing with his own hand. When I once, some time afterwards, expressed my surprise that he did not consult his ease, and spare his eyesight at all events, by occasionally dictating, he answered, 'I should as soon think of getting into a sedan chair while I can use my legs.'

"On one of the envelopes in which a chapter of the *Bride of Lammermoor* reached the printer in the Canongate about this time, (May 2, 1819,) there is this note in the author's own handwriting:—

"'Dear James,—These matters will need more than your usual carefulness. Look sharp—double sharp—my trust is constant in thee:—

'Tarry woo, tarry woo,
Tarry woo is ill to spin;
Card it weel, card it weel,
Card it weel ere ye begin.
When 'tis carded, row'd, and spun,
Then the work is hafflins done;
But when woven, drest, and clean,
It may be cleading for a queen.

"'So be it.—W. S.'"

On the 24th of December, 1819, the mother of the novelist breathed her last. The melancholy event, with other distressing

circumstances, is thus communicated to a sympathizing friend by the gifted son.

"To the Lady Louisa Stuart, Ditton Park, Windsor.

"Dear Lady Louisa,—I am favoured with your letter from Ditton, and am glad you found any thing to entertain you in *Ivanhoe*. Novelty is what this giddy-paced time demands imperiously, and I certainly studied as much as I could to get out of the old beaten track, leaving those who like to keep the road, which I have rutted pretty well. I have had a terrible time of it this year, with the loss of dear friends and near relations; it is almost fearful to count up my losses, as they make me bankrupt in society. My brother-in-law; our never-to-be-enough regretted duke; Lord Chief Baron,¹ my early, kind, and constant friend, who took me up when I was a young fellow of little mark or likelihood; the wife of my intimate friend William Erskine; the only son of my friend David Hume, a youth of great promise, and just entering into life, who had grown up under my eye from childhood; my excellent mother; and, within a few days, her surviving brother and sister. My mother was the only one of these whose death was the natural consequence of very advanced life. And our sorrows are not at an end. A sister of my mother's, Mrs. Russell of Ashestiel, long deceased, had left (besides several sons, of whom only one now survives, and is in India) three daughters, who lived with her youngest sister, Miss Rutherford, and were in the closest habits of intimacy with us. The eldest of these girls, and a most excellent creature she is, was in summer so much shocked by the sudden news of the death of one of the brothers I have mentioned, that she was deprived of the use of her limbs by an affection either nervous or paralytic. She was slowly recovering from this afflicting and helpless situation when the sudden fate of her aunts and uncle, particularly of her who had acted as a mother to the family, brought on a new shock; and, though perfectly possessed of her mind, she has never since been able to utter a word. Her youngest sister, a girl of one or two and twenty, was so much shocked by this scene of accumulated distress, that she was taken very ill; and, having suppressed and concealed her disorder, relief came too late, and she has been taken from us also. She died in the arms of the elder sister, helpless as I have described her; and to separate the half dead from the actual corpse was the most melancholy thing possible. You can hardly conceive, dear Lady Louisa, the melancholy feeling of seeing the place of last repose belonging to the devoted family open four times within so short a space, and to meet the same group of sorrowing friends and relations on the same sorrowful occasion. Looking back on those whom I have lost, all well known to me excepting my brother-in-law, whom I could only judge of by the general report in his favour, I can scarce conceive a group possessing more real worth and amiable qualities, not to mention talents and accomplishments. I have never felt so truly what Johnson says so well—

‘Condemned to Hope’s delusive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By sudden blasts, or slow decline,
Our social comforts drop away.’²

“I am not sure whether it was your ladyship, or the poor Duchess of

¹ The Right Hon. Robert Dundas, of Arniston, died 17th June, 1819.

² Lines on the death of Mr. Robert Levet.

Buccleuch, who met my mother once, and flattered me by being so much pleased with the good old lady. She had a mind peculiarly well stored with much acquired information and natural talent; and as she was very old, and had an excellent memory, she could draw without the least exaggeration or affectation the most striking pictures of the past age. If I have been able to do any thing in the way of painting the past times, it is very much from the studies with which she presented me. She connected a long period of time with the present generation, for she remembered, and had often spoken with, a person who perfectly recollected the battle of Dunbar, and Oliver Cromwell's subsequent entry into Edinburgh. She preserved her faculties to the very day before her final illness; for our friends Mr. and Mrs. Scott, of Harden, visited her on the Sunday, and, coming to our house after, were expressing their surprise at the alertness of her mind, and the pleasure which she had in talking over both ancient and modern events. She had told them, with great accuracy, the real story of the Bride of Lammermuir, and pointed out wherein it differed from the novel. She had all the names of the parties, and detailed (for she was a great genealogist) their connection with existing families. On the subsequent Monday she was struck with a paralytic affection, suffered little, and that with the utmost patience; and what was God's reward, and a great one to her innocent and benevolent life, she never knew that her brother and sister—the last, thirty years younger than herself—had trodden the dark path before her. She was a strict economist, which she said enabled her to be liberal: out of her little income of about £300 a year, she bestowed at least a third in well chosen charities, and with the rest lived like a gentlewoman, and even with hospitality more general than seemed to suit her age; yet I could never prevail on her to accept of any assistance. You cannot conceive how affecting it was to me to see the little preparations of presents which she had assorted for the New Year—for she was a great observer of the old fashions of her period—and to think that the kind heart was cold which delighted in all these acts of kindly affection. I should apologize, I believe, for troubling your ladyship with these melancholy details, but you would not thank me for a letter written with constraint, and my mind is at present very full of this sad subject, though I scarce know any one to whom I would venture to say so much. I hear no good news of Lady Anne, though Lord Montagu writes cautiously. The weather is now turning milder, and may, I hope, be favourable to her complaint. After my own family, my thought most frequently turns to these orphans, whose parents I loved and respected so much.—I am always, dear Lady Louisa, your very respectful and obliged

“WALTER SCOTT.”

It was during this same year that the renowned *Ivanhoe* was projected and produced—a work of supreme and delicate art, rich in the splendours of an imperial and commanding imagination. And this work, too, was the offspring of painful and lonely hours, when the clayey tenement of the magician had well nigh crumbled beneath the storm of suffering and agony. How much of tenderness and fortuitous beauty became interwoven in that tale, from such trying causes, may be recognised in the paragraph ensuing.

“The introduction of the charming Jewess and her father originated, I find, in a conversation that Scott held with his friend Skene during the severest season of his bodily sufferings in the early part of this year.

'Mr. Skene,' says that gentleman's wife, 'sitting by his bedside, and trying to amuse him as well as he could in the intervals of pain, happened to get on the subject of the Jews, as he had observed them when he spent some time in Germany in his youth. Their situation had naturally made a strong impression; for in those days they retained their own dress and manners entire, and were treated with considerable austerity by their Christian neighbours, being still locked up at night in their own quarter by great gates; and Mr. Skene, partly in seriousness, but partly from the mere wish to turn his mind at the moment upon something that might occupy and divert it, suggested that a group of Jews would be an interesting feature if he could contrive to bring them into his next novel.' Upon the appearance of *Ivanhoe*, he reminded Mr. Skene of this conversation, and said, 'You will find this book owes not a little to your German reminiscences.' Mrs. Skene adds: 'Dining with us one day, not long before *Ivanhoe* was begun, something that was mentioned led him to describe the sudden death of an advocate of his acquaintance, a Mr. Elphinstone, which occurred in the *Outer-house* soon after he was called to the bar. It was, he said, no wonder that it had left a vivid impression on his mind, for it was the first sudden death he ever witnessed; and he now related it so as to make us all feel as if we had the scene passing before our eyes. In the death of the Templar in *Ivanhoe*, I recognised the very picture—I believe I may safely say the very words.'

In March, 1820, Scott proceeded to London to receive his baronetcy. New honours were showered upon him; he was desired by the king to sit to Lawrence for his portrait, intended to adorn the walls of Windsor Castle; and he was also in Chantry the sculptor's hands for a bust. This, observes his biographer, alone preserves for posterity that cast of expression most fondly remembered by all who ever mingled in Scott's domestic circle. When Allan Cunningham called at his lodgings to bid him farewell, as he was then shortly to leave town, he was found in the court dress, preparing to kiss hands at a levee, on being gazetted as baronet.

"He seemed any thing but at his ease," says Cunningham, "in that strange attire; he was like one in armour—the stiff cut of the coat—the large shining buttons and buckles—the lace ruffles—the queue—the sword—and the cocked hat, formed a picture at which I could not forbear smiling. He surveyed himself in the glass for a moment, and burst into a hearty laugh. 'Allan,' he said, 'O Allan, what creatures we must make of ourselves in obedience to Madam Etiquette. See'st thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this Fashion is?—how giddily he turns about all the hotbloods between fourteen and five and thirty?'"

"Scott's baronetcy was conferred on him, not in consequence of any ministerial suggestion, but by the king personally, and of his own unsolicited motion; and when the poet kissed his hand, he said to him—'I shall always reflect with pleasure on Sir Walter Scott's having been the first creation of my reign.'

"The Gazette announcing his new dignity was dated March 30, and published on the 2d April, 1820; and the baronet, as soon afterwards as he could get away from Lawrence, set out on his return to the north; for he had such respect for the ancient prejudice (a classical as well as a Scottish one) against marrying in May, that he was anxious to have the

ceremony in which his daughter was concerned over before that unlucky month should commence. It is needless to say, that during this stay in London he had again experienced, in its fullest measure, the enthusiasm of all ranks of his acquaintance; and I shall now transcribe a few paragraphs from domestic letters, which will show, among other things, how glad he was when the hour came that restored him to his ordinary course of life."

Let these honours be connected with other proffers of similar attentions (such as the wishes of the vice chancellors of Oxford and Cambridge, that he would accept from those time-hallowed institutions the complimentary degree of doctor in civil law), and some idea may be formed of the space which Scott then filled in the public eye. In the present day of universal authorship, when every bookseller keeps his novelist, as every blacking vender keeps his bard, it is pleasant to look back upon instances of real renown, felt and experienced by one who merited it in full. Many of the first named in the two classes just alluded to, have a sort of greatness thrust upon them through advertisements of the trade—but to how few indeed do such high tributes of popularity flow spontaneously? The diffusion of overweening praises among authors of every quality and degree, is unfortunately too usual on both sides of the Atlantic—

—"But in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself,
Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled."

One more characteristic epistle, with its preface by the biographer himself—a party interested—and our quotations cease.

"Sir Walter, accompanied by the cornet, reached Edinburgh late in April, and on the 29th of that month he gave me the hand of his daughter Sophia. The wedding, *more Scotico*, took place in the evening; and, adhering on all such occasions to ancient modes of observance with the same punctiliousness which he mentions as distinguishing his worthy father, he gave a jolly supper afterwards to all the friends and connections of the young couple.

"His excursions to Tweedsdale during term-time were, with very rare exceptions, of the sort which I have described in the preceding chapter; but he departed from his rule about this time, in honour of the Swedish prince, who had expressed a wish to see Abbotsford before leaving Scotland, and assembled a number of his friends and neighbours to meet his royal highness. Of the invitations which he distributed on this occasion, I insert one specimen—that addressed to Mr. Scott of Gala.

"*To the Baron of Galashiels*

The Knight of Abbotsford sends greeting.

"Trusty and well beloved—Whereas Gustavus, Prince Royal of Sweden, proposeth to honour our poor house of Abbotsford with his presence on Tuesday next, and to repose himself there for certain days, we do heartily pray you, out of the love and kindness which is and shall

abide betwixt us, to be aiding to us at this conjuncture, and to repair to Abbotsford with your lady, either upon Thursday or Friday, as may best suit your convenience and pleasure, looking for no denial at your hands. Which loving countenance we will, with all thankfulness, return to you at your mansion of Gala. The hour of appearance being five o'clock, we request you to be then and there present, as you love the honour of the name; and so advance banners in the name of God and St. Andrew.

“WALTER SCOTT.

“Given at Edinburgh, 20th May, 1820.”

We have thus followed up, to the end of the sources that have yet reached us, the personal career of this wonderful man. The relation that our extracts hold to the interest of the work from which they are taken, is something like that which “a classic brickbat from the tower of Babel” would bear to that ancient sky-cleaving structure itself. Scott, indeed, “stood like a pyramid above the dead level of his day and country;” he bore up manfully under afflictions; perseverance indomitable, and goodness almost ineffable, were his distinctions. A rich inheritance has descended to his children—not merely of his mighty reputation, but of profit from his immortal productions. His silent dust can be provoked no more to pleasure, by the voice of applause which still rings through Christendom; and the treasures of affluence which his works will produce to his kindred, he needs not where he lies, in an honoured grave—

“For *there* neither wealth nor adornment’s allow’d,
Save the long winding-sheet, and the fringe of the shroud.”

ART. XI.—MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

Crichton. By W. HARRISON AINSWORTH. 2 vols. 12mo.
New York: Harper & Brothers, 1837.

This novel possesses throughout a quality which is essential to the success of every book of its class—we mean interest; and it is one which often makes us overlook many and great defects. Without it, the best arranged and most regularly protracted story drags heavily on; and, with it, even loosely constructed and unfinished narratives absorb the attention. The latter is the case with *Crichton*. It violates many of the rules of critical propriety and accuracy; and the fate of the most interesting personage in the book is wholly involved in obscurity. We

merely know that she is brutally injured and degraded, without being informed whether the only relief, in her case desirable—death—came to her succour. The outrage offered to her was by no means essential to the story, and is, besides, of a most revolting character; and its introduction, therefore, bespeaks but little consideration for the taste of Mr. Ainsworth; while the conclusion of the tale, without the exhibition or even intimation of any punishment upon her destroyer, is a heavy accusation against its moral.

Indeed, a charge of this description would be sustained by numerous proofs, aside from this merely negative testimony. The scene of the romance is laid in an epoch and at a court infamous for its licentiousness; and the hero revels in all its fulness, is guilty, indeed, of one of the deepest crimes, without incurring, in the estimate of the author, the slightest reproach or criminality. It may be said that such was the custom of the age—the tone of society; and, perhaps, early education and the influences of fashion might, in individual cases, have lessened the enormity of their transgression; but the vices of no era, and of no class of persons, should be held up as pictures to the youthful mind, in our day, without a decided and unqualified reprobation at the hand of the author.

There is something in the stirring incidents of the story—the descriptions of a magnificent and licentious court—the development of state intrigues, and the motley crowd of priests, warriors, students, women, jesters, and rabble—which reminds the reader of the better days of Scott; but that great writer never laid himself open to the imputation against which our author has not been sufficiently careful to guard; for, while he delighted the fancy, he was ever cautious not to weaken or to warp the moral sense.

Mr. Ainsworth was happy in his choice of a subject. There was enough generally known of Crichton to render any production, of which he was the hero, sure to excite curiosity. There was enough, and more than enough, in his extraordinary and romantic career to gratify the most eager craving. That our author has failed to satisfy expectation, we are fain to assert. Had he taken up the life of his hero from infancy, and brought it down to his early death—for his career, though replete with matter for admiration, filled but a span—and devoted the powers of description and of imagination which he undoubtedly possesses, to the exhibition of the character and performances of this wonder of his age, we are confident that his work would have been more likely than it now is to survive the brief period which is usually allotted as the term of its existence to the "last Romance."

Attila. By G. P. R. JAMES. 2 vols. 12mo. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1837.

We regard the present production of Mr. James as the finest specimen of the historical romance since the last of the best in the Waverley series. It is a chaste, pure, classic work, illustrative of history, manners, and individual character, with neither scenes nor sentiments calculated to do the least detriment to the cause of morals. This last is, indeed, one of the chief characteristics of this author's writings, and at all times commends him to the favourable consideration of his critics.

Attila is constructed according to the most correct principles of literary criticism. It is in fact, though without the addition of the verse, a noble epic poem. The tale moves regularly and impressively onwards. The interest gradually increases—the incidents becoming more and more stirring—as the events of that remarkable era are successively developed. The transition from the luxury and incipient decay of the greatest empire the world has yet seen, to the barbaric simplicity, and the young, though giant, strength of the future masters of Europe, is captivating and imposing, and the contrast one of the finest in the wide region of romance, fictitious or real.

The wild enthusiasm and the ascetic devotion which, under the name of Christianity, engrossed the feelings of the pious in those days, stand in striking relief from the background of the heathen idolatry of polished Rome; and contrast as well with the equally heathen, though more simple, rites of the barbarians. These three developments of the religious principle in the breast of man—the best proof of the necessity of a revelation, and of the constant presence of the Divine Spirit, to prevent a relapse into idolatry and superstition—afford a theme for contemplation and speculation which but few novels accord to us.

The taste of Mr. James has heretofore led him to fix his tales in epochs later than the date of *Attila*, and approaching nearly to each other. They have, therefore, generally illustrated the same section of history, and have sketched the manners and customs of the same age. They were laid during the times when the spirit of chivalry gave a tone to society, and left its traces upon arts, arms, and literature. Upon this extraordinary institution no one has thrown more light, nor made more use of it in the web of his stories, than our author; and no theme, notwithstanding the volumes which have been penned upon it, and the innumerable disquisitions to which it has given rise, continues to be more generally attractive. On the present occasion, however, Mr. James has ascended to an earlier period in the history of Europe, and locating his personages in the domains of "the Empire" fast tumbling into ruins, yet still imposing

from its venerable age and extreme magnificence, directs the attention of the reader to the sound of the distant thunder of those tribes who were finally, by their countless hordes and invincible valour, to sweep that mighty fabric of human greatness into utter annihilation. Mr. James is the first novelist who has conducted his readers into the depths of Scandinavian forests, or brought them in view of the awful conflicts between the legions of once sovereign Rome and the wild followers of their Scythian lords.

In this he has done wisely. No more interesting topic could have been presented. Rome, with all the associations of her early bravery, magnanimity, and sobriety, and her later supremacy in literature and the fine arts, clings to the affections with a tenacity which makes the story of her decay mournfully interesting. We gladden at the temporary check which the Eastern empire gave to the dissolution and destruction of the Roman power; and almost wish, against our better reason and judgment, that the disciplined legions of the successors of Cæsar had finally repulsed to their native forests their ferocious assailants. On the other hand, the rude yet substantial virtues of these very barbarians, their reckless valour, their primitive simplicity, and the pure fountain of liberty which watered their political and social institutions, and made them look doubly green and fresh by the side of the decrepit despotism of the power they assailed—the feeling that it is *our ancestors* who were fighting for the soil which they were in process of time to regenerate and to revivify—all this renders the cause of the savage Northmen equally dear with the other, and divides the interest and the affections of the reader.

Mr. James has taken the first step into this new province so propitious for the efforts of the novelist. We sincerely hope that he, and others like himself, if there be such now, will continue their labours in the same department. We regard the historic novel as the least exceptionable, and the most apt to be useful, of any of that class of writings. The taste of the age runs so decidedly in favour of such compositions, that the only feasible mode of converting them to any beneficial purpose is to endeavour to turn it in that direction, and to regulate it by strict rules of criticism, literary and moral. Fortunately the mind of our author is so well trained as to require but little control in either branch of a reviewer's duty.

We could indicate many scenes and passages from this novel which have excited our unqualified admiration; but presuming the book to be familiar to the generality of our readers, we abstain from a consumption of the space which would be requisite. We but instance one example—the death of Attila. This is surpassingly fine. The taste of Mr. James induced him to

leave the actual infliction of the death-blow to the imagination of the reader. No language could have equalled the picture which the fancy of every one instantly calls up. The death-like silence which followed the knocking at the chamber door—the slow, dark, copious stream of blood which finds its way along that chamber's floor—the sight of the mute, statuelike minister of the instrument of Divine vengeance—the little poniard in her white, slender fingers—all tell how the deed was done, far, far better than any representation of the awful event itself. There is a moral sublimity in the circumstances of the death of the "Scourge of God" which may well challenge a comparison with any on the pages of romance.

The subsequent conduct of the heroine and the conclusion of the tale are in admirable keeping with the tone of the whole book, and with the spirit of the Christians of that era. Having acted as the chosen agent of the Almighty in the infliction of punishment upon the slayer of thousands of his fellow-creatures, she regarded herself as consecrated to his service. She was too pure for mere earthly concerns; and, besides, deemed the shedding of blood with her own hand an insuperable bar to her giving it to him whom she loved so much. The cloister was her only refuge from the troubles of life, and the worship of her God her only service. The touching visit of Theodore to her tomb completes the mournful beauty of the picture.

In the delineation of female character, a point in which so many of our novelists fail so wofully, Mr. James excels. Besides the heroine, we have a delightful sketch in the character of *Neva*. These two females stand forth in beautiful contrast. The delineation of either would be sufficient for the fame of any romance writer; Mr. James has thrown the full force of his fine powers into the production of the two for the same book. We should find fault with his prodigality, were we not satisfied with his capacity to produce many such. We have merely to say to him, proceed in the same path.

Live and Let Live. By Miss SEDGWICK. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1837.

Miss Sedgwick pursues her design of instructing and entertaining the humbler classes of our citizens, and her aim and execution are both to be commended. In our last number we expressed our views in regard to the eminent merit of her works, particularly her later productions addressed to the understanding and feelings of the labouring poor. Nor to them alone is the benefit to be derived from their perusal, confined.

While these are taught the advantages of piety, integrity, and industry, the more favoured few are instructed in the equally important lessons of humanity, charity, and economy. High and low, rich and poor, may peruse the sketches of the distinguished authoress with like advantage.

"Live and Let Live" evinces as much, probably more, talent in the conception, than "the Rich Poor Man and the Poor Rich Man;" while it is far inferior to the latter in polish and finish. We should judge it to be a hasty production. This deduction is rather to be inferred from its abrupt termination—the story, indeed, being defective both in the orderly progress and conclusion which mark her former work. Haste, however, is more apparent in the composition itself; the style being occasionally careless, and defects of grammatical construction not infrequent. This latter is a deficiency which we confess we did not look for in one possessing so deservedly high a repute. We may say, with perfect freedom, of a writer who, like Miss Sedgwick, can endure criticism, that the defect is altogether unpardonable. No publication is permissible where time and leisure are not afforded for the correction of grammatical errors which are so constantly the attendants upon rapid composition. Great injury is done by the sanction of a distinguished name to inaccuracies of this description, particularly where a general looseness upon the point unfortunately prevails.

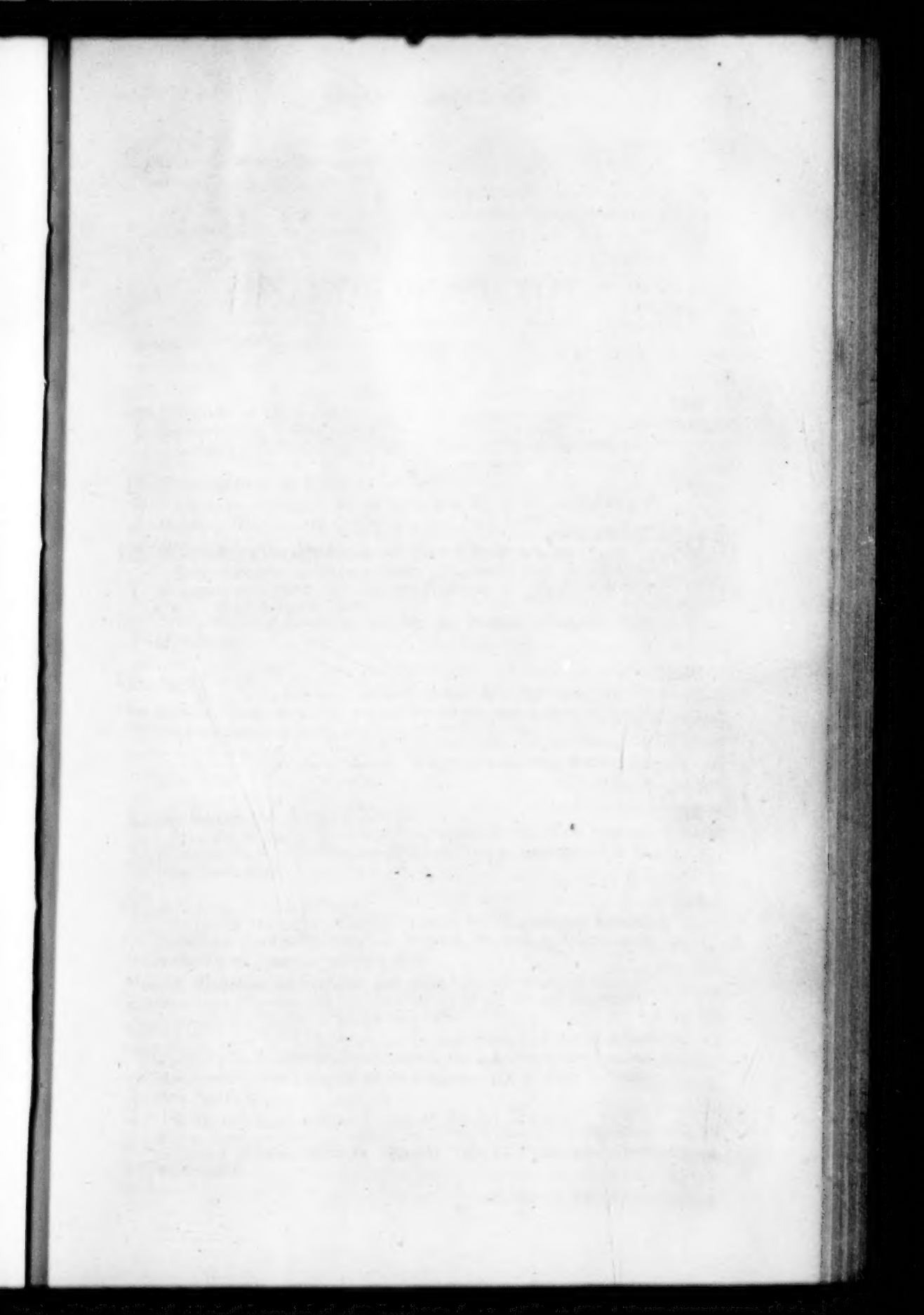
The mistakes to which we refer occur not merely in the dialogue of persons to whose want of education they might seem appropriate; but they are placed in the mouths of the principal characters, such, for instance, as Mrs. Hyde, who is intended, and most properly, as a specimen of intelligence, education, and refinement. The author, too, herself, when speaking in her own proper person, is equally wanting in her respect for the rules of grammar; a science, which if more cultivated, both in conversation and composition, would have a beneficial influence upon our literature. The phrase "*you was*," is a favourite one. The connection of the two preterites in such instances as these: "I had intended to have done" so and so—is also to be found;—and the selection of the past tense of the verb to form, with the word "having," the past participle; as, for example, "*having drank*," for "*drunk*," may be encountered. It was by no means our purpose to present each individual case of the kind, but merely to indicate some as justifications of our criticism; which, indeed, would have placed such matters to the account of errors of the press, had not their frequency checked this charitable inclination. In any event, the charge of remissness in the correction of the proofs would still have remained.

In the sentiments of the book we in general most cordially

concur with the fair author—and admire exceedingly the novelty of their exposition, and the frequent proper boldness which she displays in announcing them. There are occasional remarks however to be found which we cannot acquiesce in—and one which we may be permitted to regret. After giving the observation of the heroine, Lucy, with reference to a little child, Eugene, to whom she was much attached, and whom she was in the habit of carrying in her arms—that “I sometimes felt, when his head lay on my bosom, as if we were worshipping together”—she puts the following sentiments into the mind of Mrs. Hyde; “Oh, how much better is this true worship, than formal prayers and set days.” Now we would quarrel with no one’s religious belief; but when we reflect that all Christians recognise “set days” as the express appointment of the Almighty—and a very large proportion of them regard “formal prayers” as supported by almost equally high authority—we are disposed to think that it would have been as well if Miss Sedgwick had qualified the expression, or omitted it altogether. The true spirit of prayer all sincere Christians aim at, though they may differ as to the means.

To show how very difficult it is to get rid of “set days” or “times,” if it be desired that any thing—religion included—should be properly attended to; Miss Sedgwick herself makes Mrs. Hyde say—in the very sentence following this mental ejaculation against periodical devotion—“*Take a few moments before you leave your room to consider your duty to God and your duties in the family.*” Now this anti-formalist prescribes here nearly every thing embraced in the idea of “set days” and “formal prayers.” She prescribes the time—“a few moments”—the place—“before leaving your room”—the subject—“the consideration of your duty to God and your duties in the family;” the set days—because the injunction is general—for every day. Why not let “the formal prayer” given by our Lord, compose part of our petitions?

In another point, also, we are unfortunate enough to differ. Miss Sedgwick presses the utility of a servant being qualified for every duty. Learning in turn cookery, waiting, chamber work—in a word, all the details of domestic service with which, of course, a lady is more familiar than ourselves—he or she is to be equal to every emergency. This is all very well in the abstract—but in practice, the Jack of all trades, as the old adage runs, is very apt to be master of none. The theory of the division of labour, experience has shown to be most conducive to perfection in every branch; and we are disposed to think that a proficient in any will never be out of employment in a country where the habits of the people are so adverse to the perfectibility of servants.



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